

LIFE



LIEUT. GENERAL EAKER
EIGHTH AIR FORCE

NOVEMBER 29, 1943

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

Until some brighter Christmas... this gift may have to wait!

LUSTROUS as a black pearl! And almost as rare. The Parker "51" pen is a gift to be treasured down the years. Yet, there will be only a very limited number of superb "51's" to brighten this wartime Christmas.

For our Parker craftsmen—employing skills refined by half a century of precision work—are now making *shell fuzes, primers, and detonator caps*.

In addition, Government rulings have sharply curtailed the making of *all* pens. Those Parker "51" pens we *can* produce must be rationed to dealers.

If you are unable to secure a Parker "51" for someone you love—if this Christmas you fail to find one among your own gifts—we ask you to be patient. Important as such fine pens are today to speed vital "paper work" . . . to write words of cheer to our lads in service . . . the production of war equipment comes first.

Ask your dealer about a Parker "51". If unable to supply you just now, he will probably take your reservation.

Once you handle the eager, exquisitely-poised "51", you'll know it's worth waiting for. This is the *only* pen capable of using the magic new Parker "51" ink. *It dries as you write!* Of course, the Parker "51" can be used with any ink, if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Colors most available are Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray. \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils to match, \$5.00 and \$7.50. World famous Parker Vacumatic pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

♦ **GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT!** Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.



PARKER "51" *"Writes dry with wet ink!"*

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

COPY, 1943, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY



TWO-MAN TORNADO!

THE BAZOOKA . . . ANOTHER SPECTACULAR AMERICAN "SECRET WEAPON" . . . ANOTHER DRAMATIC STORY OF PHILCO AT WAR

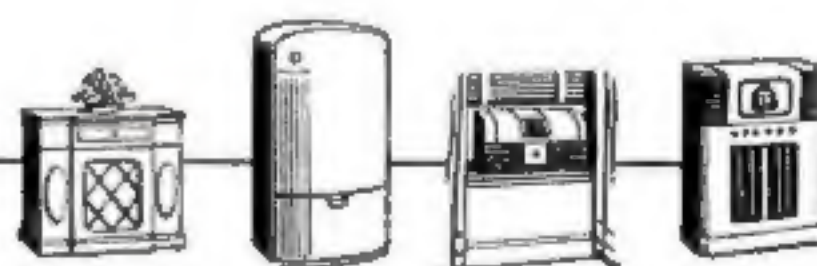


TWO MEN AND A BAZOOKA . . . more than a match for sixty tons of steel! Yes, that's the latest story of American ingenuity and productive skill.

A single soldier carries and fires it, his teammate loads it . . . and 60 ton enemy tanks, concrete pill boxes, brick walls and bridges wither under the fire of its deadly rocket projectile. It's an amazing achievement of ordnance design, conceived and developed by the Ordnance Department of the United States Army. And it's another stirring chapter in the fascinating story of Philco at war.

The men and women of the Philco Metal Division, whose huge presses produce the metal parts of peacetime Philco radios, have

played a leading part in the final perfection and production of the Bazooka. With their colleagues in the Philco *Radio* Division, they are turning out miracles of war equipment. After victory, their new knowledge and skill will bring you the newest achievements of modern science in radio, television, refrigeration and air conditioning under the famous Philco name.



After Victory, Philco leadership will bring you the newest developments of war research in Radio, Television, Refrigeration and Air Conditioning. Buy War Bonds for Victory.

PHILCO

CORPORATION

PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS

Dares Guarantee* a Clean,
Comfortable Shave with

NO RAZOR BURN!

PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS
SHAVE CREAM, MADE
WITH REAL OLIVE OIL,
IS EASY TO SPREAD
AND GUARANTEES*
YOU SMOOTH, COOL,
PAINLESS SHAVES
EVERY TIME!

1

Palmolive Brushless
spreads evenly—easily.
Wilts whiskers like a
flash. They come off
clean. Leaves your face
cool, comfortable,
younger looking.

2

Palmolive Brushless
literally lubricates your
skin with real olive oil.
Your razor simply
glides along, with no
irritation—no painful
razor burn.

3

Throw away your shav-
ing brush and get
Palmolive Brushless in
the big, money-saving
jar. It guarantees the
cleanest, most comfort-
able shave you ever had.



*YOUR GUARANTEE OF NO RAZOR BURN

Buy Palmolive Brushless.
Use it day after day. If you
don't agree it gives you the
cleanest, most comfortable
shave you ever had—with
No Razor Burn—mail the
carton top to Palmolive,
Jersey City 2, New Jersey,
and we will immediately re-
fund your money!

LETTERS

TO THE EDITORS WORLD WAR I

Sirs:

As one of the 4,800,000 American
"boys" who donned the uniform over a
quarter of a century ago to help "make
the world safe for Democracy," I am
deeply grateful for your soul-inspiring
editorial, "World War I" (LIFE, Nov. 8).

You have expressed, beautifully and
forcefully, the sentiments that surged in
the breast of almost every one of us.

For nearly 25 years now, we have
been shocked and disheartened to hear
and read on every hand that we had
been merely silly "suckers" and that
all our sacrifice of blood and treasure
had been wasted.

Now, at long last, like the cheery rays
of sunrise, your editorial expresses the
realization gradually coming over the
American people that our struggle and
suffering were, after all, really worth
while.

JOHN J. WICKER JR.

Richmond, Va.

Sirs:

America should be grateful to you for
so ably and convincingly bringing into
clear focus the vital relationship be-
tween these two great battles for the
establishment of the principles of en-
during freedom.

JOHN C. REDINGTON

New York, N. Y.

AMERICAN BLOCK

Sirs:

The article in LIFE, Nov. 8, "An
American Block," is truly inspiring and
comforting. That block is so very much
like the blocks we kids left. But even
more than that, it is the symbol of what
we all wish to return to.

R. E. LUNDQUIST,
AMM 3/c, USNR

Wildwood, N. J.

Sirs:

The Land of the Sky—the Gateway
to the South—Garden Spot of the
World. Boy! Hamilton, Ohio—the old
home town.

GEORGE "PUG" HOOD

Columbus, Ohio.

Sirs:

Block 300—that must be in "Dream-
ville," Ohio. I wonder if there is room
for one more house?

WILLIAM E. McCULLOUGH

Camp Forrest, Tenn.

Sirs:

You may be interested to know how
your story on the 300 block of Progress
Avenue was received. Needless to say,
one could not purchase for love nor
money a copy of the magazine two
hours after they were on sale.

I have yet to hear one dissenting
voice in the popular acclaim in connec-
tion with this story. Everyone feels that
you did an excellent job of reporting.
Probably the most often repeated re-
mark has been that while the story was

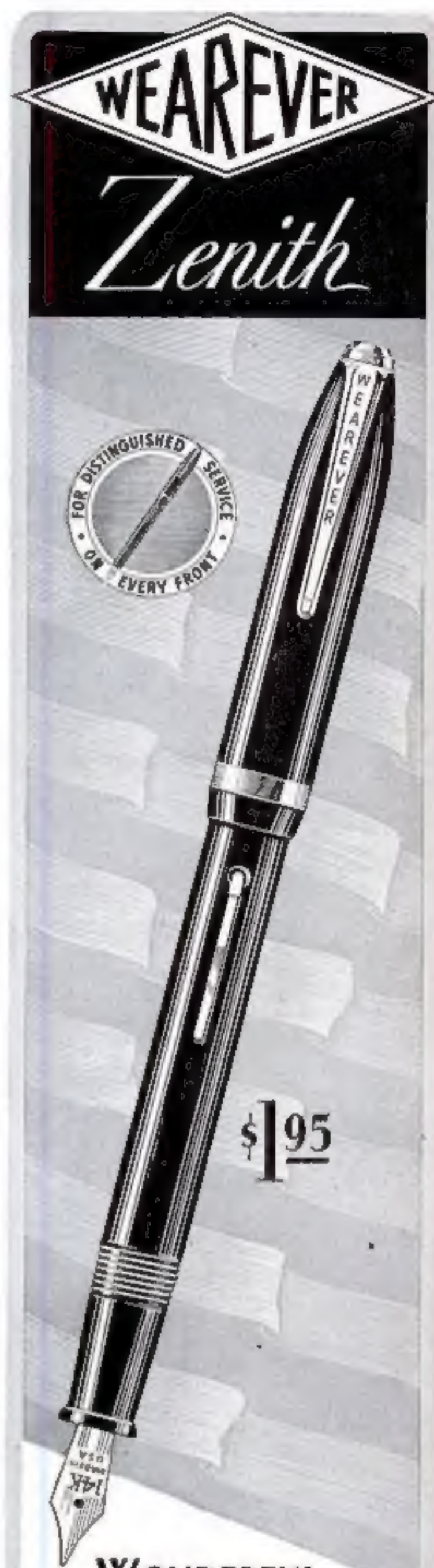


MRS. JULIA BRAUN

extremely interesting and attractive, at
the same time it was very honest and
frank. That is a real tribute.

Hamilton has picked the photograph
of Mrs. Braun as the outstanding pic-
ture of the whole story. If this had not
been tied in with the Hamilton article,

(continued on p. 4)



WONDERFUL

what a few words can do!

A FEW words from you—in a let-
ter from home! How it cheers
up our fighting men, inspires them,
builds their morale! Thus fountain
pens are potent war weapons.

Wearever Zenith, pride of Amer-
ica's largest fountain pen manu-
facturer, is rendering distinguished
service on every front. You'll rec-
ognize Wearever Zenith by its ruby
top—available in limited quantities,
since war needs come first, of
course. David Kahn, Inc.,
(established 1896).





HILL DIVER

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich leadership in tires

THIS is a hill with a 90% grade! You'd probably never think of driving *your* car down its rubble-rutted slopes. But to our army men it's all in a day's work. Where *they* are fighting, in the Far North, the South Pacific, or the Mediterranean area, roads are often where you make them — down mountains, across ravines, over plowed fields, and through jungle growth.

It takes more than sheer nerve to travel such routes. Men and machines alike must undergo merciless jarring, jolting, lurching, and pounding. Tires are twisted and strained with forces pulling the rubber in all directions at one time. It makes driving over curbs seem like nothing at all! Yet

tires on army trucks just *can't* give up.

B. F. Goodrich makes tires for all types of army vehicles — special combat tires that don't go flat even when riddled by machine gun slugs, tires for gun carriages, scout cars, supply trucks, and "square tires"—endless band rubber track for multi-purpose half-track vehicles.

B. F. Goodrich also makes tires today for all essential civilian needs. Many of these B. F. Goodrich Silver-towns available to you

are the same type tough, long-wearing rubber "huskies" supplied to the army. Remember this when next you need tires for your trucks. Make Silvertowns your first choice for extra service and extra value. See your B. F. Goodrich Dealer *first*.



This One



FJPU-FG4-DFAQ



BABIES GET THE BEST START IN HOSPITALS; BELOW, SEE HOW HOSPITALS CARE FOR BABIES

Test Yourself on this BABY QUIZ

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are the answers:



QUESTION: "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

ANSWER: Over 95% of doctors said yes. (Most hospitals, as in scene above, instruct mothers to use Mennen Oil—because it's antiseptic).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said yes—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said yes. (Antiseptic oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).



QUESTION: "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



ANSWER: 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also mildest, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the best for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

I think it should have been the Picture of the Week.

ROBERT M. CLARK
Hamilton, Ohio

Sirs:

The picture of our street in LIFE was exceptionally beautiful. I never realized before what a good-looking neighborhood this is.

MRS. GERTRUDE WULZEN
Hamilton, Ohio

Sirs:

A while back I read of a British reader of *The Tatler* who has fun looking at that magazine's pictures of engaged couples because almost invariably the man and woman look alike.

This similarity seems to hold for U. S. married couples. Look again, for in-



THE WINKLERS



THE SCHWARTZES



THE THOMSONS



THE STOUTS

stance, at the couples who live on Hamilton's 300 block— isn't it amazing?

ANNA P. NORTH
Montclair, N.J.

NATIONAL WAR FUND

Sirs:

Your story on the generosity of Colorado's citizens in behalf of the National War Fund and the causes it serves (LIFE, Nov. 8) was highly interesting. However, you listed the Red Cross as a member agency of the National War Fund which is, of course, not the case.

Last January a statement was issued from the White House announcing that the President's War Relief Control Board had arranged that there be two campaigns each year for war-related causes—the National War Fund campaign in the fall months and the American Red Cross campaign in the spring.

The National War Fund seeks to raise \$125,000,000 to carry on the work of its member agencies which are:

- USO (United Service Organizations)
- United Seamen's Service
- War Prisoners' Aid
- Belgian War Relief Society
- British War Relief Society
- French Relief Fund
- Friends of Luxembourg
- Greek War Relief Association
- Norwegian Relief
- Polish War Relief
- Queen Wilhelmina Fund
- Russian War Relief
- United China Relief

(continued on p. 6)

FEEL

FIT

AS A

MAJOR!



GET THE VITAMINS YOU NEED!

Let Major-B Complex Vitamins help build-up your Vitality.

LIFE is thrilling...exciting...but not to those who lack adequate vigor, nutrition and vivacity due to vitamin deficiencies.

Major-B Natural B-Complex vitamins, of guaranteed potency, contain all the B-Complex Vitamins necessary to help develop vigor, energy and that "Oh, but I'm glad to be alive" feeling. Major-B Complex Vitamins belong on your Dinner Table.

SUPPLEMENT THE FAMILY DIET WITH



Guaranteed by one of the world's largest producers of B-Complex Vitamins.

8-day Supply .. 24 Tablets

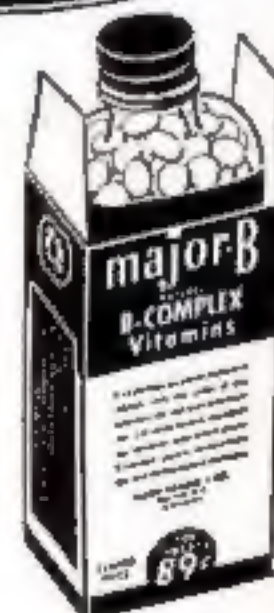
29¢

Full Month's Supply 100 Tablets

89¢

The Family Size 200 Tablets

\$1.75



Save Money...Buy Major-B Complex Vitamin Tablets at your department, chain or grocery store
MAJOR VITAMINS, INC.
212 Fifth Avenue, New York

WARNING • DON'T MAKE THIS COSTLY MISTAKE!

| THIS IS YOUR CALENDAR OF TAX DATES | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| On or before: | You must: |
| Dec. 15, 1943 | Correct September 15 declaration to avoid penalties. Pay balance of 1943 tax as estimated. |
| Mar. 15, 1944 | File 1943 return and pay tax. File 1944 declaration and pay 1/4. You must also pay any tax due if your 1943 income is less than 1942 and also 1/4 of your unforgiven tax. |
| June 15, 1944 | Pay 1/4 of 1944 tax. If needed, correct your 1944 declaration and adjust your quarterly payments accordingly. |
| Sept. 15, 1944 | Pay 1/2 of balance due on 1944 tax. If you correct declaration, pay 1/2 of new balance. |
| Dec. 15, 1944 | Pay balance of 1944 tax and file any amended declaration to avoid penalties. |

To act correctly on these dates, you will need the new 1944 edition of—

YOUR INCOME TAX

AMERICA'S MOST WIDELY USED TAX GUIDE—OVER 5,000,000 COPIES SOLD!

1. Tells EACH and EVERY deduction to which you are justly entitled, many of which your tax blank does not tell you about.
2. Tells you how to prepare your income tax return QUICKLY and CORRECTLY... thus avoiding future assessments, penalties and interest charges.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT has tried hard to simplify the tax procedure. But the 1943 switch to Pay-As-You-Go has inevitably caused many common misunderstandings. You must take into account the Victory Tax, the amount withheld, the amount already paid, the amount forgiven (and when to pay the unforgiven remainder), and many other equally important but puzzling factors. This book clears up these questions, helps you avoid serious penalties for inaccurate reporting.

Hazards of Over and Underpayment Increased

In past years thousands have paid more than they should because they did not know about legitimate deductions to which they would have been entitled. Other thousands have been penalized for underpayment caused by their honestly mistaken ideas about deductions. Because of certain misconceptions about Pay-As-You-Go, these costly errors are more likely this year than ever before!

It is up to YOU to find out exactly what the government requires you to DO, and to DO it—not to over-pay, but to pay all that you justly owe. The New 1944 Edition of "YOUR INCOME TAX," by J. K. Lasser, C.P.A., has been carefully planned to help you achieve these ends.

Has Helped Five Million Taxpayers

This book is the ORIGINAL, the BIGGEST SELLING and MOST WIDELY USED guide for keeping the income taxes of the average taxpayer at the proper level! It is so clear and understandable that over five million people

have found it a valuable guide. So authoritative that hundreds of copies have been purchased by Internal Revenue offices throughout the country!

The New 1944 Edition—now ready—gives you the A-B-C's of Pay-As-You-Go in such clear, simple instructions that you can't go wrong. It answers directly all your questions about what to do if your 1943 taxes are higher than your 1942 taxes, or vice versa; how much of your tax is forgiven; how your 1943 payments will apply on your 1943 taxes, who must make quarterly declarations; how you may reduce your withholding tax; which and how many deductions you may take. The book contains complete tables showing total taxes you will have to pay for both 1942 and 1943, and a complete guide to every line on your 1944 income tax blank.

A whole special section contains a simple guide to the particular deductions available for all leading types of occupations—laborer, office worker, doctor, engineer, executive, farmer, government employee, teacher, salesman—312 classifications in all!

EXAMINE IT On This Double-Guarantee:

The publishers are so certain this book will save you time, help you pay your correct tax and avoid later assessments, that they offer it on this Double-Guarantee: (1) When you receive "YOUR INCOME TAX" look it through. If you do not agree that it will help you—return it; the publishers will refund its full price. OR (2) After making out your return, if then this book has not completely satisfied you, return it for full refund any time up to March 20, 1944.

You should have your copy at the earliest possible minute, so you can get started on the step-by-step solution of your new tax problems right away. Remember, this year you can't "put it off" until March 15th: TAXPAYING IS NOW A YEAR-ROUND PROPOSITION!

SEND NO MONEY

This book suggests many important steps you can take the very day you receive it. Start now. Mail the coupon without money (unless you prefer to remit now and save postage costs). SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Tax Dept. 6211, 1230 Sixth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, N. Y. 20.



This Book Tells You:

- 95 Steps to Take Before the End of This Year; Legal Alternatives Which May Reduce Your Taxes.
- 192 Legitimate Deductions Which May Be Made By Salaried People.
- 176 Items You May Exclude from Gross Income.
- 117 Legitimate Deductions Based on Household Expenses.
- 49 Different Federal Taxes Deductible by An Individual.
- 257 Deductions Which May Be Made If You Are Engaged in a Trade, Business or Profession.
- 190 Items That Are NOT Deductible.
- 73 Types of Compensation, Dividends or Interest That Are Not Taxable or Where Tax May Be Deferred.
- 93 Changes During 1943 Caused by Statutes, Rulings, Decisions.
- 3 Types of Penalties for Incorrect or Inadequate Returns, and How to Avoid Them.
- 7 Advantages of the Optional Tax Blank.
- 8 Advantages of the Regular Form.
- 3 Methods of Computation for Farmers, With Special Check Lists.

SPECIAL SECTIONS FOR:

Your Own State Income Tax • Members of the Armed Forces
Husbands and Wives • Farmers

PRICE \$1.00

Includes FREE Reports covering ALL CHANGES that may be made in the tax laws between now and March 15, 1944.

Special Book for Corporations

The Excess Profits Tax Law is one of the most complicated measures ever to pass Congress! Even corporations who believe they are exempt must comply with many technical features to prove their exempt status. This book explains, in simple language, each and every part of the law. Newly revised to cover all latest changes and rulings. ONLY \$1.00



| Your Total Tax Liability for 1943 (Married Man—One Dependent) | |
|---|---|
| FIND YOUR 1943 INCOME BELOW—YOUR TOTAL TAX IS SHOWN UNDER IT | |
| If your 1942 Net Income Was: | 1943 Income Below—Your Total Tax Is Shown Under It |
| | \$1,000 \$1,500 \$2,000 \$2,500 \$3,000 \$3,500 \$4,000 \$4,500 \$5,000 \$5,500 \$6,000 \$6,500 \$7,000 |
| \$1,000 | \$10 \$44 \$143 \$250 \$378 \$493 \$624 \$756 \$888 \$1,020 \$1,170 \$1,322 \$1,474 |
| 1,500 | 19 44 142 250 378 493 624 756 888 1,020 1,170 1,322 1,474 |
| 2,000 | 74 64 161 278 395 512 642 774 906 1,038 1,188 1,340 1,492 |
| 2,500 | 166 166 301 301 418 535 665 797 929 1,061 1,211 1,363 1,515 |
| 3,000 | 338 338 338 338 441 558 688 820 952 1,084 1,234 1,386 1,538 |
| 3,500 | 550 550 385 414 464 581 711 843 975 1,107 1,257 1,409 1,561 |
| 4,000 | 655 655 491 530 549 667 798 929 1,061 1,211 1,363 1,515 1,667 |
| 4,500 | 862 862 598 637 656 774 905 1,038 1,188 1,340 1,492 1,644 1,796 |
| 5,000 | 968 968 699 738 757 875 1,006 1,138 1,288 1,440 1,592 1,744 1,896 |
| 5,500 | 1,175 1,175 801 840 859 977 1,108 1,240 1,390 1,542 1,694 1,846 1,998 |
| 6,000 | 1,382 1,382 901 940 959 1,077 1,208 1,340 1,490 1,642 1,794 1,946 2,098 |
| 6,500 | 1,589 1,589 1,001 1,040 1,059 1,177 1,308 1,440 1,590 1,742 1,894 2,046 2,198 |
| 7,000 | 1,796 1,796 1,101 1,140 1,159 1,277 1,408 1,540 1,690 1,842 1,994 2,146 2,298 |

FREE SUPPLEMENTARY REPORTS

To keep you up-to-date on All Changes that may be made in the law we will send, without cost, as many reports as are required to keep you fully posted to March 15, 1944.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Tax Dept. 6211, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, N. Y. 20

Please send immediately the book(s) checked below. I will pay postman \$1 for each copy ordered, plus C.O.D. charges. If this information does not completely satisfy me, I may return it and you will refund my money in full.

-copies "Your Income Tax"
-copies "Your Corporation Tax"

Name

(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address

City.....No. (if any).....State.....

☐ Check here if you prefer to enclose WITH this coupon \$1 for each copy ordered. In that case, WE will pay all postage charges. Same return-for-refund privilege applies. NOTE: If resident of N. Y. City, add 1% Sales Tax.



Yankshire Reversible Two coats in one

These are tricky weather days—so be ready for whatever may blow. A suggestion—Yankshire Reversible Coat is really two coats in one. One side is warm sturdy corduroy or wool, the other side, shower-proof gabardine that laughs at rain or sleet. Wear Yankshire either side. Smartly styled, for men and boys. Look for the "Reliance—Yankshire" label. Sold at good stores.

RELANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St. • Chicago, Ill.

New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing • Aywon Shirts • Yankshire Coats • Universal Pajamas No-Tare Shorts • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks • Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Big Yank Flannel Shirts • Esenada Shirts and Slacks Parachutes for Men and Material



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

United Czechoslovak Relief
United Yugoslav Relief Fund
Refugee Relief Trustees
U. S. Committee for the Care of
European Children

The National War Fund has committees in more than 10,000 cities, towns and counties. Where there are community chests, the National War Fund is affiliated with these chests.

WINTHROP W. ALDRICH

National War Fund
New York, N.Y.

PLEASED PICKFORD

Sirs:

On Sunday night, Oct. 31, a Hollywood radio commentator broadcast that I was considering a suit against LIFE because of a picture whose caption referred to Shirley Temple and myself as "has-beens" (LIFE, Oct. 4). Stuff and nonsense—nothing could be further from the truth.

As a matter of fact, I enjoyed the picture and was highly amused by the caption, which carried a provocative note of humor quite to my taste.

How could I resent being labeled a has-been when I am placed in the same division as a junior miss of 15? (By the way, *Junior Miss* is the title of the picture I am shortly to produce for United Artists.)

I think the photographer caught a very good likeness. Many of my friends complimented me on it and there were some who even said I looked like Shirley Temple's sister. Now tell me—after that would I think of suing LIFE? It never entered my head.

MARY PICKFORD

Los Angeles, Calif.

THE "NORMANDIE"

Sirs:

Seeing the pictures of the *Normandie* being towed out of its berth (LIFE, Nov. 8) where it has been resting for a couple of years or so, brought to mind the maiden voyage of that ship.

It was my privilege to be invited to participate in that great event and to take 16-mm. movies. I very much doubt if anyone ever duplicated one of the



"NORMANDIE'S" BOW WAVE

shots that I took. With the captain's permission and accompanied by a French sailor, I went down through the bowels of the ship and came up through a round hatchway just over the bow of the ship. The sailor grasped my legs and I lay down and took a shot of the knife-like bow as it cut through the water at 35 knots an hour. Here is a print of one of the 16-mm. frames.

ERNEST DUDLEY CHASE

Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

It must be a never-failing source of amazement and comfort to our propaganda-wise enemies that we of the United States go out of our way to avoid reaping a propaganda harvest from our great achievements.

Why, in the name of human intelligence, was the *Normandie* renamed? We can build another *Lafayette*, but there is only one *Normandie*. We should flaunt her upon the seven seas like a banner.

ELIZABETH HOARD

Washington, D.C.

● Navy transports are usually named after men who helped shape Ameri-

(continued on p. 8)

Croton Waterproof Watches

**PROVING THEIR
SUPERIORITY**

on every battlefield



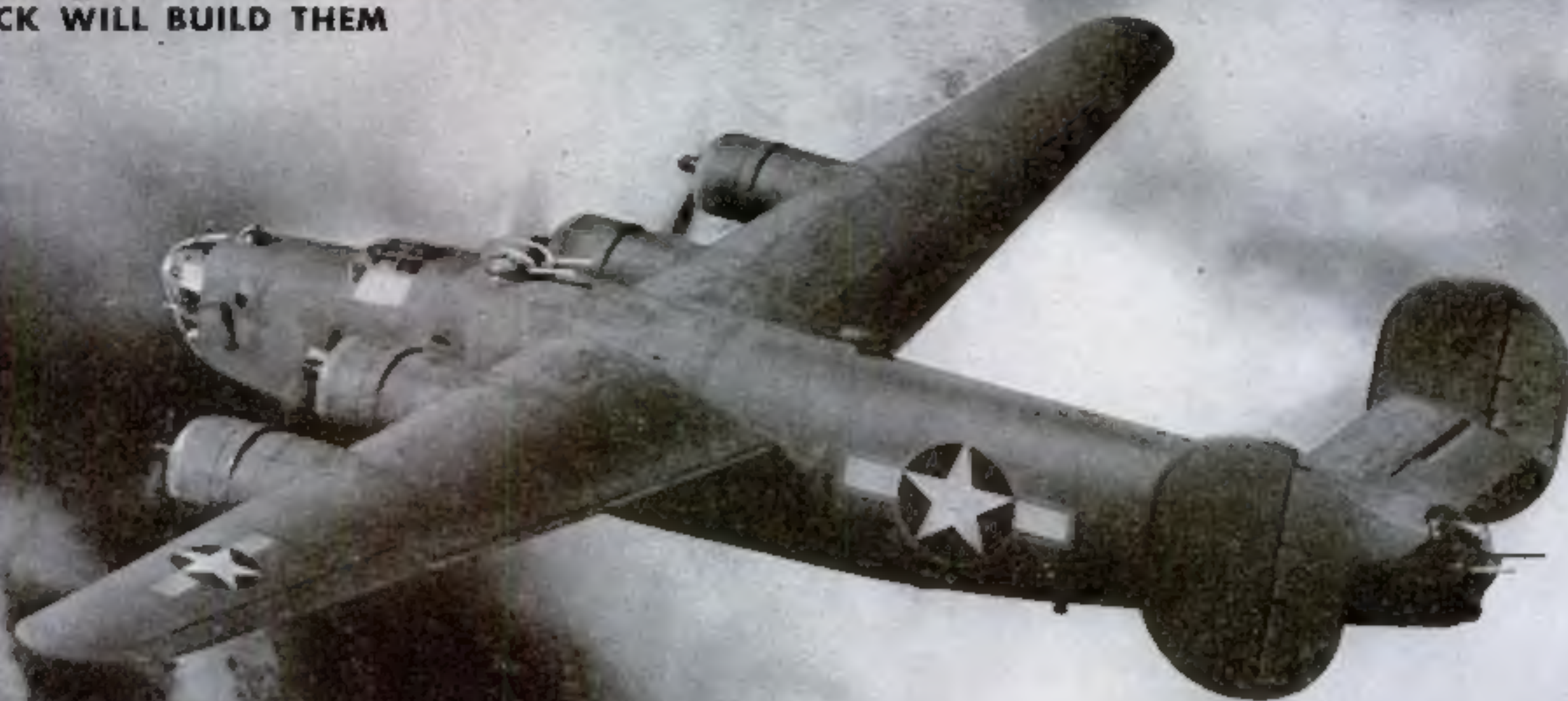
Every day, every hour, in every part of the world, Croton waterproof watches, built to resist water, shocks and magnetism, are justifying the scientific thoroughness that has made them great! Remember, if it isn't an *Aquamatic* or *Aquamedico*, it isn't a Croton.

Right now, all available Croton waterproof watches are being supplied to the armed services exclusively.

Croton
WATCHES
FOR ALL TIMES SINCE 1878

Croton Watch Co., 48 W. 48th, New York 19, N.Y.

war goods
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



BATTLE-BOUND ON BUICK POWER

ENEMY eyes look at this plane—and don't like what they see.

They don't like the big load of bombs that it carries.

They don't like its Dead-Eye Dick accuracy over the target.

They don't like its range, which brings more and more of Fortress Europe within its reach, and they don't like the speed its four Buick-built engines provide to get it in and out—*fast!*

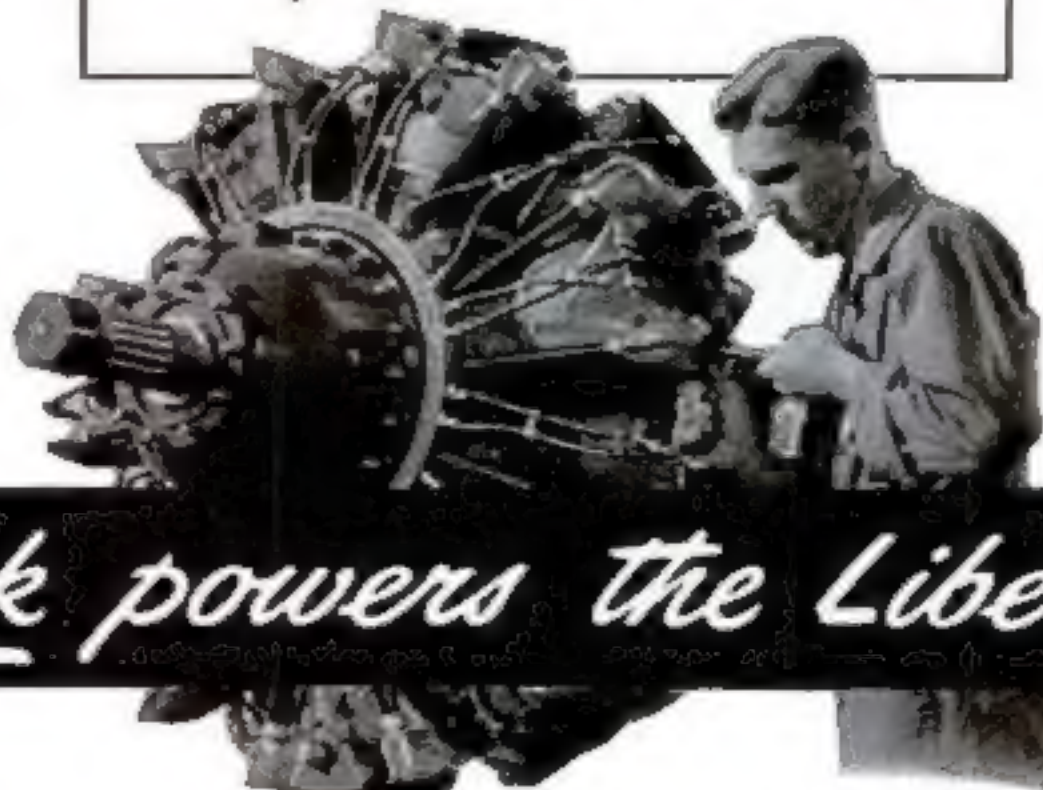
But that's why we *do* like the job of building original-equipment engines for the Liberator.

It and its gallant crews are doing a job that daily brings final victory closer.

If anything we can do can add speed to the Liberator's wings, range to its travels, power to the blows its crews are striking—count on us to do it.

So not a particle of metal goes into a Buick-built Pratt & Whitney engine that isn't probed, pried into, scrutinized to its very core.

**Keep America Strong
Buy War Bonds**



Not a part moves out of a Buick plant in a finished engine that hasn't been checked, inspected, measured and *tested in hours-long operation* to prove its worth.

In the Liberator and its crew, Buick is teamed up with a gallant bunch that is writing a record anybody can be proud of.

And we're going to keep on striving to do our part in that job as loyally, as ably and as faithfully as they do.

The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over Buick plants in both Flint, Mich., and Melrose Park, Ill., having been awarded to Buick people for outstanding performance in the production of war goods.



Buick powers the Liberator

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

OUR POST-WAR PLAN FOR TOMORROW:
"MAKE TODAY'S FLORSHEIM SHOES LAST LONGER!"

FLORSHEIM *Quality*

FOR LONGER RATIONED WEAR



The HIGHLAND S-1110

Our wartime job today is to make fewer shoes go farther—by building better shoes—so that Florsheim wearers will get enough, our fighting men get more; so that men can under-spend on shoes and over-spend on Bonds; so that the extra pairs we don't make and you don't buy can help bring Victory one day closer.

Most Styles
\$10.50 and \$11

Florsheim



Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

can history, viz. transports U. S. S. George Washington, U. S. S. Koscisko, U. S. S. Abraham Lincoln.—ED.

MATHEMATICS

Sirs:

Congratulations on "Mathematics" in your Nov. 8 issue. It was a difficult subject well presented.

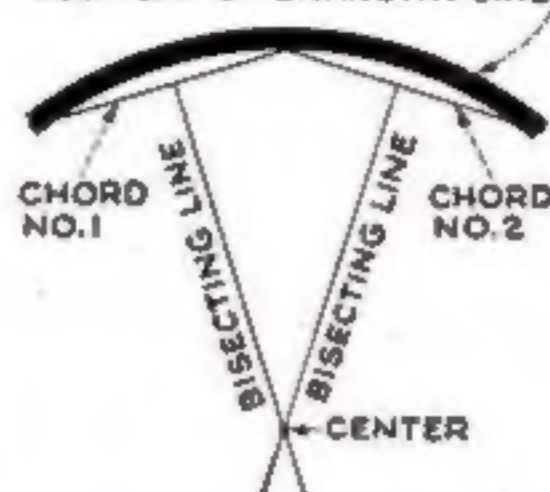
LUTHER KELLER II
Camp Bowie, Texas

Sirs:

"Mathematics" interested me greatly. However, the solution of the typical shop problem involving the fragment of a gear wheel seemed to me very roundabout.

In working out the problem for myself I found that a more simple and easy way would be to strike not one but two chords anywhere on the arc of the segment.

SEGMENT OF UNKNOWN CIRCLE



SIMPLER SOLUTION

ment and then bisect each chord at right angles. By extending these bisecting lines you will find that the point at which they cross will be the center of the unknown circle.

GABRIEL MORAN
Youngstown, Ohio

DR. PEI'S OBJECTIONS

Sirs:

Dr. Mario A. Pei's opposition to Basic English (LIFE, Letters to the Editors, Nov. 8) seems to spring from misconceptions.

1) Basic is not meant for "the normal English speaker" but for those whose English is limited. 2) Its working is no longer conjectural but proven through much experience under every sort of condition. 3) Dr. Pei's alleged "difficulties" do not arise when Basic is learned through one of the graded teaching texts (Learning the English Language, for example). As to compounds, much turns on how the compounded words have been learned. Taken at the right stage, the phrases and compounds recommended in Basic are much less troublesome than new words. And they do put learners from different language groups into contact with one another. Dr. Pei seems to forget that this is the aim. Moreover, the use of Basic's "common denominators" (give up, undertake, etc.) is a necessary part of even a modest knowledge of English. Finally, as Mr. Lincoln Barnett, among thousands, has shown, an English speaker very quickly learns to express himself in Basic—when he wishes to.

L. A. RICHARDS
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Professor Pei [of Columbia University] should not object seriously to Basic without first giving it a thorough trial. I think his Romance background caused him to be just a bit one-sided. In reality, 40% or more of the words in Basic are familiar to or stem from the Romance languages.

Basic is still by far the best constructive effort made toward a linguistic medium of international communication.

STUART A. GALLACHER
East Lansing, Mich.



Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush

There's nothing Private about
what this **PRIVATE** says:

In the army we shave on the double. Thanks to Pal. I got a good shave, first time over, even with cold water. The boys in my outfit sure agree.
Joseph Everin

ARMY AIR CORPS

PAL BLADES ARE
HOLLOW GROUND
No "bearing down"
—they're flexible in
the razor—shave
with just a "Feather
Touch."



PAL

"hollow-ground"
RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢

10 for 25¢

Double or
Single Edge

Pat Blade Co., N. Y.

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades - They Last Longer



No wonder they call it *The "Duck"*

Amphibious action is playing an ever increasing part in World War II. And the 2½-ton Amphibian truck, now in volume production at GMC Truck & Coach Division factories, is giving American Armies an ever increasing advantage over the Axis. In the water, it has all the qualities of a large landing boat, *plus* the ability to keep going when it reaches shoals and shore line. On land, it provides performance comparable to a GMC "six by six" army truck, *plus* the ability to swim lakes and streams. Carrying cargoes

from ocean freighter to inland supply depot . . . establishing beach heads and bridge heads . . . unloading ships where no harbor facilities are available . . . aiding in reconnaissance work where no roads or bridges exist . . . carrying or pulling cannon and howitzers . . . transporting scores of troops or tons of equipment . . . are all in a day's work for this sturdy, seagoing truck. No wonder the GMC workers helping to build it, and the soldiers using it, both call it the "Duck." It's one of America's most vital and versatile military vehicles!

INVEST IN VICTORY... BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS

Home of GMC Trucks and GMC Coaches . . . Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces

★ ★ ★



More swing to your step with **HEMO**—
the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

- The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
- PLUS
- The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
- PLUS
- The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
- PLUS
- The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
- PLUS
- The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
- PLUS
- The Iron in $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of beef!
- PLUS
- The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



"IF I DO say so myself," said Elmer modestly, "I swing a mean paddle for my age!"

"Your age!" protested Elsie indignantly. "What's age got to do with it? I always say, if you get all the vitamins you need every day, you're bound to feel and act young longer! Now, that glass of HEMO I give you every day—"

"My dear Elsie!" bellowed Elmer, "don't you think of anything but HEMO?"

"Just now," answered Elsie sweetly,



"I'm thinking that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals. That's what government nutritionists say! Just think what a glass of wonderful-tasting HEMO every day would do for them!"

"Would it make them all ping-pong champs like daddy?" asked little Beulah.

"Maybe not, baby," smiled Elsie. "But getting enough vitamins does help folks, you know. JUST ONE GLASS of HEMO (2



teaspoonfuls mixed in milk) gives you half your daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, D, and Niacin. Of course, wartime conditions prevent putting Vitamin C in HEMO. We'll do it as soon as possible. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile," interrupted Elmer, "it's my serve."

"Then do be a dear," gurgled Elsie, "and serve us all big, cool glasses of HEMO!"

► For a delicious, nutritious lunch—a glass of HEMO and a cream cheese sandwich on wheat bread . . . Have HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer at the fountain. Keep HEMO on the pantry shelf at home! The full-pound jar (enough for 24 glorious drinks) costs just 59¢ at drug or grocery stores. © Borden Co.

LIFE'S REPORTS

LETTER FROM MORMUGAO

by SHELLEY SMITH MYDANS

Carl and Shelley Mydans, LIFE's first and most brilliant photographer-reporter team, are among the 1,500 U. S. and British nationals being repatriated from Japanese internment camps on the *Gripsholm*, which is due to arrive in New York Dec. 2. Immediately on boarding the exchange ship at Mormugao, Goa, off the west coast of India, on Oct. 19, Shelley Mydans wrote this letter to LIFE's Executive Editor Wilson Hicks. It brought to their fellow workers on LIFE the first detailed news of the Mydanses since the fall of the Philippines. Between the lines of this personal letter the reader can find grim details of 22 months at prison camps of Santa Tomás, Manila, and in Jap-occupied Shanghai.

On board the *Gripsholm*

Dear Wilson:

Carl is out making pictures again. I saw him take a camera in his hands for the first time in nearly two years and watched his eyes light up. His fingers curled around it automatically and he started right off on the job. I've been chasing him through the crowds of repatriates on this ship trying to jot down his captions and now we're both all of a sweat and laughing. It's old times again.

I hadn't realized how much we'd changed in these 22 months till I looked at Carl's face again today. He's back again to what he was before. That strained look that all of us in internment camps acquire and that we don't really notice in each other at the time seems to have vanished. The whole weary period has sunk down in our memories and our minds have closed over it. It's an effort now to remember the camps and the people we left behind there—it hurts too much.

This has been a day of overwhelming emotion. Return to home and freedom means more even than any of us had anticipated. It's something we've been picturing to ourselves and to each other ever since the Japanese took us over.

This morning on the *Tsu Maru*, obeying instructions as usual, we packed our hand baggage and sat on our bunks—Carl in the hold with 250 men and I in the "hen coop" on deck where 240 women slept—and waited for the exchange. At 8 o'clock the men from the hold began to file out down the forward gangplank and along the wharf toward the *Gripsholm* which was tied up alongside us.

The Indian sun was bright on the procession and, strung out as they were, we on deck seemed to get a good look at our husbands and friends for the first time since we were crowded into camps together. They looked terrible; they'd all taken their belts in so much that their pants looped around their waists; their shirts were all

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

When sneezes come,
it's a crying shame
Kleenex is scarce—
now who's to blame?



War needs paper. So we've pledged
To help our fighting nation
By keeping to the quota
Given us for the duration.



Of course we Kleenex people could
Produce more tissues—simply
By cutting down on quality
And making Kleenex skimpy.

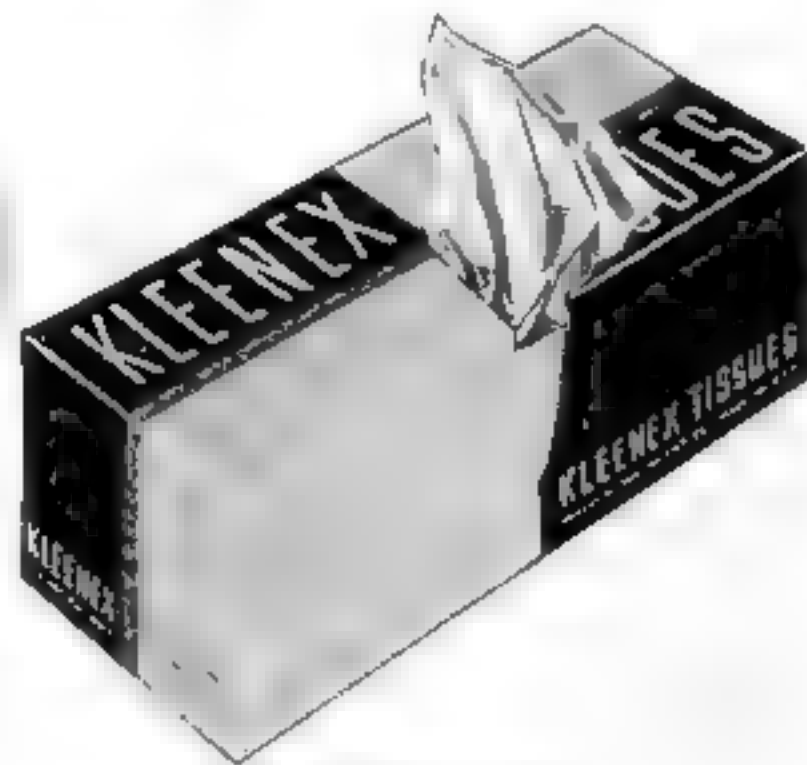
But never fear! Regardless of
What others do, we aim
To keep our famous Kleenex "tops"—
And worthy of its name!

P. S. Do try your dealer soon again
He ought to have more Kleenex then.

Every Minute Counts!



Authorities say 1/4 of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold! To reduce absenteeism use Kleenex at the first sign of a snuffle and help keep your cold from spreading to others. Kleenex as a handkerchief is kind to your nose, your neighbor, your nation! You use each tissue just once, then destroy—germs and all!



KLEENEX® TISSUES "T. H. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



BEFORE MANILA'S FALL, MRS. MYDANS ATTENDED MASS WITH FILIPINO SOLDIERS

"I can do with less
if it's Kayser"
because I depend on
the quality of Kayser
underwear...and
'buy more
bonds



KAYSER

GLOVES • UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY • LINGERIE

Be wiser... Buy Kayser

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

faded and ragged; half of them had no socks, and the Chinese straw hats that had gotten by in camp suddenly showed up for what they were. Even the bags and bundles they carried looked worn, and a few men still clung to the buckets and coils of old rope they had found indispensable in internment. Some of the old fellows had trouble carrying even their little overnight cases. We all laughed at them, but in most cases it was just to cover up. They looked terrible.

I suppose we women looked the same or worse. American women are sometimes rather pitiful in situations like this in their efforts to look smart. It keeps up our morale to spruce up even though in our hearts we know the results are ludicrous.

As our turn came we filed down from the deck, through the hold and out the gangplank. We all tried to comply with our committee's suggestion that we make our part of the exchange "orderly, leisurely and dignified," so we walked slowly in single line toward our ship.

The ships were tied up with the bow of the *Tesa Maru* behind the stern of the *Gripsholm* so that as we walked from the forward gangway of our ship to the aft of the *Gripsholm*, the Japanese repatriates filed in a line far outside of us toward the after gangplank of the *Tesa*. Compared to us they seemed healthy and well-dressed—all in American clothes. There were more Americans dressed in Oriental clothes in this exchange than there were Japanese. But it wasn't from choice that we wore Chinese hats and slippers, Filipino clogs or dresses made from Japanese cotton kimonos.

The exchange was very orderly and quick. By 9:30 all 1,500 of us except the 17 stretcher cases were on board the *Gripsholm*. Despite our anticipations, none of us was quite prepared for the emotion that suddenly choked us as we stepped onto the deck. In one overwhelming moment we were free and on home territory, and among people who liked and wanted us. The Swedish crew helped us aboard and served us ice water in new paper cups.

Put 'em away, Susan—

That's a job for
SANI-FLUSH

Why make extra work for yourself? You don't need a cleanser *plus* a disinfectant for toilet sanitation. Sani-Flush was made especially to keep toilet bowls sparkling clean. Acts quickly...easily. Removes film, stains and incrustations where toilet germs lurk. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.



Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used according to directions on the can. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET
BOWLS WITHOUT
SCOURING

**Tune in
The March
of Time
EVERY THURSDAY
10:30 p.m.
(E. W. T.)
N.B.C. Network**

IRON GLUE

MENDS 'MOST ANYTHING

Needs no mixing. Mends wood, glass, china, toys, etc. Ask for Iron Glue—largest selling 10¢ glue. Sold 'most everywhere. McCormick Sales Co., 408 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH

La Cross
AMERICA'S FINEST
surgical instruments
MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

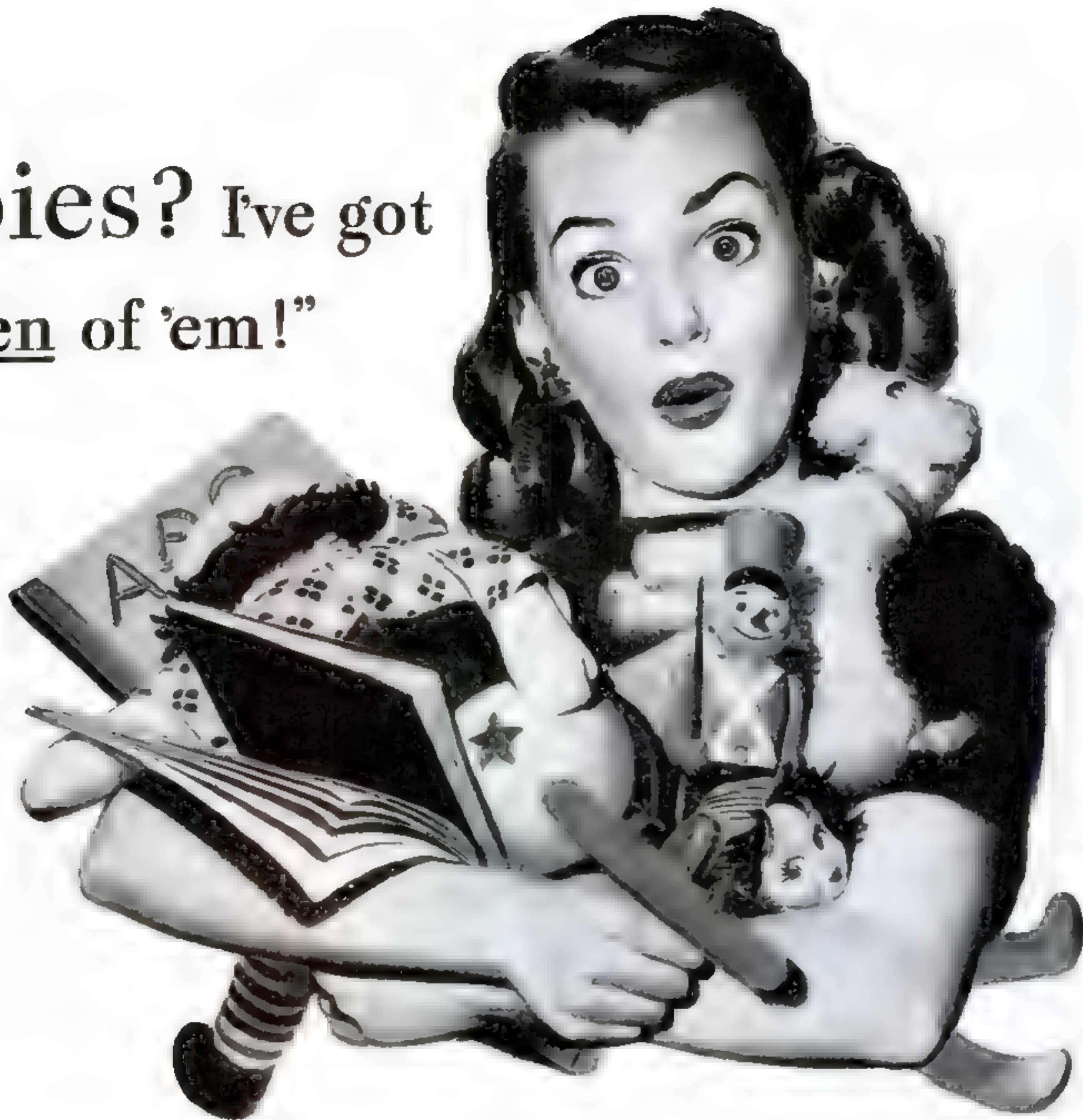
• Treasure your precision-ground La Cross manicure implements. They may be the last you can get for the duration. The craftsmen, who fashioned them in peacetime, today are making vital surgical instruments for America's armed forces. After victory La Cross implements will be better than ever.



Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J. Est. 1903

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

"Babies? I've got ten of 'em!"



NOT REALLY MINE—but I amuse 'em while their mothers do war work.

Usually they're little angel-faces. But today, when my back was turned, a couple of 'em sneaked off and were playing tent with one of my lovely Cannon Percale Sheets!

Well—spanking is frowned on. But my palm did itch when I spotted the wicked 3-cornered tear they'd made!

Back when, I guess I'd just have bought a new Cannon Percale Sheet. Not these days—when Uncle Sam wants us to make *everything* last!

Soon as I park these toys, I'm going to drag out my mending basket. I'm going to *get* the extra wear that's coming to me from that sheet!

Want to make it a mending bee?

-1-

Let's Tackle the 3-Cornered Tear!

First off, baste paper under the rip, so the torn edges just meet. Take running stitches back and forth across the rip, by hand or by machine. Then remove paper. (Or get some of that slick new mending tape you just iron on!)

-2-

Let's Plot a Perfect Patch!

This is for a worn-thin spot, or a bad scorch, or a cigarette hole. (Shame!) Cut out the bad spot to make a circle. Snip the edge of the circle in 4 places. Fold edges under so the hole looks square. Back with a square patch and do a double row of stitching all around.

-3-

Let's See What We Can Salvage!

When a sheet gives up after years of service, don't just make dustcloths of it! See if you can't cut it down to make a cot sheet, crib sheet, or pillowcase!

-4-

Let's Face It!

Despite all, the day may come when you honestly *must* buy sheets. If it does, ask for Cannon Percale . . . smooth . . . soft . . . yet costing about the same as heavy-duty muslin. Swell for wear, too, because they're woven with 25% more threads than the best-grade muslin!

-5-

Let's Remember This!

Because of the war, you may not always find the exact size you want in Cannon Percale Sheets. Then ask to see Cannon's long-wearing economy *muslin* sheets. Just remember—you can always rely on the name CANNON—on Sheets or Towels! Cannon Mills, Inc., New York.

For Victory, Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps

Cannon Percale Sheets



Made by the Makers of Cannon Towels and Hosiery

SIX *Colony* TUMBLERS

...and how they grew



They were given to a bride by a friend who knew how practical *Colony* is. Her footed tumblers now stand surrounded by plates, relish dishes, bowls and wines, all in this charming crystal of colonial heritage. For the bride also learned how serviceable a set of *Colony* can be... and how thriftily it can be bought from open stock. Give Fostoria *Colony* when giving is called for and there'll be no end of thanking you.

Fostoria

★★ THREE FOR THE PRICE OF ONE ★★
Your dollars will do more good in War Bonds than in anything else you can buy. Every dollar will:
1. Arm our fighters. 2. Prevent ruinous inflation.
3. Buy wonderful new things for you after the war.
BUY MORE BONDS, REGULARLY AND OFTEN

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY -- MOUNDSVILLE - WEST VIRGINIA

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

The American Red Cross gave each of us chocolate bars and American cigarettes.

Every one of us had a two-year hunger to appease and as the stewards set four long tables on the decks with *smörgåsbord*, crowds of men and women, trying to hide the yearning in their eyes with grins and jokes, grouped around and cheered each new dish that was brought out.

The tables, when fully set, epitomized the dreams of all internees in East Asia. We are all pastmasters at describing food; it has been one of our chief topics of conversation all these months. But none of us could have dreamed up a better meal than the first that was served us here. We had white bread, butter, cheese, vegetable salads, fruit salads, cold meats, olives, pickles, tomato juice, orange juice, iced tea—all luxuries we hadn't seen for months.

We are an easily managed people by now and if there's a line anywhere an internee will get into it, so we automatically fell into line by the tables. Most of us—even the children—helped ourselves sparingly and ate but little as we had been warned by the doctors not to overdo it. Our shrunken stomachs are easily satisfied, as are our hearts. They were both filled to discomfort—by a little bit of food and the feeling that we were welcome.

We've been able to see some of the newspapermen who came to cover the exchange so we've formed a bit of a picture of the world as it is today and of the comings and goings of all our friends. It's good to feel we will soon be part of it again; and best to feel that we are working again—right now.

All best regards,
Shelley



MYDANCES IN COA ON WAY HOME

Over 3½ Centuries
of Knowing How!



BOLS

| | |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Liqueur Monastique | 36 Proof |
| Crème de Menthe | 60 Proof |
| distilled from grain | 81 Proof |
| Apple - liqueur | 63 Proof |
| Super Top London Dry Gin | 91 Proof |
| (distilled from grain) | |

Product of Argentina

Sole Importers: H. M. Munn, Chicago
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Exciting News FOR FAITHFUL SHOES



Cheer up, faithful footwear! Better days ahead. While Whittemore isn't given to boasting, we'll grant that our new deluxe Stain Polish is the finest, gives the most satisfying shine, of any polish we have perfected in 102 years of making fine shoe dressings. Going largely for fighting feet now. You'll get plenty later.

WHITEMORE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BRIGHT STAR FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES



BRIGHT STAR BATTERIES

WHEN THE WAR IS
OVER THEY'LL SERVE
AT HOME AGAIN

BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO., CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY

NOW READY—THE ANSWER TO YOUR \$64 QUESTION

THE NEW EVERSARP
"Fifth Avenue"

***WRITES DRY**—This pen writes dry with quick-dry ink...needs no blotter...writes perfectly with any ink.

Notice, particularly, these three things:

THE TIP is hooded and streamlined...covers and shields the point. It's directional—so you automatically hold it comfortably in the correct writing position.

THE POINT—barely peeking out—is as smooth as silk...makes writing fun—and practically effortless. Gives you a different writing "feel".

THE FEED—is the new, improved Magic Feed. It prevents ink flooding or leaking—high in a plane—so at ground level, too... makes this pen write more words than any pen of equal size.

Now look above the circle. It's slender, streamlined, smartly tailored...and perfectly balanced. Abbreviated cap is 14-karat gold oversterlingsilver. New deep-pocket military clip catches and reflects the light. Compare!

★ ★ ★

GUARANTEED FOREVER—Service on EVERSARP Pens and Repeater Pencils identified by the double check mark on the clip ✓✓ is GUARANTEED FOREVER—subject to a 35c charge for postage, insurance, and handling—provided all parts are returned.

TUNE IN "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT"—WITH PHIL BAKER—CBS SUNDAY NIGHTS—"BUY, BUY... BUY BONDS"

Available in choice of colors. Dubonnet Red, Army Brown, Navy Blue, Pearl Gray, and Jet Black. Men's and Ladies' Sizes. Also new Clipless "Stowaway" model for any pocket or purse.

PEN \$12.50

New featherweight Repeater Pencil \$6.50. Complete Set \$19.00.

NEW TIP... NEW POINT
NEW FEED

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Give **EVERSHARP**—and you give the finest!

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How soon will peace come?

- How soon? That depends a lot on you... the American woman.
- Our country is asking you to put your shoulder to the wheel in war production or necessary civilian service, so that you can release a man to fight this war to a finish faster. There is urgent need for eighteen million of you to be working by the end of this year.
- Somewhere in the line-up of vital jobs is one you can do. It may be driving a bus, minding war workers' babies, riveting a bomber. Special training is necessary for some jobs. Others put to work talents you already have.
- You can find time...if you learn to save time. To help you, even in a small way, Richard Hudnut has prepared a series of beauty time-savers from the DuBarry Success School so that you can work for Victory...and stay as lovely as you are now!

THE GOVERNMENT NEEDS MORE WOMEN
TO WORK FOR VICTORY. APPLY AT YOUR
LOCAL UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.



QUICK CLEARUP FOR SKINS THAT LOOK GREY!



For the face. The secret is to use a dry cleansing meal at bedtimes. Make a paste with water. Apply to face and throat like a mask. Allow to dry. Rub off with a dry wash-cloth, removing flaking cuticle and grime. Follow with lubricating cream.



For arms and hands. Using the same special cleansing preparation, sprinkle a spoonful on a lathery wash-cloth and scrub elbows, arms and hands thoroughly. (Use a nail brush if you wish.) Rinse and dry. Rub in a softening lotion.



For legs and feet. Calloused heels, grimy knees and legs with bumpy skin come out like new this way. Make a paste with water of the dry cleansing meal and spread it on. Remove with a dry wash-cloth. Rinse. Dry. Apply softening lotion.

NUMBER FOUR OF A SERIES OF
BEAUTY SHORT-CUTS PUBLISHED FOR

DuBarry

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
BY RICHARD HUDNUT

FEATURED IN THE RICHARD HUDNUT
SALON AND DUBARRY SUCCESS SCHOOL,
693 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK...AND AT
COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE.



MOJUD...
that's all you need
know about stockings

The name Mojud on stockings tells a heartening story of extra quality yarn of silk in knitting and extra care in testing, examining, finishing. That's why to millions of women, Mojud means the utmost in long-lasting loveliness. At better stores everywhere.

* BUY WAR BONDS!

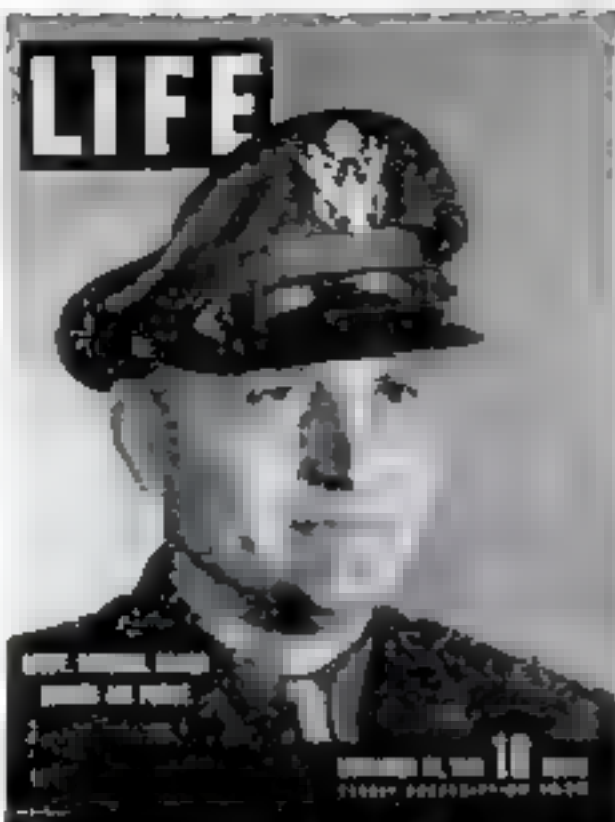


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Drink
Nestlé's

5¢

MADE FROM Real ORANGES



LIFE'S COVER: Lieut. General Ira C. Baker is a 47-year-old Texan. A flier for 25 years, he arrived in England in February 1942 as a brigadier general with instructions to organize an American air force. First as bomber commander, then as commanding general, he developed Eighth Air Force from a small, inadequate outfit into a mighty military machine. For the story of the development of the Eighth Air Force Bomber Command, see pages 69-83.

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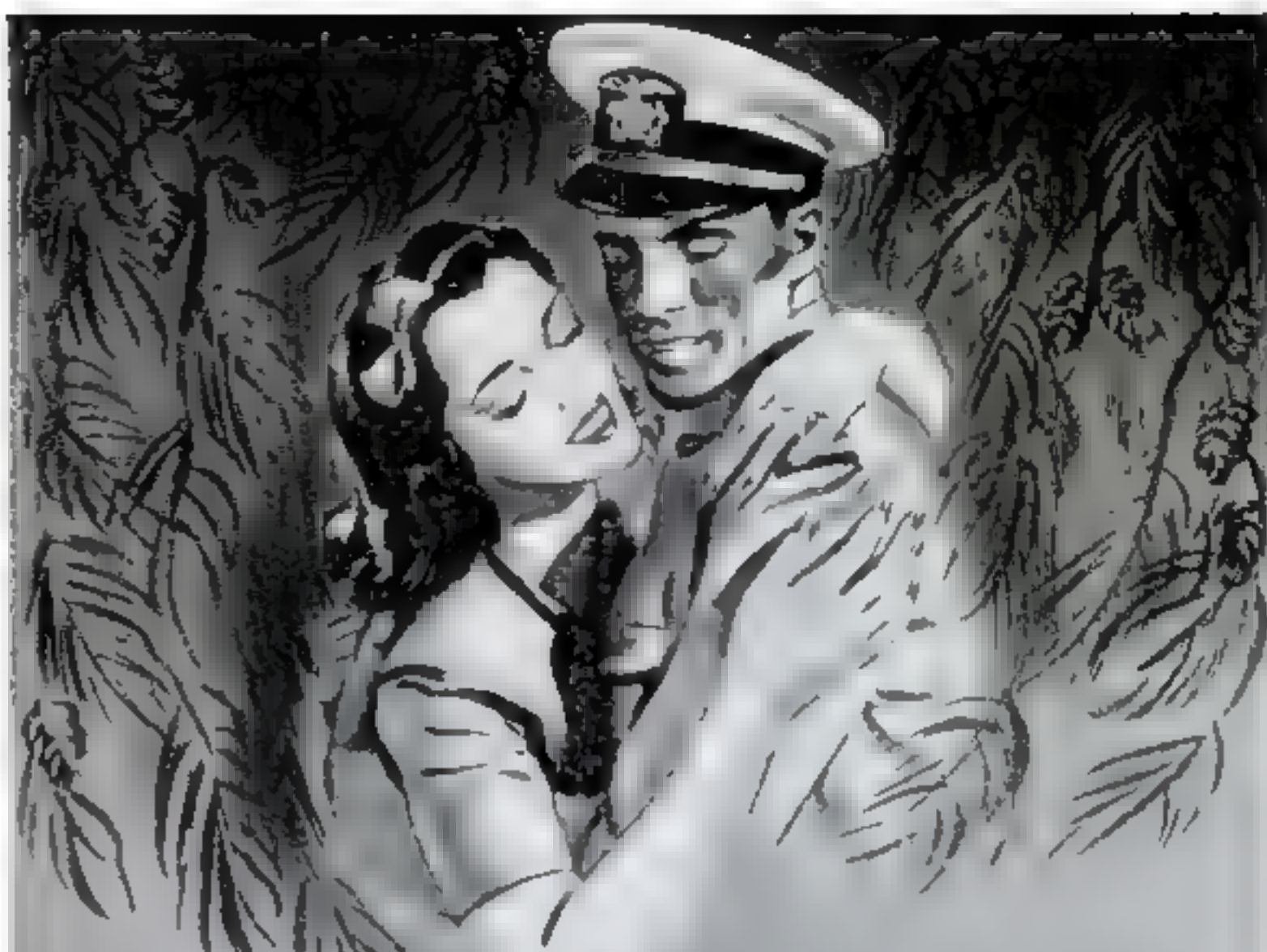
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THESE TELL THE STORY OF JOHN STEUART CURRY OF KANSAS



Magazine cover for western stories was done in gaudy colors by Curry in 1920 in style of famed illustrator Harvey Dunn.



"Black Leopard of Sumatra" was done a year later to illustrate a story for children's *St. Nicholas* magazine.



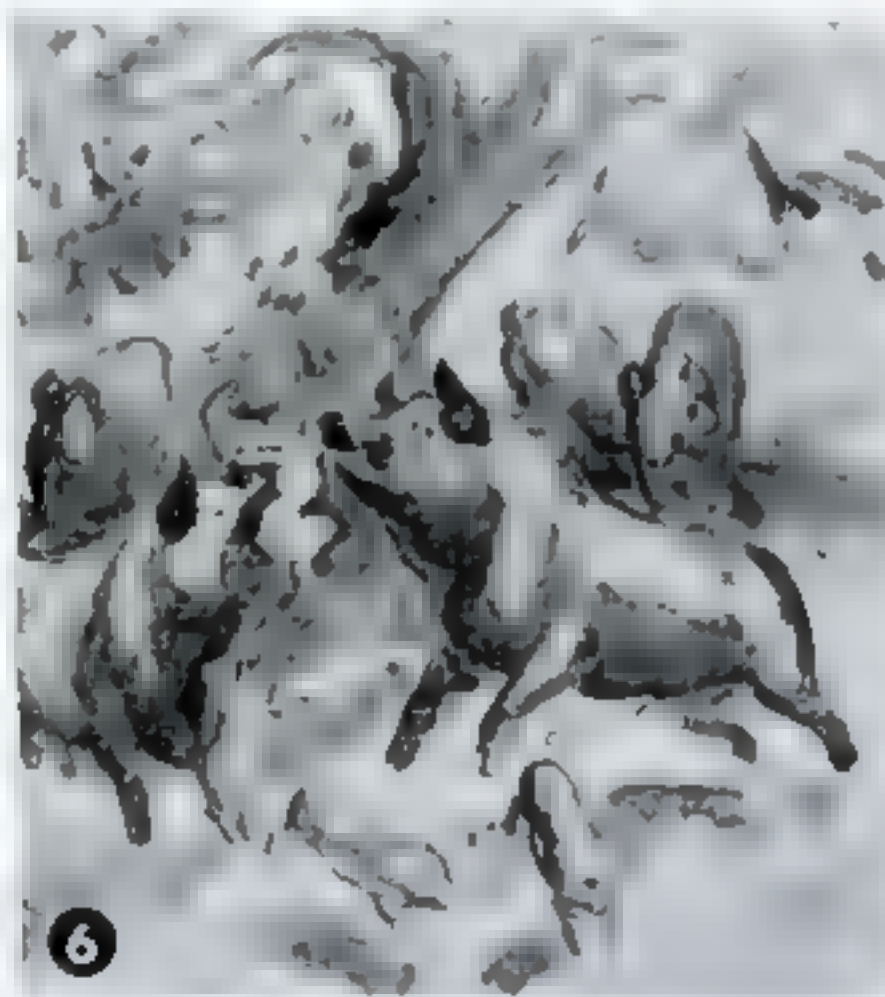
Fighting men in a *Country Gentleman* story in 1922 shows a growing understanding of balanced composition.



Christmas scene for *St. Nicholas* is kind of picture which caused editors to complain that Curry was doing easel pictures, not illustrations, and showed Curry that he was failure as illustrator.



"Montmartre" was painted by Curry in 1927 in Paris where he floundered in alien atmosphere. Paris developed his technique but not his style.



"Hogs Killing a Rattlesnake" was a promise of better things to come. It was Curry's first successful attempt to do a subject he had seen and known.



"The Prodigal Son" is partly autobiography. It was painted in 1929 in New York City when Curry was terribly homesick. Curry's father had offered him land and farmstock in Kansas to start life anew. Permeless, Curry for a while seriously considered the offer.



"Baptism in Big Stranger Creek," a lithograph of a Kansas incident, was major turning point. It showed interest in mural-like composition using regional subject. He was really started now.



Holy Rollers was one of the first of a series of religious pictures painted by Curry in 1929 during his first long visit home. He did this canvas after witnessing scene in an old country store.



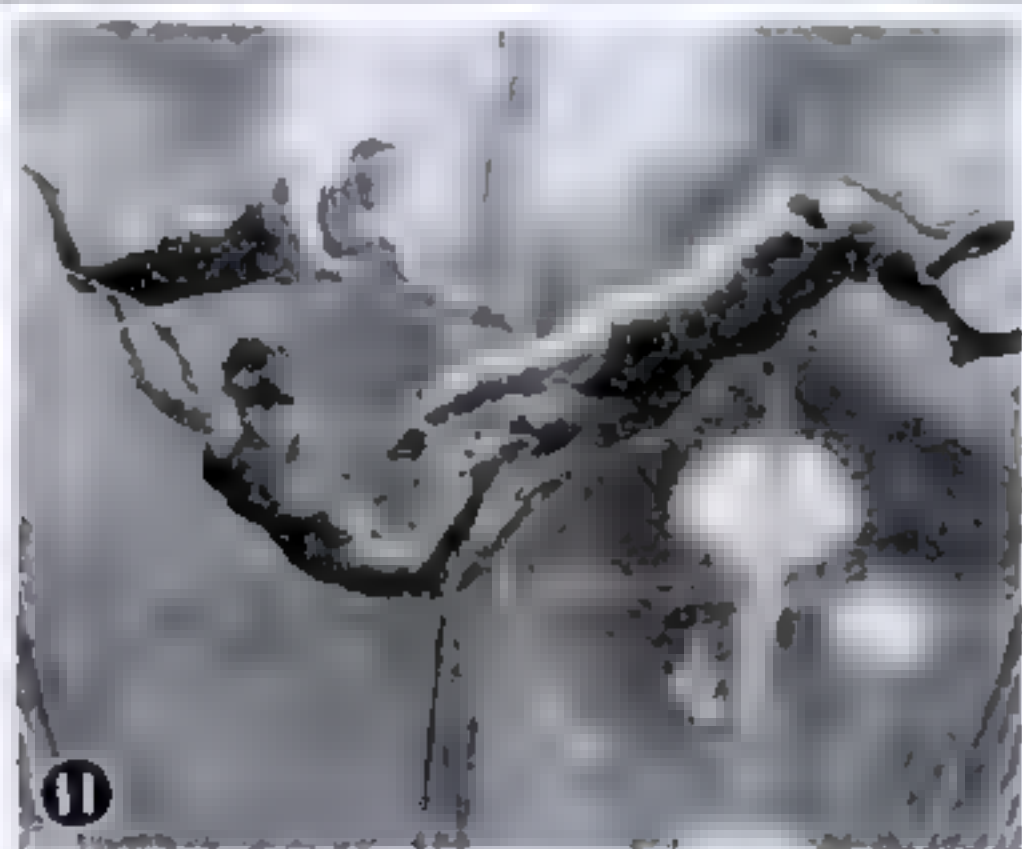
"Baptism in Kansas" catapulted Curry and his regionalism to fame when it was bought by Whitney Museum in 1930. Artist had watched many such religious country services.

Like so many American artists, John Stuart Curry was a Midwestern farm boy who thought that he could become a good painter only by going to New York and to Paris to learn about art. He left Kansas for New York, tried magazine illustrations and was a dismal failure. Editors said that his illustrations were too much like easel paintings. Curry moved on to Paris

where he struggled unhappily in a foreign atmosphere. He came back to America, discouraged and penniless and, out of sheer homesickness, began to paint scenes of his early childhood—the terrifying tornadoes that swept over the Kansas plains, the hysterical baptisms and the homely farm scenes.

In these subjects Curry at last found himself. To-

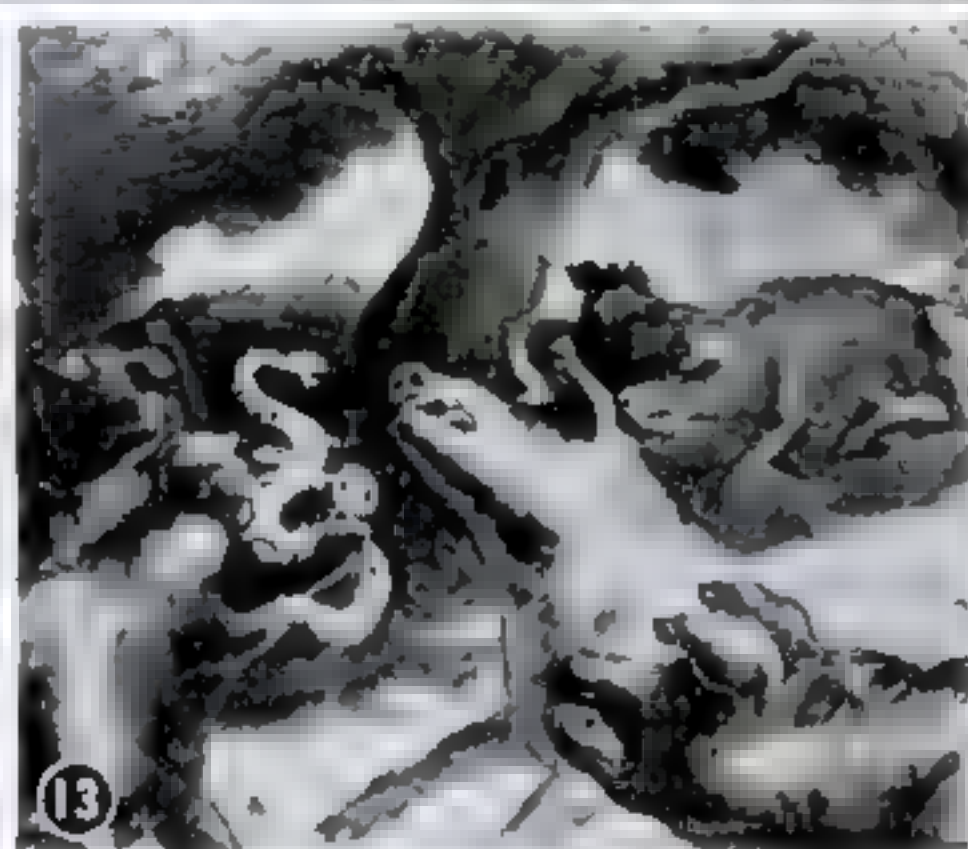
day he is one of America's most famous painters of the Midwest and his biography, *John Stuart Curry's Pageant of America* (American Artists Group, \$3), has just been published. Ironically, some critics are now saying that his paintings are too much like slick illustrations. But such criticism has not threatened Curry's secure position as a great American regional artist.



11 "The Passing Leap" was painted in 1932, period when Curry, restless after his sudden rise to fame, deserted his new-found regional interest. He traveled with the Ringling Bros' circus.



12 "Circus Elephants" fascinated Curry because their eyes reminded him of pigs' eyes. He succeeded in conveying a feeling of balance, movement and bulk, one of the most difficult jobs he ever tackled.



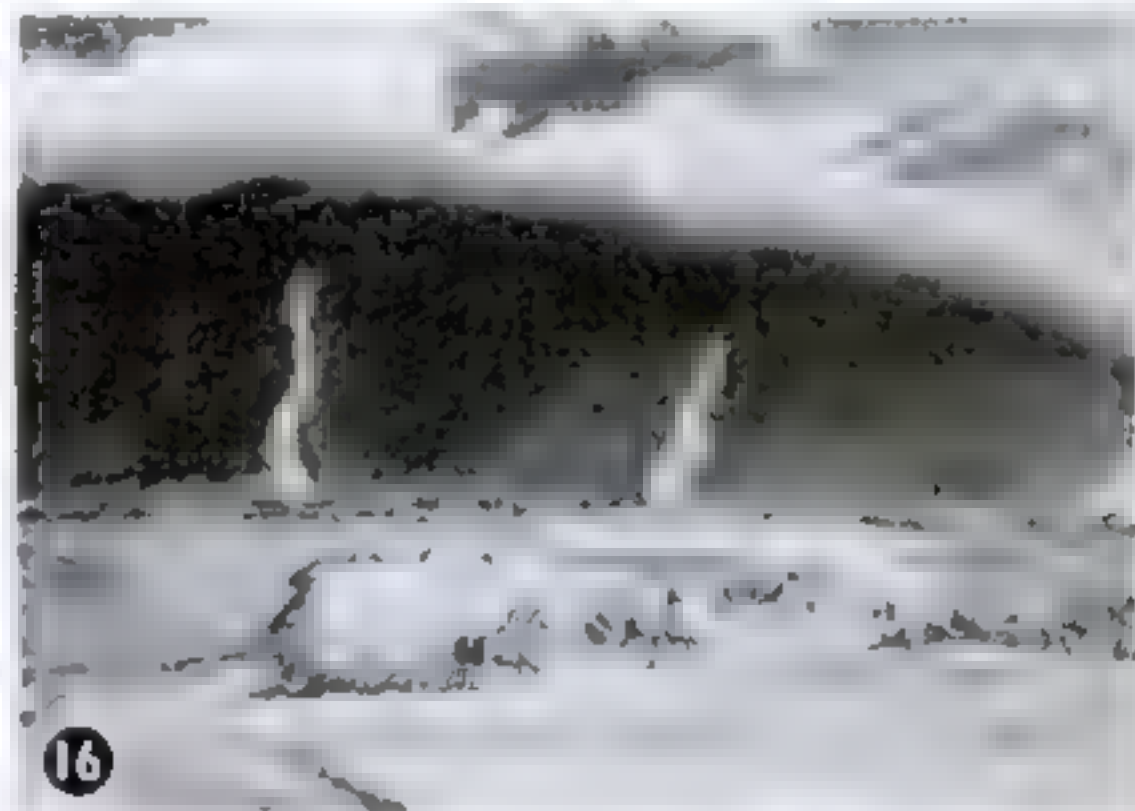
13 "Hogs Killing a Rattlesnake" is here developed into a powerful oil painting five years after the artist had made his original water-color sketch (see opposite page), in 1925.



14 "The Tornado" Curry says, shows "how we used to beat it for the cellar before the storm hit." His best-known canvases, it shows his excited reactions to violence of Kansas weather.



15 "Sanctuary" on an overcrowded little island is sought by barnyard animals caught in one of Kaw River floods. Curry saw scenes like this near his family's Kansas farm.



16 "Line Storm" dramatizes Curry's innate awe of the furious elements which rage over the great plains in Kansas. Like many of his best regional scenes, the canvas was based on his childhood experiences.



17 "Oklahoma Land Rush" is part of the two huge mural panels which Curry painted in 1939 for the Department of Interior building in Washington, D. C. Here Curry was able to give

free rein to his love of action and to display the rude pageantry that went into the building of the country. This section of the mural shows the first mad dash of early settlers to stake out

homestead claims in Oklahoma on April 22, 1889, when the U.S. Government opened unsettled region to land-hungry people. This was second of four important Curry mural projects.



"You sure look proud, McCloud!"

McCLOUD: I am, Jockey! I'm proud to give this lad my name, and to think of the honor he'll bring it!

JOCKEY: Being proud of one's name and living up to it is an old American custom, McCloud. As the trade-mark of Jockey Underwear, I ought to know. I've seen what Coopers does to make the name "Jockey" mean a great deal to the public.

McCLOUD: I'm a Jockey wearer, and I'll vouch for what it means!

JOCKEY: Good! You're a satisfied Jockey wearer because Coopers' research experts gave you underwear of the most comfortable design possible—and made of the finest available materials by highly skilled craftsmen.

McCLOUD: A man couldn't ask for more, could he?

JOCKEY: No—except to be able to buy Jockey Underwear wherever he may be. That's why Coopers advertises it nationally, performs the distributing job by sending sales representatives to contact retailers throughout the country, and assumes responsibility for the consumer's complete satisfaction.

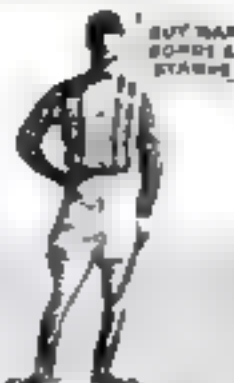
McCLOUD: But, Jockey, don't all those things cost money?

JOCKEY: Sure, but no more than any other method of distribution! With production running into hundreds of thousands of garments, the cost is only a few cents for each unit. And overhead is lowered so greatly that there's no extra charge for Jockey's extra quality. You get a similar "bonus" in quality whenever you buy a famous, trade-marked apparel item, McCloud.

McCLOUD: You're right, Jockey. That's why I have always insisted on branded products I know and trust—and why Americans everywhere are willing to shop around for them now that the war has made them scarce!



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Two-piece—
Contoured Shirts
to Match



Jockey Underwear

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in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rodkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



"John Brown," mural for state capitol depicting the turbulent history of Kansas leading up to Civil War, is important Curry painting triumph.



"Wisconsin Still Life" reflects Curry's comfortable life as artist-in-residence at the University of Wisconsin, a position he has held since 1936.



"Your voice in the wind...I could hear it so plain"

"Your present arrived . . . and it says you're near me always.

Every second it ticks off, brings me closer to you . . . I keep thinking of the day when it will say . . . one minute now and we'll be together . . . forty seconds . . . thirty seconds . . ."

THIS CHRISTMAS what better gift could you choose to say the things you want to say . . . than a fine watch? May we suggest a Gruen . . . a Gruen because it comes to you with all the quality and workmanship that 69 years

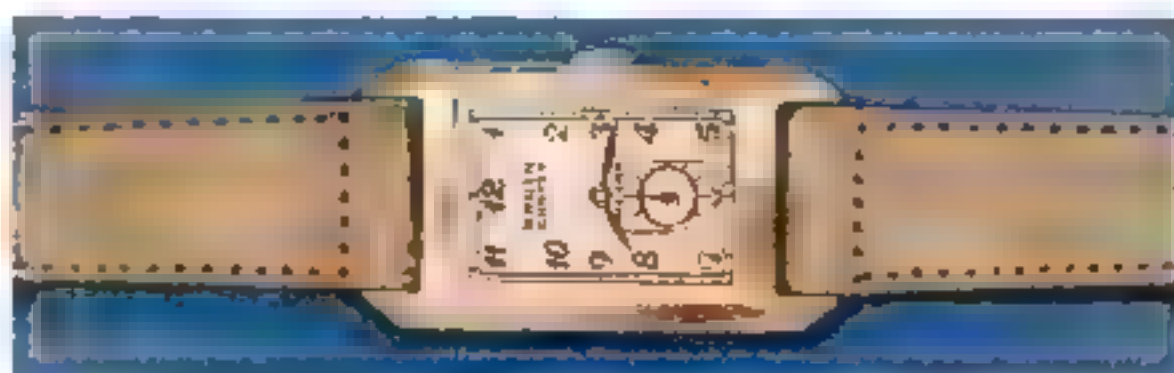
of skill can produce. Ask your Gruen jeweler to show you the many beautiful models still available. And remember . . . there would be even more to choose from, if we weren't doing everything we possibly could for Victory.

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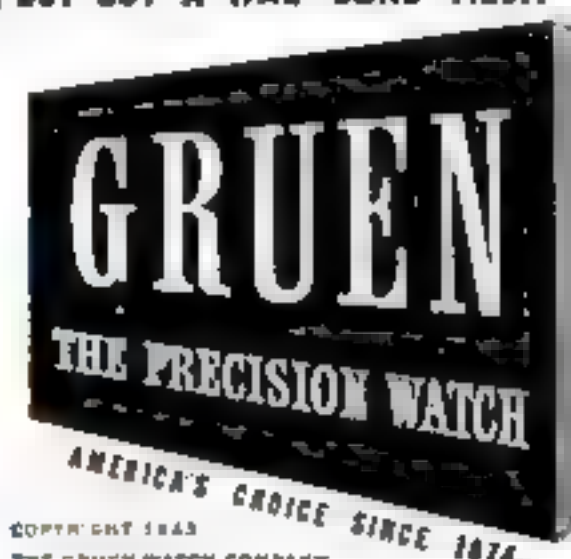
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Man's watch shown above—CURVEX SENTRY—17-jewel Precision movement. Pink or yellow gold-filled case \$55.00



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all over the World

Tramping through Soviet snow... hitting the deck of a 45-knot destroyer... tending to business of war in a Detroit factory... plenty of jobs call for good shoes these days.

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From U.S.A. to U.S.S.R.—Russian Army shoe, shown above, and not for sale, is specially lasted to fit over a heavy felt sock. Steel toe plate on sole, steel horseshoe embedded in rubber heel.

Roblee civilian shoe, left above, and for sale, is tan Scotch grain, hand flexed, heavy sole, leather heel. Sold at the store with the red and blue Roblee sign.



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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ALL MATERIAL, WHICH IN THE OPINION OF THE EDITORS INVOLVES MILITARY SECURITY, HAS BEEN SUBMITTED TO COMPETENT MILITARY OR NAVAL AUTHORITY FOR REVIEW AS TO SECURITY.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Bertram Brandt, who took the Picture of the Week (page 33), is on the Italian front for Acme News Pictures, Inc. Putting Yankee soldier waggishness to good use, he produced one of the rare humorous pictures to come from this theater. Brandt has been covering Allied battle action, probably was taking a short rest in Naples when he got this shot. He has been overseas three months, mostly in Italy.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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who only stand and wait" —MILTON*

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You're the woman who has learned how to do without!

Without help, without certain foods.

You make the beds and wash the dishes in double-quick time so that you can take over a lot of other jobs that have been left to you.

You cook meat-stretching stews—and they taste wonderful!

You say "no" to an unnecessary trip in the car.

You save scrap, you save fats and money.

You buy only necessary things—particularly War Bonds.

You have endless energy.

You mow the lawn, fix the water faucet—yes, put up the screens.

You care for your children. You scrub their ears. You pack lunches for school.

You want your children close to you. You want to make them secure in a free America.

You do without the men of your family.

And you can take that, too—if it is necessary.

You do not forget to be a woman—to look pretty, to write happy letters.

What you are—your work—and your place in a country at war makes you, perhaps, the greatest reserve of strength in America today.

You, and homes like yours, are what we're fighting for!



Makers of Keds, Kedittes, Eastex, "the Miracle yarn," and U. S. Howland Swim Caps, which you will find again in your favorite store when peace comes

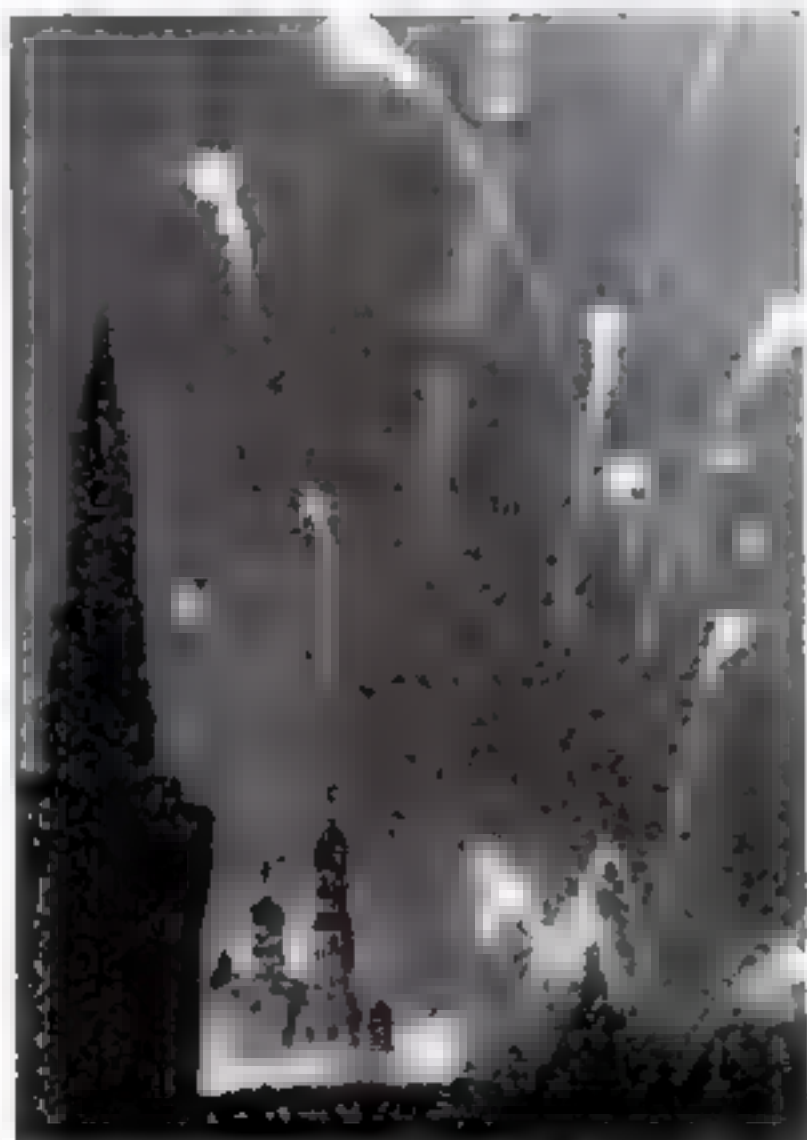
Listen to the Philharmonic Symphony program over the CBS network, Sunday afternoon 3:00 to 4:30 E. W. T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

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CHEERFUL RUSSIAN SQUAD OF TOMMY GUNNERS POSES WITH GERMAN MARK IV THEY HAVE CAPTURED. THIS IS NEW MODEL SHOWING SIDE ARMOR PLATE TO PROTECT TRACKS



MOSCOW CELEBRATES NEW RUSSIAN VICTORIES

THE WORLD'S NO. 1 ARMY

One fact overshadows all others in the world today and that is the unquestioned and overwhelming superiority of the Soviet Russian Army over all others. The Red Army is clearly the master of the German Army and ahead of anything Britain and the U.S. have produced in the field as yet. Last week there reached the U.S. for the first time in many months a collection of new pictures of this towering factor in the modern world. On the following pages they show the Army at the front, the Army in training, the guerrillas, the air force and the prisoners.

The "secret" of the Russian victories is not hard to find. The Germans have more than 200 Axis divisions in Russia—Stalin says there are 257. That is perhaps 2,500,000 men. The Russians have at least 400 divisions facing the Germans, including operational reserves. That is about 5,000,000 men. It does not include strategic

reserves, groups in training or the Far Eastern Army.

Victories that the Russians claimed were their greatest since they crushed the Austrian armies in 1916 roared to savage climax on the undulating, bloody plains of Western Russia. And in Moscow Stalin proudly ordered the guns of salute to speak: 120 guns Aug. 5 when Orel and Belgorod fell, 224 guns Aug. 23 when Kharkov was stormed, 224 guns Sept. 8, 324 guns for Kiev Nov. 7 and 224 guns last week plus a fireworks display (*left*). The guns rolled too for the victorious generals, Sokolovsky (Smolensk), Popov (Orel, Bryansk), Rokossovsky (Stalingrad, Rechitsa), Vatutin (Kiev), Konev (Kharkov, Poltava), Malinovsky (Dnepropetrovsk), Tolbukhin (Taganrog), Yeremenko (Stalingrad). In spite of important reverses suffered at the end of last week no Russian could miss the bitter, bloody, exhilarating scent of victory.

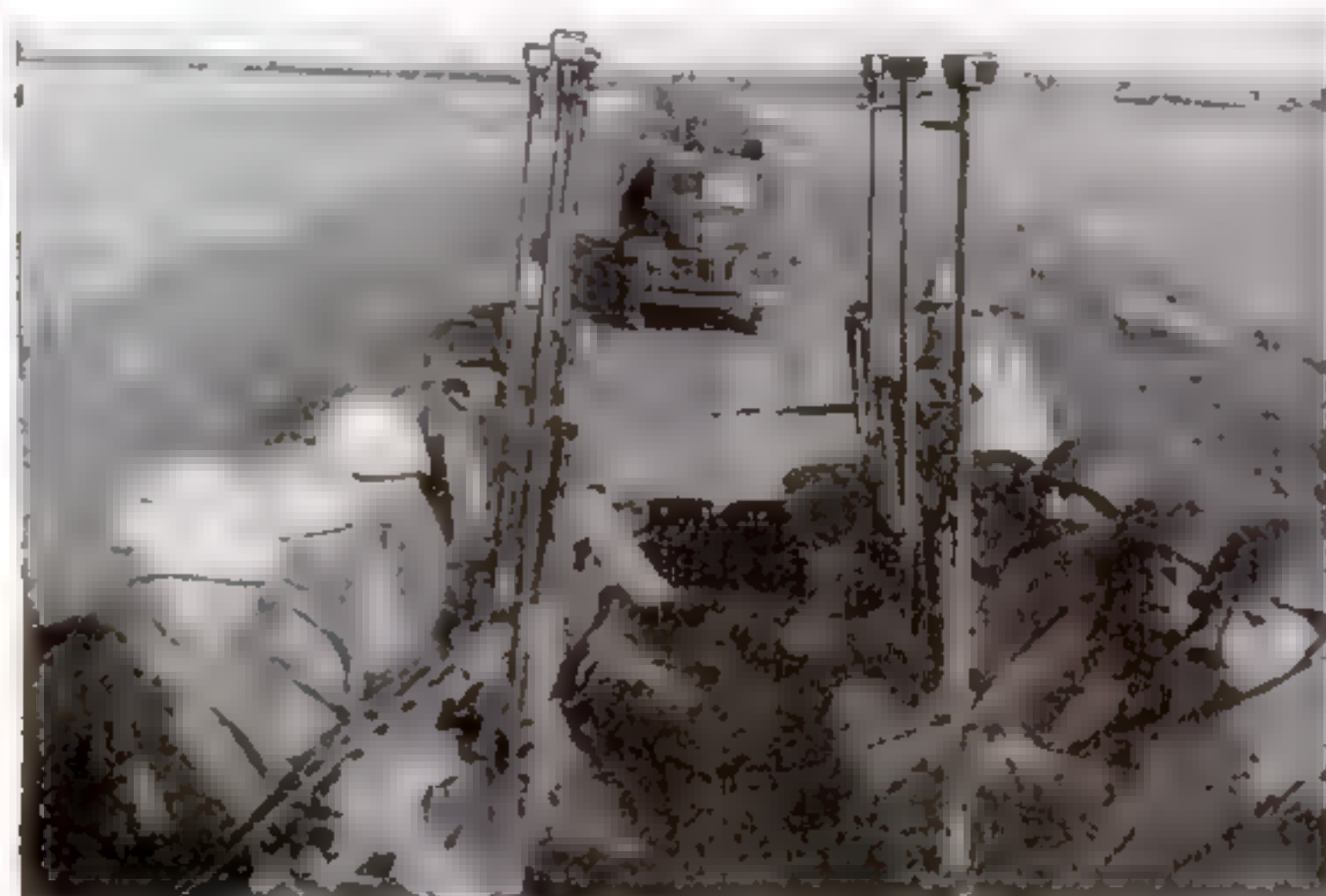
THE FIGHTING RED ARMY HAS BIG GUNS AND SPEED

The Red Army is in such a hurry that during the assault on Smolensk the men of General Iovlev are reported to have sent their food back to the kitchens, saying, "We eat in Smolensk." Mobility has been obtained by repeated reorganizations and retrainings. All army organizations are highly flexible. Backing up

this speed of movement is the terrific firepower that the Red Army has long enjoyed and steadily increased. The basic gun is the 152-mm. howitzer (*opposite page, bottom*). But guns, big, medium and small, back up the small, fast infantry division. The Red Army is said to have far more guns now than when the war began.



On the offensive, a Russian gun crew digs its toes in to advance its gun to a new position. Every big battle is a complex of small teams of fighting men like this one doing their small job with aggressiveness and competence, always taking a little extra risk to kill more of the enemy.



Antitank riflemen hold their strange-looking weapons in a truck heading for the front. These high-velocity rifles with muzzle brakes can pierce at least one-inch armor. This favorite Russian development first went into general use in battles of 1942 and has thoroughly proved itself.



A machine gun gets to closer grips with the Germans. Here the crew of Sgt. Gagarin makes a quick dash forward, out of the protection of buildings off left. This is intensely characteristic of this great war of movement, where troops use whatever cover nature or the ruins of war afford.



Near Orel, on right flank of the Kharkov front, the horse-drawn artillery attached to a Russian infantry regiment joins the advance. Horses still are important to both Russian and German armies. They haul guns and supplies and, especially for Russians, provide highly useful cavalry.



Captured German tank, evidently the same one seen on p. 25, is towed to the rear by a Russian 28-tonner mounting the reliable 76-mm. Russian tank gun. As is the case in veteran armies, the Germans and Russians have no prejudice whatever against using enemy equipment. The

Russians are just as expert with all the standard German weapons as they are with their own and the Germans admire and appreciate Russian weapons when they can get them. This tank, whose captors were the Soviet scouts riding it, will presently fight effectively for the Red Army.

THE ARMY IN TRAINING CAN DRAW ON 19,000,000 MEN

Modern wars are won on reserves. When the Russians began punching on July 12, the Germans began throwing in reserves. The day came when all the German reserves were engaged and the Russians were still throwing in huge, brand-new armies. On that day the German General Staff knew what the writing on the

wall said. It was a child's problem in simple arithmetic. The population of the U. S. S. R. is 190,000,000. At least 10% is fighting manpower. Ten per cent of 190,000,000 is 19,000,000. The Russians are using perhaps 5,000,000 now against the Germans. The remaining 14,000,000 may be in process of formation and training.



The Army in training is one of the chief assets of the U. S. S. R. Out of these will come the reserve troops for this winter and the line troops for next year and the year after. These troops are on a training march and have lined up for inspection beside their American jeeps. The unit

has already done a hundred miles and has another hundred to go. It seems to be in good shape. The armies that began training in 1941 under Marshal Voroshilov are the ones that played decisive parts in reserves at Stalingrad and have come through the first winter of 1942 this year.



Toward the front heads a Russian unit that has finished its training and is about to get battle experience. The American jeeps have contributed a great deal to the fast-increasing mobility of the Red Army. Through Lend Lease the U. S. has sent 145,000 trucks and 25,000 jeeps.



All the races of Soviet Russia are found in the Red Army. Here reservists report for duty in the native dress of their various regions. In addition to his local tongue each man is expected to understand Great Russian. Here they watch a mortar being explained by their instructors.



A decisive weapon of the Red Army is the 152 mm howitzer. Here are two of them in the foreground with a unit that has just come out of the front lines for a rest. Beyond are 87-mm. anti-aircraft guns. The big Russian guns have also been given increased mobility, can advance and

reconcentrate with great speed. During this rest period they will be thoroughly overhauled, cleaned, repaired, perhaps given new rifle linings. Top Russian artillery concentration was at Orel, where total number of gun barrels firing on a short front equaled one to every two feet.



Escaping Germans float down the River Teteriv on ice floes, while Russian snipers try to pick them off from the shore. This great action picture of three very desperate men was taken in the guerrilla fighting north of Kiev last spring. The water is just above the freezing point as the

last snows melt into this imposing tributary of the Dnepr River. The Russians this year have broken through four heavily fortified river defense systems, the upper Donets, the Desna and the Sozh (both of which are Dnepr tributaries) and finally last month the vast Dnepr itself.



Russian guerrillas reach the bank of the River Teteriv to cut German Army communications. Notice regular Army rifles and parti-military clothing. Planes from the "mainland," as they call unoccupied Russia, constantly bring guerrillas ammunition and sometimes even artillery.



In the forest the Russian guerrilla band takes its ease after a small pitched battle with a German detachment near Kiev. At the right is a fieldpiece that was used to blow the Germans out of a village. Within 24 hours the band will move away to evade the German punitive expedition.



Fight between Yakovlev and Messerschmitt ends when the Russian fighter plane piloted by Captain Ivan Tarasov sends the German plane down in smoke. It was the 19th German victim for Tarasov. Later the Russians laughed over the German plane's emblem: a hand clutch-

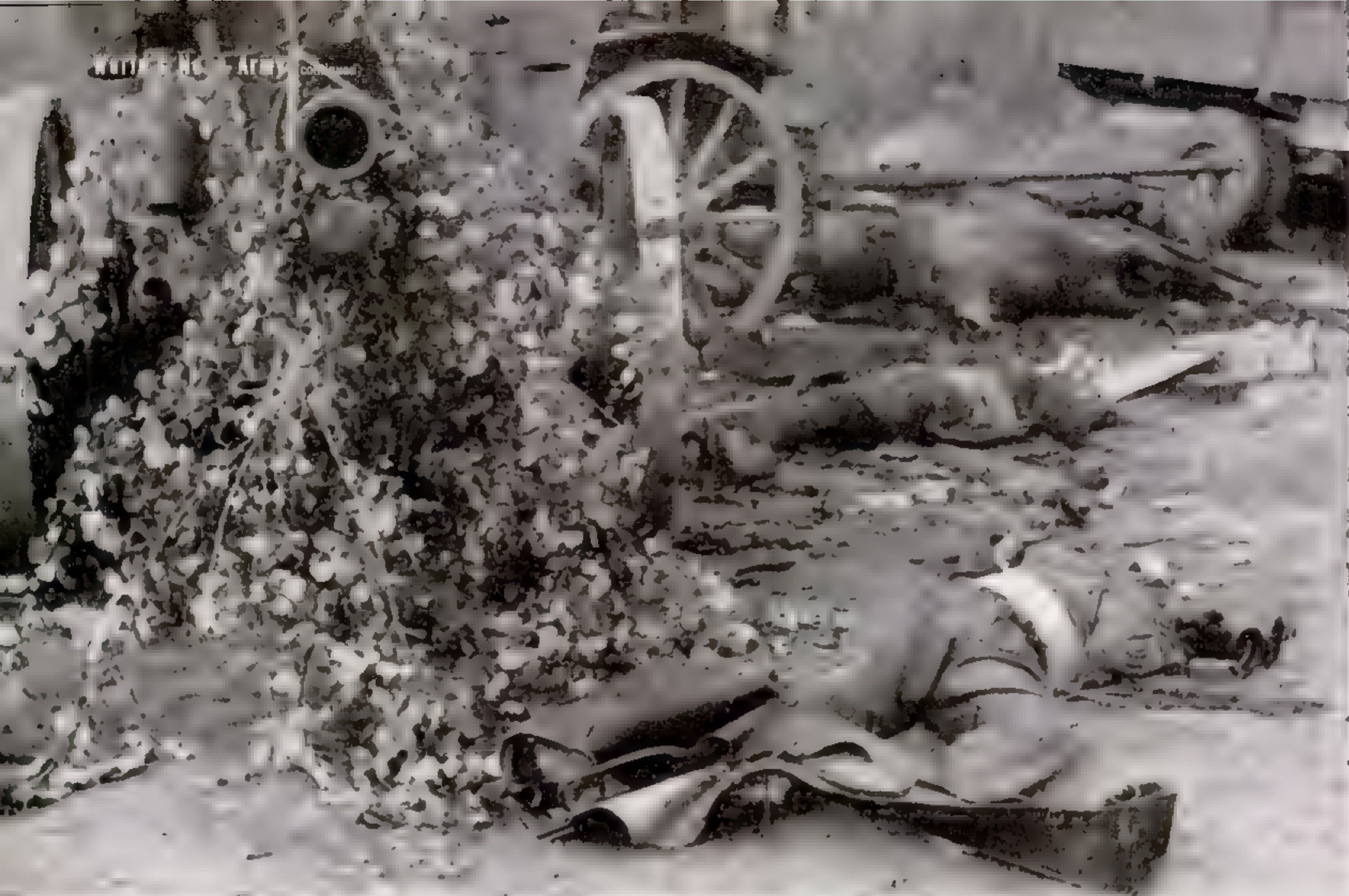
ing a plane to symbolize mastery of the air. Russians claim to have destroyed 9,000 enemy planes this summer and captured another 280. They had been feared air superiority at any time. The Red Air Force is supposed to have expanded as rapidly as the giant Red Army.



The German plane crash-lands on the steppe, smoking dangerously. It is an admired feat to force down a plane almost intact, rather than to shoot it apart. This is a Messerschmitt 109, one of the later models of the famous fighter series, much improved over early Messerschmitts.



Congratulations are given to Captain Tarasov (left), the victor, by Major General of the Air Forces Eugene Savitsky who wears the one big star on his shoulder boards. Landing has bent back the blades of the metal propeller of the Nazi plane but the fire was quickly extinguished.



DEAD GERMANS AND HORSE THEY WERE HITCHING, IN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE, LITTER GROUND AROUND CAMOUFLAGED GUN. FIRST MAN WAS HOLDING HARNESS BOOT WHEN KILLED



The Russian battlefield is shown here superimposed on a map of the U. S., both drawn to the same scale. It would reach from Jacksonville, Fla. to far north of Duluth, Minn.

The tide of battle has swung as far as from Jacksonville to Kansas City. The year's Russian advance has covered the approximate distance from Asheville, N. C. to Kansas City, Mo.

RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1943 IS WAR'S MOST GIGANTIC

To show the vast scale of the Russian battlefield the map at left has been laid over a map of the U. S. The big summer campaign of 1943, expressed as a shaded area, began July 12. First the Russians smashed into Orel (Aug. 6), then Klarkov (Aug. 23), then crossed the Donets, then Bryansk, then took Smolensk. The Germans planned to stand on the Dnepr River and began to fall back to it. "Here I am," trumpeted Hitler, "and here I shall remain."

The Red Army proceeded deliberately to sweep across the Dnepr in two wide zones and rocket around in the German rear. It took Zhitomir and lost it again. But German communications, already divided by the Pripet marshes, were now hopelessly shattered. The Russian offensive of 1943 had almost equaled the German offensive of summer 1941. The Russian report of Nov. 4 claimed that 144 German divisions had been routed, 900,000 Germans killed up to Oct. 6, 17,700 tanks, 10,189 planes, 800 armored cars, 19,800 guns destroyed, disabled or captured and 2,700,000 casualties imposed on the German Army.

Said Stalin Nov. 6: "Our troops liberated almost two-thirds of the territory previously occupied by the enemy. . . . Hitler has not won world domination. . . . May he now go to hell." He temperately pointed out that "the Red Army victories have . . . acquired enormous international importance." That importance, to be voiced at the conference tables of the future, influenced last week's rumors of a meeting of the Big Three in the Middle East, of the possibility of Turkey's joining the Allies, of a new world based in part on the continuing dignity and power of Soviet Russia.



A MIXED BAG OF NEWLY CAPTURED GERMAN PRISONERS
SHOWS SOME WITHOUT SHOES, SOME WITHOUT REGRET.

THANKSGIVING

A DAY TO GIVE THANKS, NOT FOR THE REWARDS OF EASE, BUT FOR THE REWARDS OF STRUGGLE

Into the long, low shelter of what is now called Cape Cod Bay there sailed more than three hundred years ago a square-rigged ship with high poop and saucy prow. Her longboat, prowling into the bleak and lonely shallows seeking a site for the colony, finally found one and the ship dropped anchor off the tide-torn sands of Patuxet, which became New Plymouth. But it was too late in the year to make an easy settlement. Winter was almost on them. The northeast wind blew in from across the bay. The timeless trees and impenetrable underbrush crowded them close to the breaking seas.

Laboriously they began to unload the *Mayflower* and to build cabins and a commonhouse. But the house caught fire and burned to the ground. Exposed to the wilderness and the snow, without enough food, more than half the settlers died that winter of scurvy and exposure. And even so the greatest test of their courage did not come until spring, when the *Mayflower*, which had been anchored reassuringly offshore, had to return to England. The survivors of the winter watched their ship hoist anchor, watched the sails billow with the soft, new air, saw her put about and make off for lands of ease and comfort. And they were left alone to master a continent.

Thereafter, the Pilgrims had good luck. They found some fields already cleared but deserted by the Indians; and they acquired Squanto, the Wampanoag Indian, who became their scoutmaster and taught them how to fish and to plant corn. They built cabins and made furniture. Above all, knowing that their lives would depend on that season's harvest, they tended their crops and learned the ways of the wild animals of the new world. When autumn came they found themselves possessed of abundance. They had corn and barley, turnips, beans and other vegetables. They had wild turkeys and venison. They had cod from the sea, clams from the shore, beaver skins from the forest. And as a final stroke of good luck, on Nov. 11, 1621 the ship *Fortune* arrived from England. Governor Bradford thereupon declared a day of thanksgiving—the day that we celebrate this week as Thanksgiving Day.

The Rewards of Struggle

The Pilgrim story and the wilderness scene are familiar to every American school child. And yet this year, with so many of our boys overseas and longing to return, it might be well to give the story some special attention.

For Thanksgiving is a unique feast. Though connected with the harvest, it does not derive from the harvest festivals of pagan times. Nor is it religious in origin like Christ-

mas or Easter. It does not, like the 4th of July or France's July 14 or other patriotic holidays, mark the founding of a nation. It marks, rather, the founding of a continent and it does this, not in the geographical sense, but in terms of a new spirit which three centuries ago in Cape Cod Bay utterly changed the course of history. Thanksgiving is American. Its meaning is American. It is a day of confidence in the American characteristics—of thanks for American rewards.

And there is a theme running through the celebration of Thanksgiving which is pertinent to our time. This is the theme of struggle. The Pilgrim Fathers gathered to thank God for blessings bestowed on them; but those blessings were not unearned. They were, on the contrary, wrung from the soil at the cost of life and pain. And even thus the whole continent was developed. There are other feasts on which God may be thanked for blessings freely and easily bestowed. But this uniquely American feast is celebrated to thank Him in particular for the *rewards of struggle*. It celebrates not the bounty but the inherent justice of Providence. It is an expression of gratitude for the fact that, when they seize their opportunities, brave men are given a clear and honest chance to succeed.

The Struggle for Good

The American struggle, which has been so productive of rewards, has, moreover, a special character: Americans have always believed that their struggle is against evil and for the good.

Of course Americans believe this with many human, not to say startling, deviations. The Chicago racketeer doesn't struggle for good; neither do the political machines which milk the public for the benefit of political bosses; neither do the big corporations when, as and if they monopolize their markets or otherwise profiteer at the expense of consumers; neither does the ordinary businessman, farmer or worker when he gets lazy and expects manna to fall on him, as by natural right, from Heaven or Washington. A lot of Americans go through life without worrying much about the good, let alone joining in the struggle for it.

Nevertheless, the tradition holds that America's special mission is progress, improvement, advance—on all fronts. In the days of the Pilgrims the struggle for this advance was primarily a struggle against nature. Later, during the 19th Century, the American advance became so materialistic that other nations scoffed at us as dollar-lovers and millionaire-worshippers. Yet the theme of progress and improvement has per-

sisted and, every so often under the leadership of some great American, has burst material bonds to announce the struggle in terms of imperishable ideals for all mankind. As Thomas Jefferson put it: "We believed . . . that man was a rational animal, endowed by nature with rights, and with an innate sense of justice; and that he could be restrained from wrong and protected in right, by moderate powers, confided to persons of his own choice. . . . We believed that men, enjoying . . . the full fruits of their own industry, enlisted . . . on the side of law and order, habituated to think for themselves . . . would be more easily and safely governed than minds nourished in error, and vitiated and debased, as in Europe, by ignorance, indigence and oppression."

It is no exaggeration to say that, time after time during the past three hundred years, the American ideal, as formulated and announced by successive popular leaders, has encouraged mankind in its struggle for moral and political progress.

To Succeed Once Again

Ours is a time of struggle. Never before have Americans been involved in so great a conflict as this war. And never before has the world had so great a need for the courageous assertion of the American tradition—to overcome that which is evil in man with that which is good in man. Now is the time for us to realize this meaning of America, or to lose it forever.

And Thanksgiving Day 1943 would be a good day to begin. Thanksgiving Day 1943, with our boys away, would be a good day on which to rededicate ourselves to the spirit of those early Americans who thanked God not for the rewards of ease but for the rewards of struggle. It is true that our challenge is different from that of 1621. When we sit down to our Thanksgiving dinner, the turkey is not wild. The bare trees groping at the gray sky beyond our windows, the crisp, brown, swirling leaves are not for us, as they were for the Pilgrims, the harbingers of starvation. And yet in these symbols—the turkeys and the dead leaves—the warm hearths and the frosty wind—the abundance amid hardship—we can still find the meaning of our continent. We can still learn from these the lesson of freedom, which is never born of luxury, but only of work, of pain, of the willingness to risk our lives against the odds of nature and of man. We can understand that our struggle, however changed in aspect, is the same as that which bent the course of history on the lonely shores of Patuxet. And we can still give thanks that we have a clear chance, an honest chance—maybe an historic chance—to succeed in that struggle once again.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

In Italy a group of sightseeing U. S. soldiers and an Army nurse found themselves in the baroque throne room of the Royal Palace of Caserta, near Naples. Begun by Charles III in 1752 and finished

by his son, Ferdinand IV in 1774, the palace was taken over by Murat in the Napoleonic conquest but reverted to the Bourbons just before Waterloo. Standing where the kings of Naples once held

court, these Americans conceived a waggish idea. They placed chairs on the empty dais from which thrones had been removed, grouped themselves and posed for the royal portrait shown opposite.



U. S. soldiers and an Army nurse take over dais
of throne room in an Italian royal palace in Naples



ALLIES BOMB RABAUL

In 17 attacks they destroy 141 ships, 700 planes

The citizens of Rabaul on New Britain island have good memories. They have always taken it for granted that someday their town will be blown sky-high. Even their big, saucerlike harbor is an old volcano crater, and Matupi and Vulean, the two little islands in it, are active volcanoes. In 1878 one of the islands dropped a whole native village into the sea. In 1937 three other volcanoes spread 300,000 tons of lava dust on the town of Rabaul itself.

But since Oct. 12 citizens of Rabaul have seen their town blown sky-high in a way



they never expected. Seventeen times the Allied planes have swarmed down out of the tropic sun, coming in over the shoulder of North Daughter mountain (*in background at right, above*) and dropping down low over Simpson Harbor. There they have blasted Jap shipping, then gone on to smash Jap warehouses skirting the harbor's edge and destroy Jap planes at nearby Vunakanaui, Rapopo and Tobera airfields. In seventeen attacks 141 Jap ships and nearly 700 Jap planes have been destroyed.

This picture was taken by a U. S. Army Air Forces photographer during the Nov.

2 raid. A B-25 medium bomber, having dropped its bombs, is racing over a burning Jap freighter, while in the background Jap warehouses and oil tanks go up in black smoke. The swirls and spouts on the water are from bombs or bursting shells, and the little circles in the foreground are from machine-gun fire.

The spectacular attacks on Rabaul, the main Jap base in the area, were only a part of Allied offensive in the South Pacific. Some 250 miles to the east, a desperate fight was being waged for possession of the key island of Bougainville (*see next page*).



AMERICAN HALF-TRACK SPLASHES ALONG A WET BOUGAINVILLE BEACH AFTER BEING PUT ASHORE BY A LANDING SHIP

BOUGAINVILLE

U. S. Marines land on last big
Jap stronghold in the Solomons

On Nov. 1 American Marines landed on the lush, mountainous island of Bougainville, last big Jap stronghold in the Solomons. As expected the Japs reacted violently. Down from battered Rabaul (see pp. 17-18) they sent a task force of four cruisers and eight destroyers which was intercepted by U. S. forces the night of Nov. 2 off Empress Augusta Bay where the Marines had landed. In an hour's fight lighted by flares and bursting shells, the Japs lost four destroyers



MARINES DRINK MILK FROM COCONUTS WHILE HIDING.

and one cruiser before retreating westward. On Nov. 7 they were more successful when they landed several hundred infantry reinforcements north of U. S. positions on Bougainville.

With the U. S. marines who landed at Empress Augusta Bay were LIFE Photographer William Shirout, who took these pictures, and Time and LIFE War Correspondent William Chickering, who wrote this description of the scene on the beach: "As the gate of

PREPARING TO MAKE RENDEZVOUS, LANDING BARGES CIRCLE A TRANSPORT WHILE DIVE BOMBERS HIT JAPS ON BEACH



THEIR RENDEZVOUS MADE, THE LANDING BARGES STREAK





BEHIND JAP PILL BOX FOR PROTECTION FROM SNIPERS

our large elanged down, we ran out as nervous as bulls entering the bull ring. All around us on the narrow gray beach were marines we knew, but they looked different now. Sober and grim-faced they were digging foxholes or sitting glassy-eyed and drenched with sweat in the sparse shade of palms half-threshed by gunfire. 'I just saw my best pal get killed,' a young lieutenant told me; his face was calm and yet his eyes revealed how he cried inside. In the midst of a labor group

FOR TOROKINA BEACH. NOTE THREE U.S. BOMBERS IN SKY



DEAD JAP SPRAWLS IN FOXHOLE WHILE U.S. MARINES, WHO KILLED HIM, DIG THEIR OWN FOXHOLES IN BACKGROUND

stacking materials were two dead Japs, hunched over grotesquely. In the fierce sunlight nauseous smells already were beginning to arise from the trampled earth."

The Allied landing at Bougainville, the sea fight and the bombing operations were all part of a major attempt to take Rabaul. This big Jap base with its deep harbor and large airfields was once an offensive threat to Australia and New Zealand. Now it is the Jap's last important defensive bastion in the South Pacific.

Should it collapse, the Japs will be forced to fall back all the way to Truk, 800 miles to the north.

Last week another Allied offensive also seemed in the making, directed not at Rabaul but at Jap islands in the Central Pacific, possibly at the key base of Truk itself. Following up carrier attacks on Wake and Marcus, Army bombers struck at Jap bases in the Marshalls and Gilberts for five successive days, destroying airdromes and shipping at Tarawa, Mui and Jalut.

DOWN THE BEACH FROM CAPE TOROKINA OTHER BARGES HEAD FOR SHORE WHILE BOMBED JAP SHORE POSITIONS BURN





A wounded marine with his hand over his eyes, gasps with pain as he is lifted on a stretcher from an LCP onto a large transport. He was one of the first to be brought away from beach. Wrote Chickering of other wounded: "Hanging limply over the side of one barge was a

sailor decapitated by gunfire. Another boat drew alongside with three macabre faces peering over the splinter shield. They were spattered with black sand and blood, an eye closed, and a neck torn. I noticed later that living flesh seemed to freeze the moment a bullet struck."



© 1943, The Studebaker Corporation

The Connells of South Bend are traveling...

They've left the job of building Flying Fortress engines at Studebaker to their Dad

GEORGE CONNELL is in the Marine Corps. His brother Francis is in the Navy. Both are in the air service.

Only a little while ago they were one of numerous family groups in the Studebaker factories—headed by a father who has seen active service as a Studebaker man for over 28 years.

War has separated many of the famous father-and-son teams that have long made fine craftsmanship one of the great traditions of Studebaker's home community.

Boys who worked with their fathers on the Studebaker production lines are now seeing military equipment bearing the Studebaker nameplate in grim action in far-off places. Some write home to tell how heartening the quality of Studebaker craftsmanship is to the men-at-arms of our Nation and its Allies.

Steadily, off to the fighting fronts, from the Studebaker factories, move ever-increasing

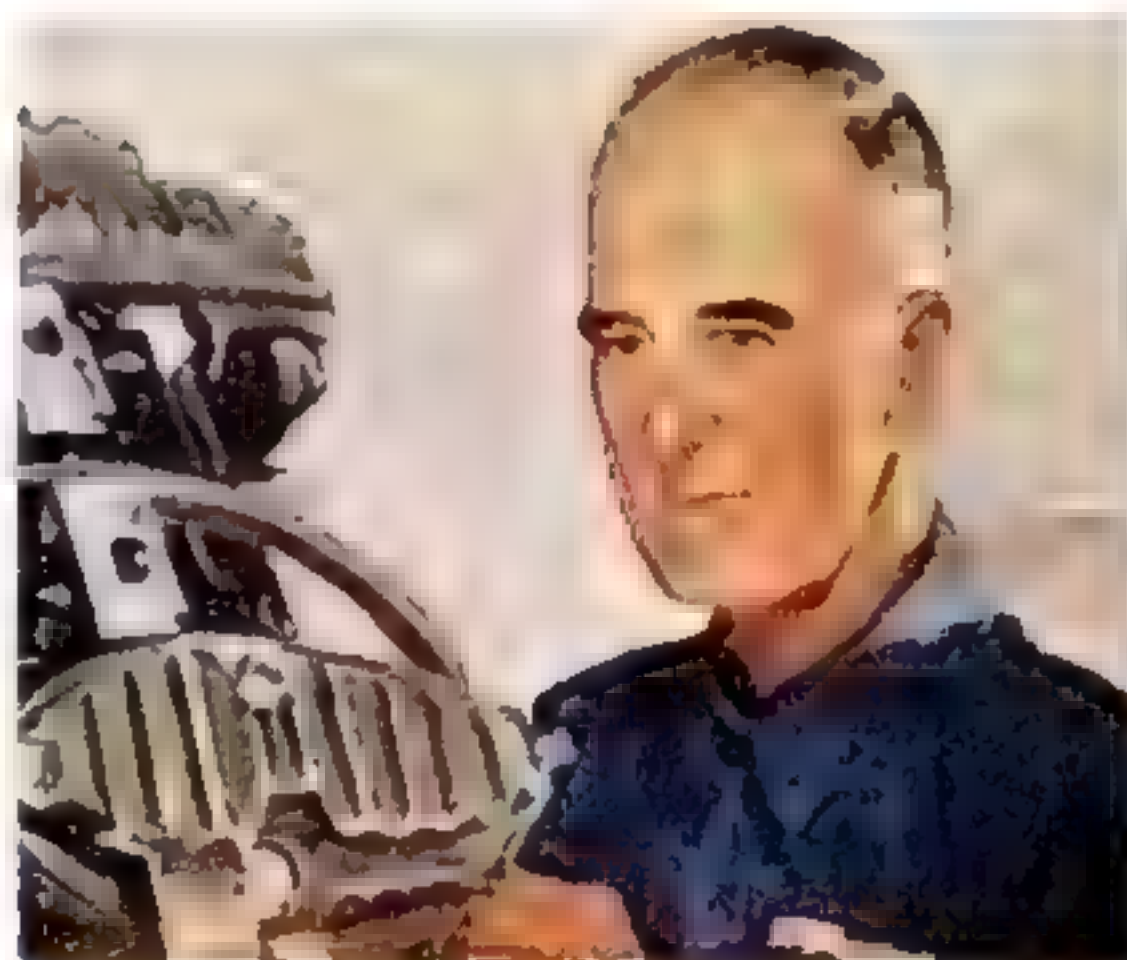
quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for the mighty Boeing Flying Fortress—tens upon tens of thousands of big multiple-drive military trucks—as well as other vital war matériel.

It's reassuring to every Studebaker man—on the production line or the firing line—to know that each shipment Studebaker makes today is helping to hasten the dawn of a safe, new tomorrow. After victory comes, still finer Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks than ever will be built.

BUY
U. S. WAR
BONDS

STUDEBAKER

**Builder of Wright Cyclone engines
for the Boeing Flying Fortress, big multiple-
drive military trucks and other
vital war matériel**



On his Studebaker job over 28 years

Charles R. Connell began his Studebaker career before either of his air-crew sons were born. From early boyhood, their ambition was to follow in their father's footsteps in the Studebaker plants. That has been a typical family experience in Studebaker's home community for over 91 years.



Remember?

IN CHRISTMASES gone by, people everywhere have followed the heart-warming custom of asking friends in to share a cheery cup of Four Roses Egg Nog.

But *this* holiday season the traditional "Bowl of Merry Christmas" may be just a wistful memory. Cream, eggs, sugar, and even Four Roses itself are not as easy to get as they have been in the past.

So, this wartime Christmas, for the first time in 8 years, we are not printing the famous Four Roses Egg-Nog recipe.

Instead, we wish you'd join us over a mellow, flavorful Four Roses highball in a toast to *next* Christmas and the fervent wish that then, once again, good friends may gather around the time-honored Four Roses "Bowl of Merry Christmas".

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskeys - 90 proof. Imported Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



An explanation to our friends

We hope you will be patient if you sometimes find that your bar or package store is out of Four Roses. We are doing our best to apportion our prewar stocks of whiskeys to assure you a continuous supply for the duration. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for vital war needs.

Our prices have not been increased — except for government taxes.

FOUR ROSES



JOHN AND ELLA BRICKER (HIS TWIN SISTER) POSE IN THE OHIO EXECUTIVE OFFICES UNDER A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM McKINLEY, PATRON SAINT OF OHIO REPUBLICANISM

BRICKER ANNOUNCES

Ohio's Governor offers himself
as Republican candidate for 1944

Last week Governor John W. Bricker of Ohio sat at a microphone in Columbus, the state capital, and read a sober little speech which damned the New Deal, urged "responsible participation by the United States in postwar cooperative organization among sovereign nations" and concluded: "I shall be a candidate for president of the United States in the Ohio primaries and before the Republican National Convention."

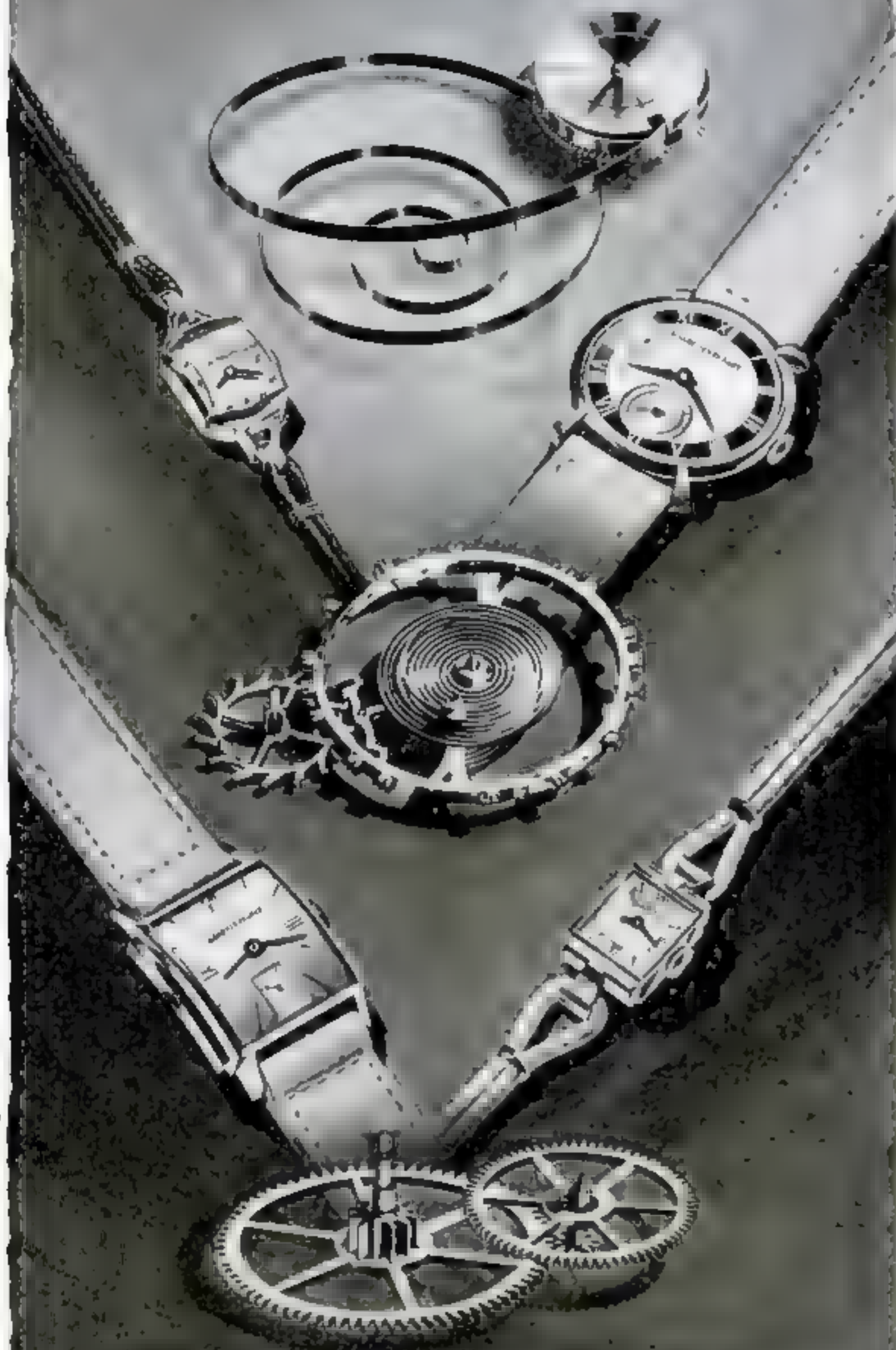
This was the first formal announcement in the campaign of 1944. Wendell Willkie has been politicking around the country. Other potential candidates (Dew-

ey, Stassen, Franklin Roosevelt, MacArthur) have been talked up and talked about. But John Bricker was the first to come out and speak for himself.

Nobody got very excited at the Bricker announcement, which had been anticipated for at least a year. But that was probably what Bricker expected. The problem for the conservative Republicans is to find an alternative to Willkie. If no other strong candidate emerges, Governor Bricker may well be the man. His best opportunity will come if and when U. S. voters grow tired of exciting leaders and decide they want a president who looks safe, sound and solid.

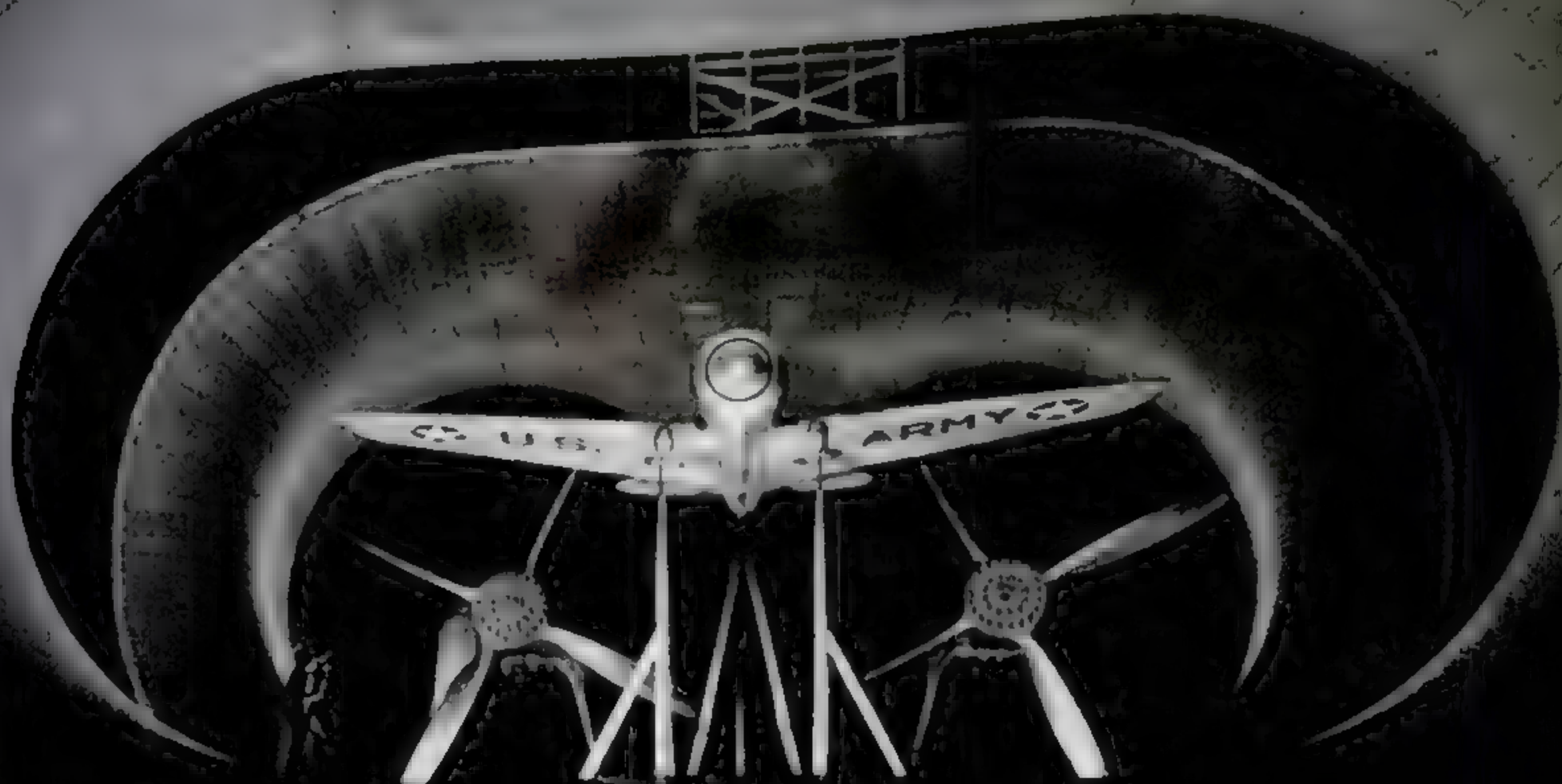
Distinguished for Beauty

FAMED FOR PRECISION



The beauty of a Girard-Perregaux Watch is more than skin-deep. Inside the case there is the sheer beauty of mechanical perfection to insure accuracy and long service. All vital parts, such as mainspring, hairspring, balance, escapement and gears are machined with rare precision and assembled by watchmakers whose skill is a tradition upheld from generation to generation. These distinguished watches are limited in number yet unlimited in the pride and satisfaction they bestow.

With 17 jewels in 14, 15, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 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BASIC AERONAUTICAL RESEARCH in the laboratories of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at Langley Field, Va., uses Ciné-Kodak to record the behavior of airfoils and air currents—through “smokeflow movies” made in the wind tunnels—and for studies of fuel

combustion in aircraft engine cylinders. Faithfully compiling data which the unaided eye couldn't get, these movies lead to the design refinements—in aircraft and engines—which “pay out” when the guns begin to chatter or the bombs find their mark.

KEY TO SECRET WEAPONS ...a movie camera— Ciné-Kodak *—which stretches split-seconds into minutes*

“WORKING BLIND”... trying to improve the performance of an airplane, or of a machine or gun or projectile which moves so fast you can't see it... is necessarily a slow, fumbling business. In time of war, not good enough...

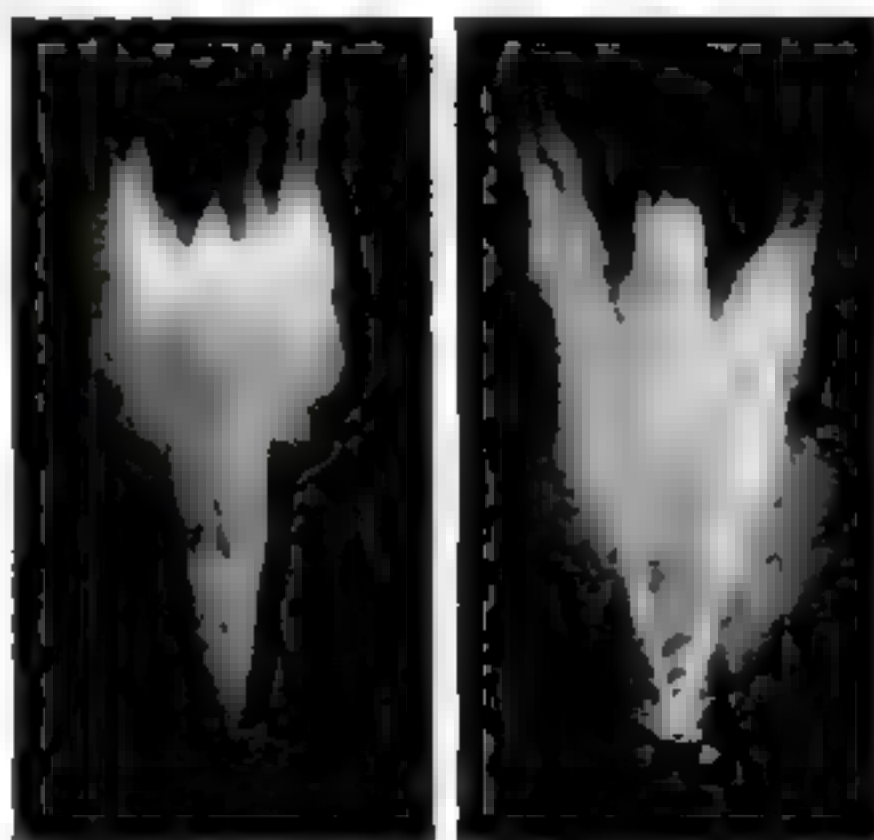
Fortunately, back in 1932, Kodak made available to our best engineering and scientific brains a new kind of eye... which could see what goes on at blinding speed in our mechanized, electrified world.

* * *

THIS EYE WAS A MOVIE CAMERA for taking thousands of pictures *a second*—which could then be shown at normal movie speed of 16 pictures a second. It “magnified time.”

In the resulting movies, action which had actually occurred in a split second was stretched into minutes.

As these cameras were brought into use in our “key” research institutions, they helped to speed up development of faster airplanes and more powerful motors. And, with the approach of war, to find out why a 50-calibre machine gun “jammed”—and fix it; to “take the bugs out” of the recoil mechanisms of bigger guns; to pack a more effective “train of fire” into a contact bomb...



NOT “OLD FAITHFUL,” but “stills” enlarged from movies made at 2500 pictures a second, showing the comparative efficiency of two designs in fuel injection jets. The superior distribution of fuel from the jet at the right—invisible without the movies—is the type of small improvement which helps our men write America's fighting record in the air.

With super-speed movies, an airplane designer can see his experimental model come apart—step by step—in a simulated power dive—and knows what to correct.

* * *

Your 16-mm. home movie Ciné-Kodak was the “jumping-off place” in designing Eastman's super-speed movie camera. In the several models which have been produced, top speed has ranged up to 10,000 pictures a second. When making 3,000 pictures a second, the film streaks through at over 50 miles an hour. The “shutter” is a spinning “prism”—speed 90,000 r.p.m.

At this incredible speed, this Ciné-Kodak makes good movies—with standard 16-mm. movie films, Kodachrome included, and has become one of industry's most effective military tools... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

REMEMBER MAJOR HENDERSON?... how Major Lofton Henderson, USMC, flew his crippled bomber right down onto the Jap carrier's deck? And how his name was given to that bomb-scarred field on Guadalcanal? It is a stern example for us at home. **BUY MORE WAR BONDS.**

Serving human progress through Photography



**"MY HANDS MADE
ME FEEL LIKE
AN OLD TURTLE"**

"What's that old saying about a woman's age showing in her hands? I give volunteer nursing aid—and did my hands need aid! So rough and red, after hospital work, they made me feel older than the fabled turtle. Anything but young-looking and lovely!"



"Dates are scarce these days, you know—and my rough hands were certainly no help to me on this score! I wished I had a white, soft pair to 'put on' to go dancing... Silly, wishful thinking, yes—but not silly to want smooth, young-looking hands."



"How could I ever get my poor hands nice again? I hated their roughness and dryness. Any girl would! Of course, I wanted to do my part in the war effort but did I have to sacrifice my lovely hands? Unhappily, it looked as though I did—until..."



"Came the dawn! One day a nurse said: 'Why don't you use Pacquins?' Nitwit me! There I was, helping nurses—and never asking how they kept their hands so nice! Praise be, Pacquins worked! My hands are soft and white—*young-looking* again."

ARE YOU ALL UPSET ABOUT "OLD-LOOKING" HANDS?



Then try **Pacquins**
HAND CREAM

• Are you unhappy about your hands? Use Pacquins—the hand cream specially designed for hard-working hands. See if this snow-white, greaseless cream doesn't smooth your hands out faster, make them feel smoother longer! Formulated originally for doctors and nurses, whose hands are in water and antiseptics 30 to 40 times a day. Use Pacquins on elbows, knees, and ankles, too! It won't rub off on clothes.

Pacquins HAND CREAM
At any drug, department, or ten-cent store

Bricker Announces (continued)



Mrs. Bricker and son Jackie, 13, both play the piano by ear. The Governor's wife kept a victory garden this year and always has the sunroom filled with potted plants.



Shooting and fishing are favorite Bricker sports. The Governor always uses a single barrel shotgun that he purchased for \$12. His only son Jackie often shoots with him.



Bricker's own home is in Arlington, Columbus suburb. Mrs. Bricker did all her own housework while they lived here. She now has eight servants in Executive Mansion.



"Chalk up another dead duck, Jim!"

—IT'S RCA AIRCRAFT RADIO FOR SPLIT-SECOND BATTLE TALK

**24 hours a day—on every front—
RCA Radio is "on the job"—saving lives
and helping to win battles**

A TORPEDO bomber lets go a "tin fish." In a few moments a column of flame and smoke rises from the stricken enemy ship.

"Chalk up another dead duck, Jim!" Swiftly the good news flashes from the pilot to his squadron leader over the radio-telephone.

Clear around the globe, radio has truly been

called the "eyes" and "ears" of the air force.

Wherever our fighting planes fly, from the grasshopper scout fleet to the majestic bomber, you will more than likely find some RCA radio equipment drawing them into one gigantic striking force.

RCA wartime dependability will be reflected, when Victory is won, in the finest radios, radio-phonographs and television sets in our history.

TUNE IN RCA's great new show, "WHAT'S NEW?" Full hour every Saturday night, 7 to 8, EWT, Blue Network. Thrilling—don't miss it!

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
RCA VICTOR DIVISION • CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY



The fine RCA radio-phonograph shown below was one of the last produced before we went "all out" in war work. RCA production drive to serve Uncle Sam's needs began fourteen months before Pearl Harbor.



Uncle Sam says: "Stay on YOUR job!"
Desperate men depending for their lives on radio equipment know how important it is to "stay on the job." Uncle Sam needs *your* time in war work. Every minute counts!

**EVERY
MINUTE
COUNTS**



VICTORY THROUGH PROGRESS





GUNS COMING UP— *in plenty and in time!*

WHEN war came to this country, the first cry was for arms in quantities such as only mass production methods could provide.

To the men of General Motors, however, the changeover to such production was but the first step, to be followed promptly by full application of those principles of technological progress which steadily bettered their peacetime wares.

In one instance, such progress took the form of process changes that made it possible to rifle thirty-three machine gun barrels in the time it once took to rifle one. In other cases, it involved many "small" improvements that trimmed hours from manufacturing time and reduced cost. These and other important improvements were worked out in

collaboration with Army Ordnance.

The result today is that American fighting men are getting these guns—in quantities, getting them in time, and, benefited in part at least by General Motors "know-how," getting them in quality that keeps pace with ever-rising Army and Navy standards.

This result is a serviceable contribution to the victory our fighting men are winning.

After victory, when we return to building our peacetime products, we shall, as in the past, have as our purpose the production of more and better things for more people.

. . .

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

BUY
WAR BONDS

★

*Keep
America Free*

PROGRESS THROUGH VICTORY

GET THAT

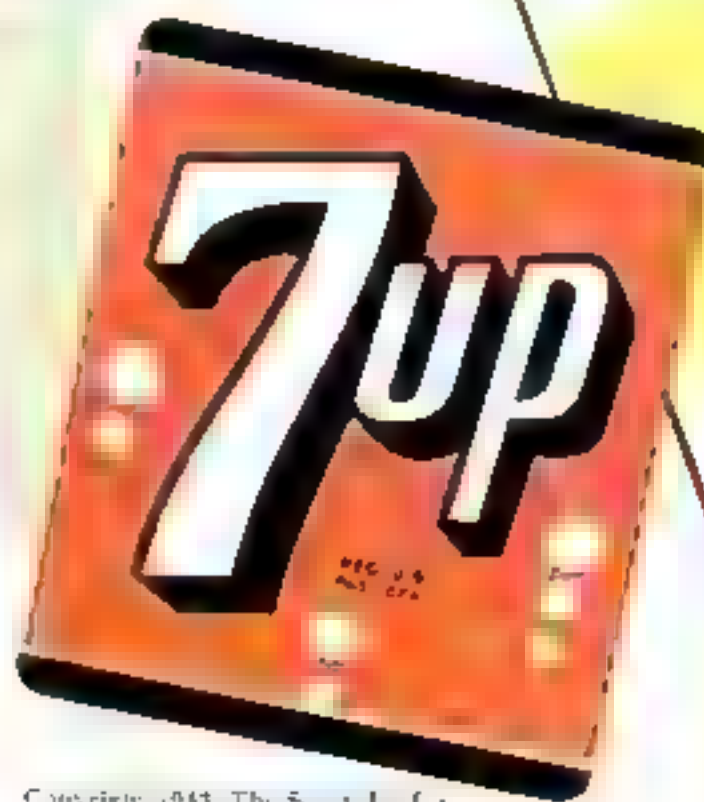
“Fresh up!”



★ You can see right here what a “fresh up” does for men and women, boys and girls. It makes 'em feel better, puts bright smiles on their faces.

To millions of people, “fresh up” means 7-Up and 7-Up means “fresh up.” Chilled, sparkling 7-Up has a fresh, clean flavor . . . that bubbles and dances on your taste buds . . . completely quenches your thirst.

That “fresh up” effect has made 7-Up known as America’s “fresh up” drink. Look for the 7-Up signs outside and inside stores. In spite of limited wartime production, you’ll find it available some place near you.



“fresh up”
with
Seven-Up

You like it . . .
it likes you



For your Christmas shopping list:
Give War Bonds and Stamps

Copyright 1943 The S. C. & L. Co.



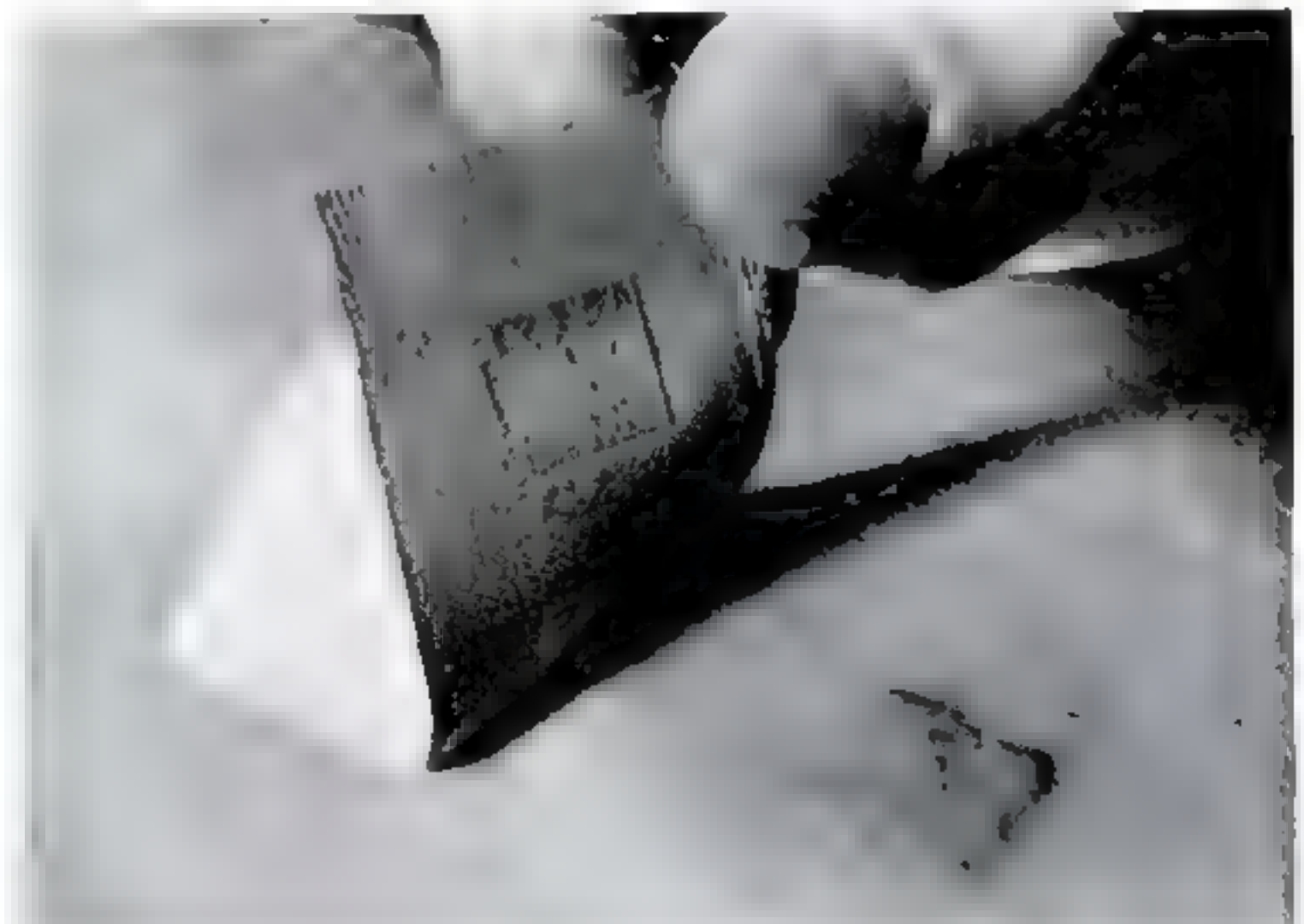
DOCTOR EXAMINES POSITIVE REACTION TO VOLLMER PATCH TEST ON ARM OF HIGH-SCHOOL BOY. QUEENSBORO TUBERCULOSIS AND HEALTH ASSOCIATION MADE SURVEY

TUBERCULOSIS SURVEY

Mass tests and X-rays discover unsuspected cases

Though the tubercle bacillus is one of the oldest-known infecting agents, medicine's most powerful weapon against tuberculosis is still preventive medicine. This involves looking for early cases of t. b., and then segregating them for treatment. Effective way to find them is by mass survey, as shown here in a New York City high school. Similar mass surveys in Selective-Service and war-plant physical examinations have uncovered so many unsuspected cases that the U. S. decline in t. b. incidence seems statistically to have stopped. Control of these many new cases may, however, bring the most dramatic actual decline in decades.

Routine for a mass survey calls for a tuberculin immunity test to isolate the "positives," who are then X-rayed to determine whether their reaction signifies an active or arrested infection. The survey technique has recently been simplified by the development of the Vollmer tuberculin patch test. As reliable as the older Mantoux test, in which the tuberculin is administered by needle and causes a skin reaction in positive cases, the Vollmer test is applied by a strip of adhesive tape, carrying two small squares of dry, tuberculin-saturated filter paper. A positive reaction within 48 to 96 hours shows as two reddened weals on the skin.



Positive reaction to the Vollmer test shows as two square weals under two end squares on tape. These squares carry tuberculin. Third reaction to neutral middle square marked "C" for "control," might indicate all three reactions were caused by allergy to culture medium.

Grease and sweat can't
rot thread in this billfold...
it's *STITCHLESS!*



Buxton "3-Way"
STITCHLESS
model in Levant
Goat . . . \$3.50

It's **GUARANTEED** to
last as long as the leather
itself — or a New One **FREE!**

Don't the stitches in your billfold often
let go long before the leather is worn?

That's especially true when a billfold must
withstand grease, sweat, and hard usage.
But in a **STITCHLESS** Buxton there are no
stitches to rip or rot. It's a patented **ONE-
PIECE** construction which depends on
neither stitches nor glue to hold together.

And that's why it's the perfect gift for
any active man. Especially a fighting man
whose billfold's got to go everywhere he
goes . . . withstand wet, sweat, cold and
humidity, rough usage, etc.

See a Buxton at the better leather-goods
counters . . . Buxton, Inc., 4357 Orleans St.,
Springfield 1, Mass., or Dept. W, 47 West
34th St., New York 1, N.Y.

THE BUXTON "3-WAY"
Three Billfolds for the Price of ONE!



1. A regular "pocket-file" with
3 full-length compartments, &
smaller ones. Plenty of room
for a man who "lives" in his
billfold.



2. A second fold! Lift it out.
It's a complete, streamlined
billfold to tuck away in an
inside pocket . . . or leave in
a hotel safe.



3. A secret pocket! A third
billfold! Simply reverse inner
fold. It becomes a hidden
pocket—a swell hideout for
large bills or personal papers,
snapshots, etc.

BUXTON *STITCHLESS*

Tuberculosis Survey (continued)



X-ray follows up the positive tuberculin reaction to determine whether it denotes an
active infection. The picture is taken on inexpensive continuous strip-paper negative.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

America goes for Apple "Honey" and the freshness it gives Old Gold



3 years ago—Old Gold was a popular cigarette

That was back when our Army was just starting to grow in a big way. But Old Gold was determined to be even *more* popular by making an even better cigarette.



2 years ago—"Something new has been added"

At this time Old Gold was telling smokers about the addition of Latakia, a fine imported tobacco with a rich flavor. The improved taste won many new friends.



1 year ago—Apple "Honey" for freshness!

This was sprayed on the tobaccos to help retain moisture. It was developed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. We called it *Apple "Honey."* This, too, won friends.



Today—Over a million more friends than it had 3 years ago!

Buy more War Bonds than you think you can afford!

LISTEN TO: Sammy Kaye's Band and Guests, Wednesday Evenings, CBS Network • Bob Crosby and His Orchestra, Sunday Evenings, NBC Network



the name behind your hosiery

The name that means 55 years of experience in

the finest hosiery making. Experience in

initiating improvements—in incorporating all

the inherent things that bespeak quality—that only

masters long skilled in the art of fine hosiery making can

produce. Phoenix has long been a name that

meant constantly *better* hosiery for everyone.

In the days ahead it will continue to mean just that!

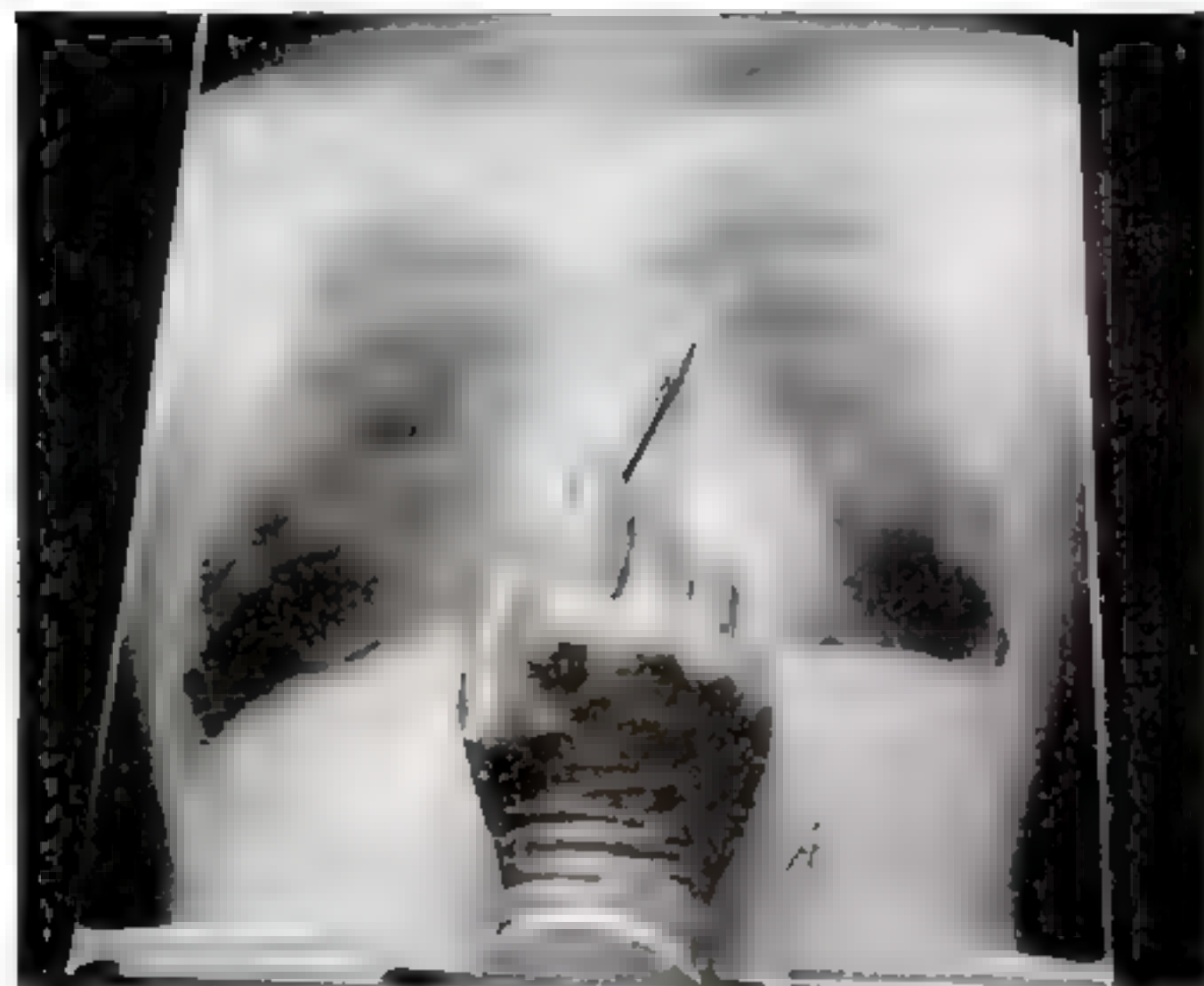
Available at good stores everywhere.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS
YOUR WISEST INVESTMENT



MAKERS OF QUALITY HOSIERY FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Tuberculosis Survey (continued)



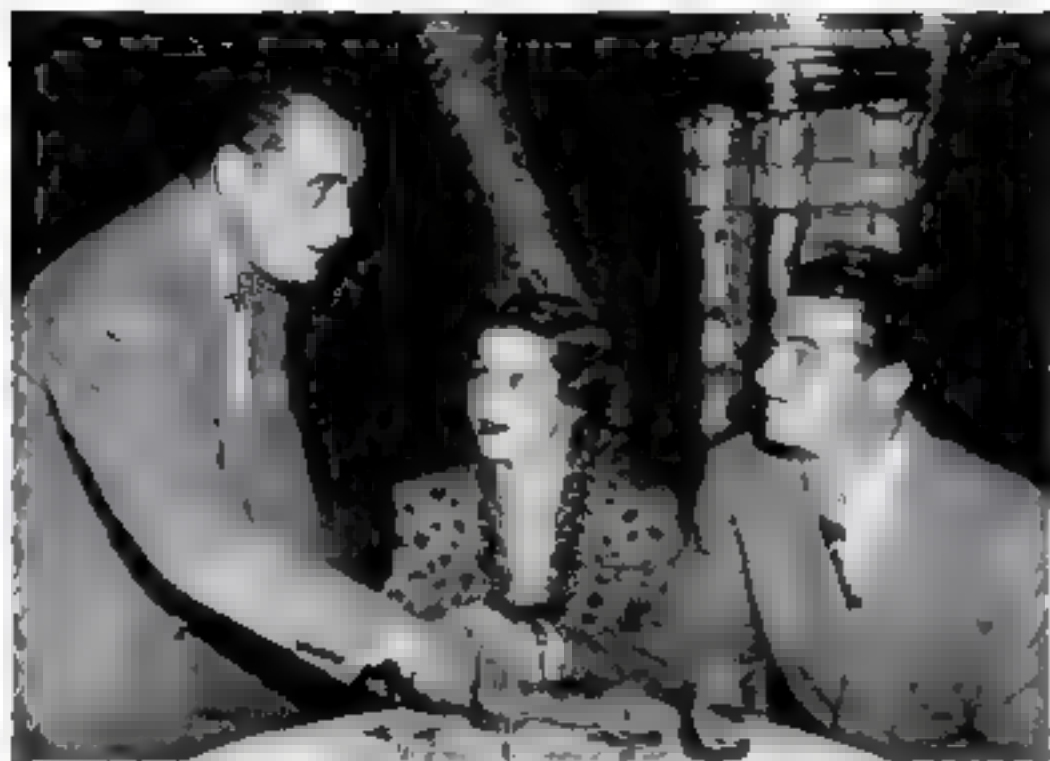
Inspection of X-ray in this case reveals small area of active infection in the left lung just above heart. Immediate rest and care can bring such an infection under control.



Survey is explained to high-school students. Positive tuberculin-test reaction should be followed by survey of family and other contacts, whether the case is active or not.



Negative reaction to test is recorded. Examination should be made regularly during danger years from 18 to 40. Vollmer patch test is produced by Lederle Laboratories.



1. "Way back when"—Joan and Guy dating at Hollywood's Coconut Grove. Freddie Martin, their favorite band leader, greets them. Joan's skin sparkles from her stimulating before-date Woodbury Facial Cocktail.



2. "Proposal accepted!" Friends give her a swimming pool engagement shower à la Hollywood. Pretty Joan defies even the rays of California sunshine to dry or coarsen her delicate skin, keeps it meltingly soft and smooth à la Woodbury.



Mr. and Mrs. Guy Price, Jr.—snapped on the Big Day

Story of a Woodbury Deb's Romance

Boy meets girl and falls—under the spell of her angel-smooth complexion, kept kissable by pampering Woodbury Facial Soap care : : The record in pictures of the romance of lovely Joan Newcomb and Guy Price, Jr., both of California:



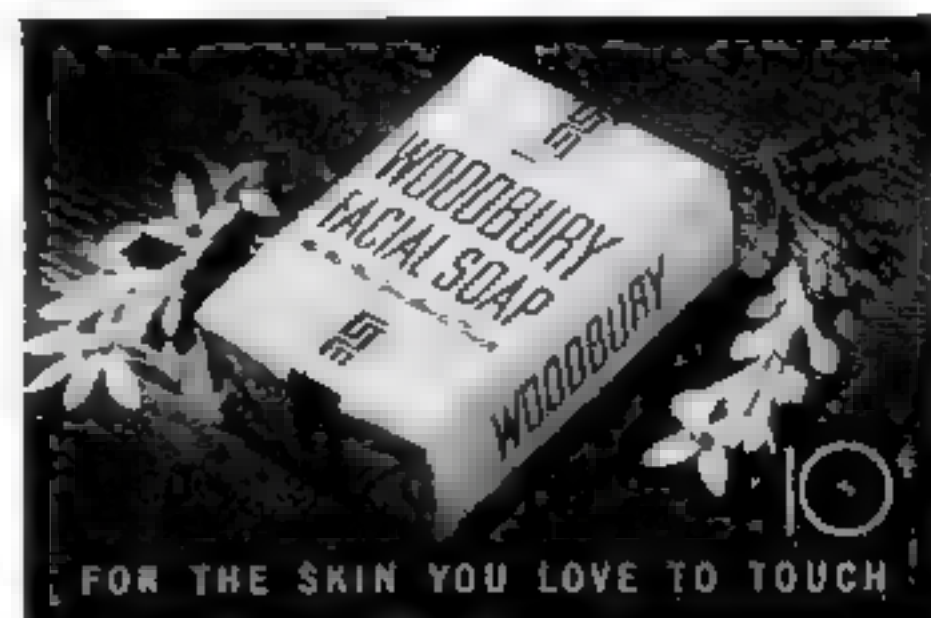
3. The Newtynods work together. Guy "educates" Joan on the intricacies of Planned Housing. Barred from active service because of a college athletic injury, Guy is making a study of this important post-war problem.



4. A double-barreled Victory Gardener—patriotic Joan adds to the food supply; sells her crop for war relief. Says Joan, "Gardening is dirty work, but my skin stays clear and bright with Woodbury. It's a real skin soap."



5. "He loves me with that fresh, natural look my Facial Cocktail gives. So I put Woodbury lather into my skin till it tingles," says Joan, "then rinse twice—hot and cold." Put your man in a marrying mood! Use Woodbury Soap—with the costly ingredient for extra mildness.



FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN... BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PREWAR PRICES HERE

WE Americans are paying more today for most things we buy.

But there is one outstanding exception—railroad freight rates. They are the same or lower than they were before the war.

In fact, taken all together, freight is being moved at an average charge of less than a cent for moving a ton one mile. This is less than the railroads have received at any other time during the last quarter of a century.

Meanwhile, the cost of things railroads use has gone up. Materials are up—wages are up—taxes have rocketed.

Because railroads are carrying the heaviest load ever shouldered by any transportation system, they are taking in more revenue than ever before.

But if you hear it said that railroads are piling up a lot of money, just bear in mind that railroad expenses and taxes, together, are running at record level, and that after it is all over there will be a tremendous need for rebuilding and restoring the service life now being "run out" of railroad plant and equipment as never before.

And remember, too, that the railroad freight station is one place where prices are still prewar.

• • •
DECEMBER 10 "CLOSING DATE" FOR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. This year—when war traffic has first call on all shipping services—it is more important than ever to send your Christmas packages early.

Pack them adequately, wrap and tie them securely, address them right and get them started (to points in the United States and Canada) by December 10.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

**BACK THE ATTACK
WITH WAR BONDS**



THOUGH THEY OBVIOUSLY DISAGREE OVER SOMETHING, INFINITE FORBEARANCE AND POLITENESS SHOW IN EVERY FEATURE OF TWO OFFICERS OF BRITISH GENERAL'S STAFF

BRITISH SELF-RIDICULE

War artist pokes fun at officers

The British love of good-humored self-ridicule seems as old as England itself. Oddly enough the grimness of war, instead of dampening this spirit, has quickened it to a new sense of the ridiculous. With hundreds of years of battle safely behind them, the British have learned that their trait of poking fun at themselves is a wonderful antidote for too much worry during a war.

This ironic spoofing received a sort of official blessing recently when the pictures reproduced on these pages were passed by the British censors and

were publicly exhibited at the National Gallery in London. The water-color paintings, which show how tradition-bound officers of the British Army act and look in the Oriental setting of the Middle East, were done by government-sponsored War Artist Edward Ardizzone who was sent to the Middle East to paint pictures of British at war. Though born in French Indo-China 43 years ago, Edward Ardizzone has spent all his life in England. He was first a territorial gunner, then a captain in Royal British Artillery before he became official war artist for the Crown.



Officers buying silk at a bazaar in Cairo seem just as curious to the barefooted and turbaned Arabs at right as are the natives to portly British officer who is sitting on a stool in center.



"Fly whisks," said Artist Edward Ardizzone, "were all the rage." Adapting themselves to local ways, high-ranking officers nonchalantly whisk at flies while discussing a point of strategy.

Photograph courtesy of Aviation Magazine



De Havilland Mosquito A twin-engine bomber, produced in Canada and England. Making an outstanding contribution to Allied Victory in day and night raids. Write to *Wings* for a poster of Fighting Planes. Please enclose 10c for mailing costs.

WINGS

*that
are
making
history*



buy war bonds

For successful giving this year — War Bonds to keep 'em flying . . . Wings Shirts to keep him smiling. The smooth fit, fine fabrics and custom-type details are a joy to any man. For practical pleasure, this Christmas give him Wings Shirts with the famous Guardian Collar. Its record for endurance made shirt history. \$1.75 to \$2.50, at leading stores.

Wrinkle-free collar made under Celanese patent.



WINGS

SHIRTS and SPORTSWEAR

PIEDMONT SHIRT CO. Dept. A GREENVILLE, S. C.

British Self-ridicule (continued)



British soldiers in shorts pose proudly for photographs against a painted pyramid setting in an Oriental studio in Cairo to show folks at home they are really in Egypt.



Officers' Club in Cairo is invaded by the ladies at teatime. Gaunt, spinsterish woman gossips earnestly with polite officer in the background but pair in front is left alone.



At the Museum of Lebia in Tripolitania bereted officers of the Highland Division gaze with discreet awe at ancient statues of Greek gods Apollo and beheaded Hermes.

START SIZZLING NOW
THE HEAT
IS ON!

A heat wave
of wonderful
girls! gags!
romance!
rhythm! and
ENTERTAINMENT!

*It's
TORRIFIC!*



THE HEAT'S ON

starring

WEST MOORE DAXTON

with Lester Allen • Alan Dinehart • Lloyd Bridges

Screen Play by Fitzroy Davis, George S. George and Fred Schiller

Directed by Gregory Ratoff

A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

XAVIER CUGAT
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

HAZEL SCOTT
TICKLING THE IVORIES
AS ONLY SHE CAN!





Wedding of Lieut. Bobby Grills (Barry Nelson) to his childhood sweetheart (Elisabeth Fraser) comes just before Grills

gets orders to report immediately for action. *Winged Victory* tells the story of the young men who have joined the Army

Air Force. Moss Hart takes such typical youngsters as Grills and carries them through their training period and into action.



Newly-accepted Cadets Pinky Scartano (Don Taylor), Allan Ross (Mark Daniels), Frankie Davis (Dick Hogan) talk with Ross's wife (Phyllis Avery) about their future.

"WINGED VICTORY"

Moss Hart writes a magnificent new play

Shortly before midnight on the evening of Nov. 2 some 1,500 people, packed into Boston's Shubert Theater, rose to their feet and proceeded to applaud as few Boston audiences have ever applauded. From all parts of the huge house voices cried, "Author! Author!" The occasion was the final curtain of the first performance of *Winged Victory*. The object of the calls was a slim, dark man named Moss Hart who, as the author and director of *Winged Victory*, had achieved a glory reserved for very few playwrights. Last Saturday evening the play opened in New York.

Winged Victory is a drama in 16 scenes about the U. S. Army Air Forces. It has dignity, pathos, humor and, not least, an immense faith in the American way of life. It is skillfully acted by members of the Army Air Forces and 54 civilian women, many of whom have husbands in the cast.

Reviewing the play, *Variety* said: "... *Winged Victory* ... is an epoch event in the American theater. It ranks as the finest dramatic production within recent memory, if not for all time" Like *This Is The Army*, *Winged Victory* will devote its proceeds to Army Emergency Relief.



Wings are awarded to the fit. Men in *Winged Victory* have taken basic and undergone aptitude tests. Some have become pilots, others navigators or bombardiers.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Ann Rutherford helps put over Third War Loan



NO SHORTAGE of customers when lovely Ann Rutherford sells War Bonds! They sold like hot cakes the day she took over a Bond Booth during the recent "Back the Attack" Third War Loan Drive. It was hard work, so when she had a time-out she enjoyed her favorite soft drink—Royal Crown Cola!



"THERE'S NO MYSTERY about why I prefer Royal Crown Cola," says Ann. "I took the famous cola taste-test... sampled leading colas in paper cups, then picked the best-tasting one. It was Royal Crown Cola!"

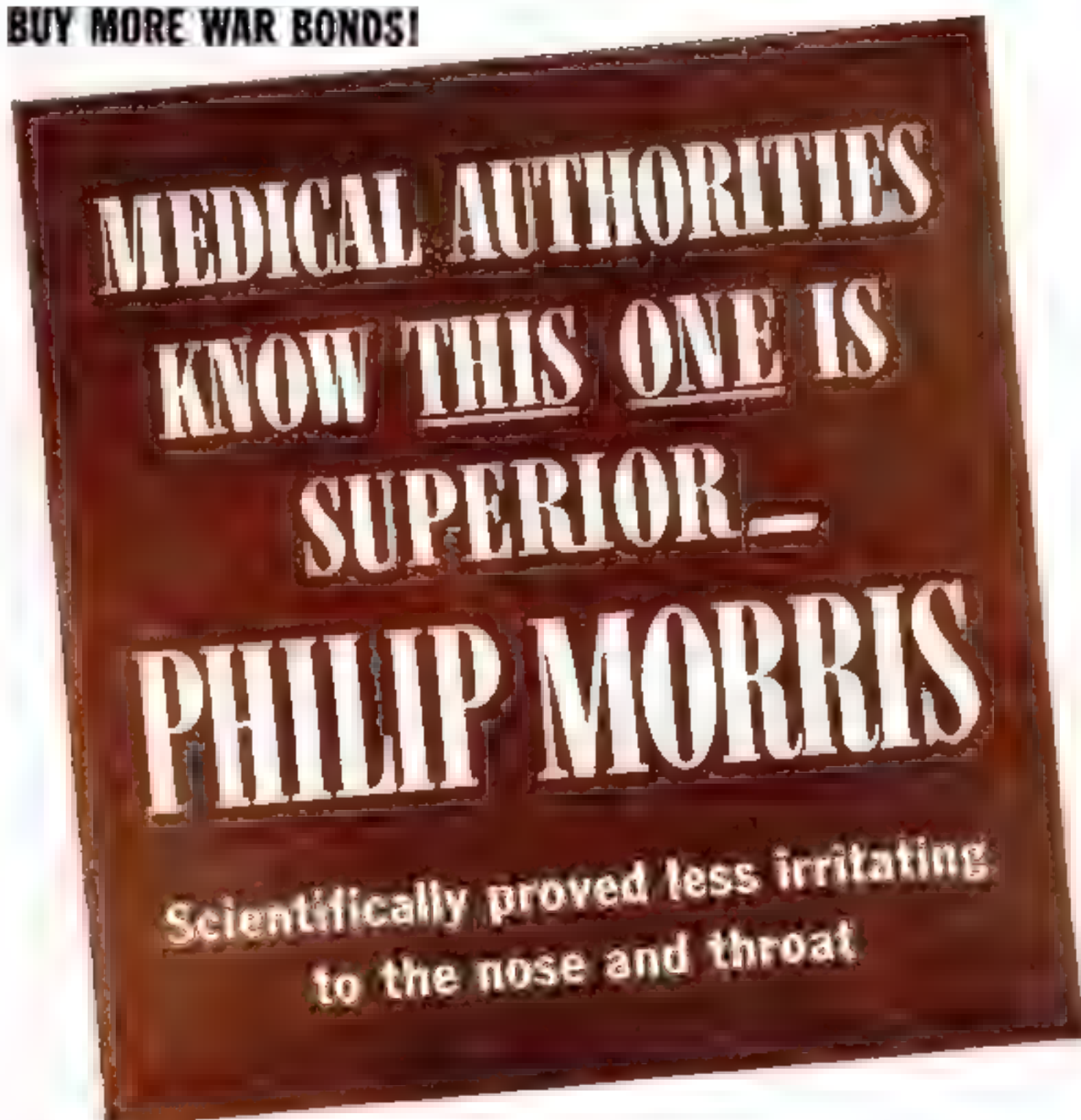


PICTURE MAKING and selling Bonds keep Miss Rutherford stepping. So for a lift and a fresh start, she goes for Royal Crown Cola. She says: "Month in, month out, I quick-up with Royal Crown Cola!"

BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY

The Rutherford Touch
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste Test!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors, in clinical tests of men and women smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal. Solid proof that this finer-tasting cigarette is less irritating to the nose and throat!



"Winged Victory" (continued)



Before the examining board, Pinky Scarnano is told by Major Halper (Alan Baxter, standing) that he will not make a pilot. Meanwhile, Pinky's friends, Ross, Grills, Miller, have become pilots. Pinky is assigned as a turret gunner to Ross's bomber.



"Winged Victory." One of his friends has been killed in a training crash. Fliers are then transferred to West Coast for overseas orders. Scariozo swallows his disappointment, comes to realize his gunner's job is as important as that of any crew member.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PARK & TILFORD

Private Stock

A HARMONY OF GREAT AMERICAN
WHISKIES HAS MADE IT

America's Luxury Whiskey.

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 85 PROOF



The advertisement features a large, blue box of "PENNSYLVANIA SILENT VACUUM CUPS" in the upper left. Below the box is a close-up of a tire tread with a pattern of small, dark, circular cups. The text "PENNSYLVANIA TIRES" is prominently displayed at the bottom, with "MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE" in smaller text above it. A small, angled banner at the bottom right reads "Silent Vacuum Cup Tire".

Pennsylvania is one of several associated companies operating the Copolymer Corporation at Baton Rouge, La., the first plant to produce synthetic rubber for the United States Government

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE

Silent Vacuum Cup Tire



Christmas Eve is celebrated in South Pacific where heroes are flying against Japs. Here Jack Powell Jr. drums on a Carmen Miranda impersonator (Sascha Brastoff). This scene shows the brave attempts of the airmen to overcome their loneliness.



The celebration is suddenly broken up after this Andrews Sisters imitation by the sound of Zeros. The fliers rush to their planes. Among them are Lieut. Ross and friends, Pinky, Miller. In ensuing action, "Winged Victory's" crew suffers a casualty.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



We cannot bring you
the mountains — but we have
brought you the wonderful
"mountain rum"
that's distilled there.

RON MERITO gets its marvelous
flavor from *mountain distilling*
high up in a little mountain
valley, thousands of feet above
sea level, where the climate is
perfect for making fine rum...
Until you taste Ron Merito in
a daiquiri, cuba libre, collins
or highball, you don't know
how good a rum drink can
really be! Order Ron Merito
at your bar or store tonight!



Ron **MERITO**

Available in Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet.
National Distillers Products Corp., Dept. L-3, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y.



The Royalty of Leatherwear
FOR MEN OF ACTION EVERYWHERE

Wherever he is, whatever he does, a Prince Gardner billfold will serve him with inestimable convenience. It is a Christmas gift he will appreciate through the years. Crafted in finest leathers . . . with the touch and look of quality . . . "Invisibly Stitched" for lasting wear and smart good looks.



Shown is The REGISTRAR. Pass Case for snapshots and credentials is easily removable, leaving a wafer-slim billfold for dress. In Hand-Bearded India Goat skin—Black, Brown and Gubna Mission Brown. \$5.00.

Because of war scarcities, the selection of Prince Gardner Billfolds at your favorite store may be limited. If so, try again. A Prince Gardner Billfold is worth waiting for.

PRINCE GARDNER
 St. Louis 10, Missouri, Made in Canada
 at 468 King Street, W., Toronto 2.

CREATORS OF THE "INVISIBLE STITCH" BILLFOLD

**PUT LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM
 IN MY CHRISTMAS
 PACKAGE!**



**It's what I like best
 for shaving comfort!**

IT'S SURPRISING the way "little things" count when a fellow's away from home. That's why he'll really thank you for Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. He knows that even under poor shaving conditions—cold water or used blades—he'll get 3 months of better, smoother shaves with Lifebuoy than other, drier lathers could give! Lifebuoy's famous "stay-moist" lather soaks tough beards soft. It is gentle and kind when skin is tender from cold and wind.

LIFEBUOY HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE
 A CAMEL—WILTS TOUGH BEARDS



"Winged Victory" (continued)



Pinky is wounded but doctor (Lee Cobb, kneeling at left) tells Ross and Miller (Edmond O'Brien) he will recover. Play ends on note of grim but hopeful determination.



Moss Hart, author and director of *Winged Victory*, directs rehearsals from a portable table. He uses microphone in left hand to give instructions to cast on the stage. In preparation for writing the play, Hart, one of the ablest playwrights of this generation, spent eight weeks touring U. S. Air Forces bases. His identity concealed from all but a few officers, he lived like Air Forces candidate. When manuscript was submitted, Air Forces Head General Arnold was unable to find one technical mistake.

*To Tom (wherever
your Christmas is)*

For wanting to go . . . and not wanting
to leave me.

For the goodbye you didn't say . . . and
the "see you soon" you said.

For the silly, solemn will you made . . .
and the "beloved" before my name.

For all the Christmases we've had to-
gether . . . and the ones we're going to
have . . . when the lights come on.

I've tried to get a gift your heart is set
on . . . a Hamilton Watch. But Hamilton,
too, is off to war—I couldn't find just the
one I wanted.

So I've tucked away a War Bond . . .
"To you—from me—with love."

I'll keep it for you, Tom. It's your
Hamilton—on paper!

*To Polly—with my
heart in her hands*

For understanding why I had to go.

For that last day we had together.

For the laughs in all your letters . . . and
the love between the lines.

For running a home without me . . . and
a hospital ward besides.

For loving every gift I've ever given
you . . . even the ring that was too little,
the pearls that should have been real.

I want to give you a *real* gift this Christ-
mas, darling.

It's a gift you've always wanted . . . a
gift that war postpones. But I'm making
sure you'll have it some day . . . with the
War Bond that's on its way to you. In
my heart, it's marked "Polly's Hamilton
Watch."



HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

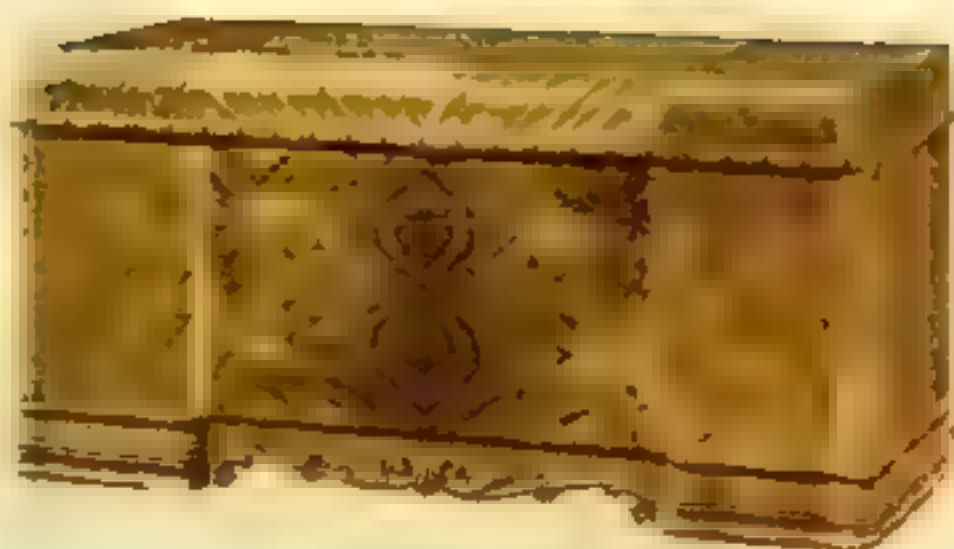
A GIFT WORTH WAITING FOR—HAMILTON! Tomorrow's Hamilton will be a gift of gifts. For Hamilton watchmakers are spending all their war-days in making such vital time instruments as the marine chronometer, chronometer watch, master navigation watch and many other highly precise timing instruments. And they're earning precious secrets that will make the post-war Hamilton a watch well worth saving for. While you wait, buy War Bonds—speed the day!



No. 2076 Front center panel is 4 piece matched American Walnut Slump, flanked by borders and matches of Zebra and New Guinea Wood. Equipped with Lane Automatic Tray.

\$19.50

See this chest in
the Lane catalog



No. 1850. The diamond-matched Primavera center panel is flanked by faux Satine Croich in this exquisite chest. Top and base rails are matched Primavera. Equipped with Lane Automatic Tray.



No. 2011. A colonial chest in antique Maple with the simple lines and chaste beauty found only in chests of authentic design. Has Lane Automatic Tray.



No. 1614. The "Brewster"—a lowboy of authentic colonial design with simulated drawer front in Mahogany veneer.

It's the man behind the gun that wins the battles. It's the woman behind the man that furnishes the inspiration.

No. 1904 (Sebur). 181. Center drawer design in faux Mahogany. Simulated front with one drawer in base. Hand-rubbed satin finish.



Warworkers, too, are starting their future homes in LANE



To Men and Women in the Armed Services.

If you want to send a LANE Cedar Hope Chest to a certain someone and to let him or her know the Lane dealer's name in his or her command, write to the Lane factory. We'll do the rest.

The Lane chest of your choice will be delivered in strict accordance with your wishes. We will assume the responsibility of attending to this important detail for you—and glad.

Oceans apart
but together





in thought at Christmas



No. 1971. 4-piece matched Walnut Stump. Center panel flanked with arrow-matched Oriental Wood and borders of New Guinea Wood. Drawer has Oriental Wood inlay. Equipped with Lane Automatic Tray.

No. 1975. Modern British design in comb-grained Oak with lined Oak finish. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray.

LANE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

(pictured above)

No. 2043. A modern design of exquisite heavy American Walnut, Oriental Wood, and New Guinea veneers used on exterior. Hand-rubbed and polished. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray.

39
Slightly higher on
top and bottom

SOMEWHERE... out there... a fighting man will dream this Christmas Eve. He will dream of home... of gleaming lights, happy carols, Christmas bells, old friends, and most of all, his sweetheart, wife, or mother. Though miles apart—they'll be together in thought at Christmas.

He can see the light in her eyes when she receives the most intimate of gifts from a man to the girl he loves—her Lane Cedar Hope Chest.

Thinking of her delight will make his Christmas brighter and happier. For the Lane Hope Chest he is sending

symbolizes all that he holds worthwhile in this war-torn world. In it he sees her starting the home they planned together. That knowledge nurtures his hopes... sustains his courage... lifts his morale... and spans the space between her heart and his.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. L, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

A portion of our production is devoted to the manufacture of aircraft plywood and parts, Lend-Lease panels, and molded plywood boat parts.

Only a LANE Has All These Features That PREVENT MOTH SABOTAGE!

Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Wacs, Waves, Spars, Warworkers! Don't let your precious woollens you left behind become a part of America's \$100,000,000.00 annual moth damage. Woollens are vital war materials. They must be conserved.

Prevent moth sabotage with a LANE cedar chest—the only, pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest in all the world. Lane chests are built of 3/4 inch aromatic red cedar, in ac-

cordance with government recommendations. Remember that no other wood has the aroma of red cedar... that the aroma of red cedar is nature's own weapon against moths... that no other wood possesses the power of red cedar to destroy moths. Take no chances. Get the guaranteed protection of a Lane Cedar Chest—guaranteed by a free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

*All these fit in
one small pocket*

Take the tasty fruit in this porcelain bowl... luscious orange... tangy lemon... delicious pineapple... refreshing lime and wild cherry. Gather the flavors. Wrap in a handy, pocket-size package and you've got a Life Savers taste-treat called Five Flavor... TRY SOME!



*If you can't always get the Life Savers flavor you want... it's because
our soldiers and sailors and marines are getting all the Life Savers they want.*



Still only 5¢



TARGET: GERMANY

The Army Air Forces' official story of the
VIII Bomber Command's first year over Europe

**"LIFE" PRINTS CHAPTERS
FROM AIR FORCES BOOK**

In its first year over Europe, the Army Air Forces VIII Bomber Command proved it was capable of bringing American military might to the heart of Europe. To write the official story of this crucial year Lieut. General Ira Eaker, Eighth Air Force Comman-

der, detached two of his officers. On Sept. 15 the manuscript of *Target: Germany* was flown to the U.S., where it will be published Dec. 7 by Simon and Schuster, in cooperation with LIFE. On following 14 pages are extracts from some of the book's chapters.



THROUGH THE BLUE SKY OF ENGLAND, MOTTLED WITH CUMULUS CLOUDS, FLIES A STRONG FORMATION OF U. S. FLYING FORTRESSES ON WAY TO BOMB THE GERMANS IN EUROPE.



"BOMBS AWAY," CALLS BOMBARDIER. TWO HEAVY BOMBS HURTLE TOWARD LORIENT

TARGET: GERMANY

IT TELLS THE OFFICIAL STORY OF THE VIII
BOMBER COMMAND'S FIRST YEAR OVER EUROPE

Target: Germany, here presented in condensed form, is the official Army Air Forces story of the VIII Bomber Command's first year over Europe. Comprising some of the most memorable reporting on World War II, it traces the VIII's history from the early, inadequate days in England to the destructive raids of July and August on Hamburg and Regensburg. Particularly interesting are the accounts of the courage and endurance of American airmen and the stories of how American bombers for the first time collided with the massed strength of the Luftwaffe over Lille; and how the Liberators (B-24's) operated alongside the Fortresses out of England. Illustrated with Air Forces pictures, many of which have never been released before, it will be published Dec. 7 by Simon and Schuster (paper-bound, \$1; clothbound, \$2). All royalties will go to the Army Air Forces Aid Society, as did LIFE's payment for the right to print these episodes.



WEIGHING 30,000 LB., THE B-17 IS 74 FT. 8 IN. LONG, HAS A WING SPAN OF 133 FT. 3 IN., CARRIES AN AVERAGE OF 5,000 LB. IN BOMB LOAD, HAS A CRUISING SPEED OF 212 M. P. H.

MISSION 95

It is 1658 hours, June 21, 1943. The daily Operations Conference at the headquarters of the VIII Bomber Command, somewhere in England, is about to end. In a square, high-ceilinged room buried beneath thirty feet of reinforced concrete, five men are seated at a table. This is the moment of decision.

The Commanding General stares at the wall map with its red-ribboned roads leading to and from the targets. He is weighing, judging, remembering his own trips across those cold seas and that unfriendly land. He turns to the Weather Officer.

"You say 6/10 cloud over target? Can you give me better conditions in other target areas?"

"No, sir, I'm afraid not."

"We'll go to the rubber plant at Huls, then. Keep me posted on the weather."

The action has begun but, like that of any well-planned drama, is slow at first. Field Order 95 becomes a yard-long message on the teletype. Miles away, at the several Air Divisional Headquarters, the operational staffs study its cryptic story. Targets and aiming points, fighter support, aircraft required, routes out and back, bombing altitudes, zero hour, radio procedure—each point is analyzed and discussed, translated from plan to practice.

At 2330 Command calls. The weather is holding. It is 0105 of June 22, when the last detail is completed and the last annex written. Once more the teletype begins to clatter, this time speeding the Combat Order from the Air Divisions to the Combat Wings and their satellite Groups scattered over the windswept heart of England.

Group 500 is a typical station. A flat, grassy plain some two miles on a side, it is criss-crossed by concrete runways, encircled by a perimeter

track, and dotted, on its edges, with dispersal areas where the bombers are parked.

The station is dark and silent at 0105 on this June morning. A chill wind ruffles the grass, an old moon hangs low over a neighboring wood, and high in the clouded sky a nightfighter drones by on patrol. The plane guards wait watchfully within the monolithic shadows of the bombers. In the station headquarters building, behind the gasproof doors, the windowless offices which house the Message Center and the Operations Room are quiet, but bright with light. In the Message Center a sergeant and a pfc are talking shop, in Operations the Watch Officer is reading a book, and, down the hall, the Intelligence Duty Officer is writing a letter home.

The machine in motion

The teletype at Group 500 begins its clatter at 0106 hours. At Group 501 it breaks the silence too, and at 653 and 187 and 404, at 203, 459, 366, and 724—at all the scattered airdromes spread abroad across this part of England. At each the scene is the same in its essentials; at each there is the same sequence of events. What Command has conceived, what Air Division has planned and scheduled, what Combat Wing has further detailed and directed, these Groups now transpose to action. The machine as a whole is now in motion.

In the Intelligence Room of Group 500 the Duty Officer has pinned a large piece of transparent talc over the wall map and is tracing the routes out and back with a red grease pencil. The white length of the Combat Order is on the table. S-2, the Intelligence chief, studies it. *This is a tough one. Two attacks, one on the edge of the Ruhr. Happy Valley. The other one on our old friends at Antwerp. Group 500 to go along with the main thrust, which means a long ride and plenty of flak and fighters. Zero*

hour 0800 going out over the coast. Takeoff at 0700, briefing at 0400, and breakfast at 0300. It's now 0130. Better get set up for the Old Man.

The Flak Officer comes in, rubbing a rough chin and regretting the last beer, three hours ago. He looks at the order, whistles, and goes to his files. S-2 has the target folder out now. A large-scale map of the area. A photograph, crystal clear, taken from a reconnaissance plane seven miles up. A row of smokestacks, casting attenuated shadows . . . gas tanks . . . cooling towers . . . transformer station . . . hutments . . . acres of buildings, dispersed and camouflaged . . . a railroad siding. From off left enters a running gash—a pipe line, to the expert's eye. Top, left to right, courses the Wesel-Datteln canal. Off right, across the tracks, a coal mine. Around the whole lies the checkerboard of Prussian farmland. A war plant cunningly (but not cunningly enough) dropped into the innocent countryside.

At 0148 the Old Man arrives at Intelligence. The Old Man is thirty-five. He likes to lead his boys on missions, and has, but a Group Commander's place is usually on the ground. Now, as he studies the routes on the map, he remembers his own trips—the boiling flak bursts, the attacks of the enemy fighters, the ice-like blue of the sky five miles aloft, and the unreality of the patterned earth below. Sucking a dry pipe, he stands for long minutes before the map. Then he sits down with the Combat Order and starts reading, slowly and with complete absorption. He might be memorizing the lines. And in a way, he is. For all through the long day to come phrases from this order will run slowly through his mind as, from his earth-bound post in England, he follows Group 500's course in the pattern of Mission 95.

0300 hours on a chill June morning is no time to get up. Group 500 does get up—with howls and



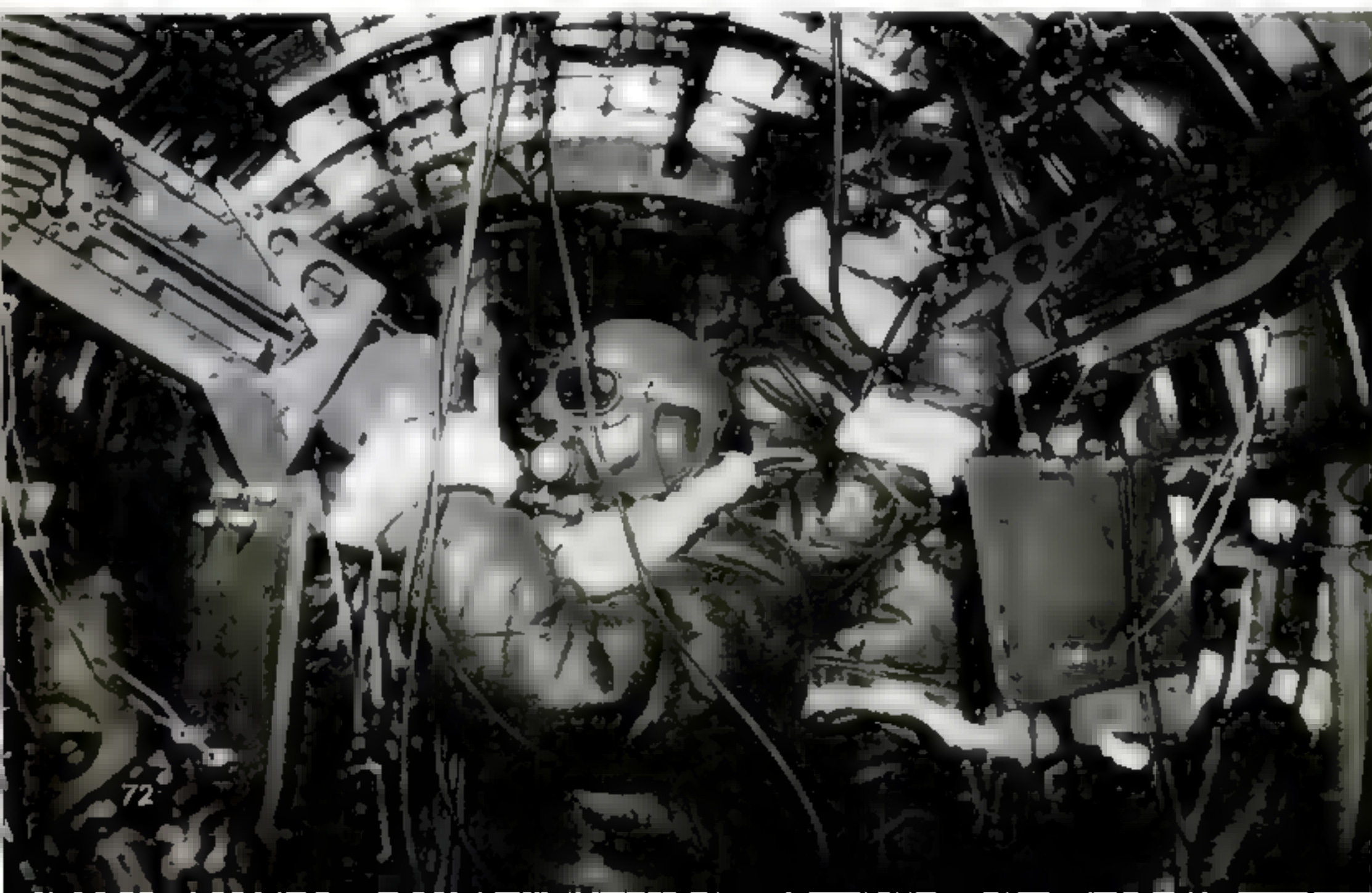
Breakfast is often at 3:30 the morning of an Eighth Air Force raid on Europe. Clothes for such a raid depend on each man's whim and post requirements. Usually a gunner wears heavy un-

derwear, a bright blue, electrically-heated "zoot suit" made of flannel, O. D. trousers or fleece-lined leather pants and a sheepskin jacket. Temperature over Europe goes as low as 40 below.



Young but determined faces greet the "Old Man" (Group Commander) as he speaks to the crews in the briefing room. S-1, Flak and Weather officers also give their specialized informa-

tion at the briefing session. Below, as their B-17 approaches the French coast, two waist gunners man their machine guns. They are wearing goggles, masks, helmets and throat mikes.



curse, in deliberate silence, or with laughter. Each man faces the black morning in his own fashion, for each knows that Group 500 is going out. The weather has held. The combat crews—the pilots, the copilots, the navigators, the bombardiers, and the gunners—get into their flying outfits. First, the heavy underwear, then the bright-blue, electrically heated "zoot suit" of flannel, O. D. trousers or fleece-lined leather pants, and a sheepskin jacket. No two dress alike, each man catering to his whims and the requirements of his post. Heated gloves and boots in one hand, and Mae West and helmet in the other, they're ready for the truck to the mess hall.

By 0330 the barracks housing the combat and the maintenance crews are emptied and the mess halls filled. The station is awakening now, as the intimation of action spreads like an ever-widening ripple. Across the rolling plain of central England this gradual stirring is duplicated at each Group assigned to Mission 95. The tempo quickens; a note of urgency is for the first time apparent in the movement.

At 0405 the briefing room is ready, maps spread upon the wall and benches ranged along the concrete floor. The crews drift in, blinking at the light, and fill up the benches—officer pilots, navigators, and bombardiers to the fore and sergeant gunners at the rear. The square of transparent talc with its red route lines is pinned to the map. Group 500's crews look first at that. Then they look away and make small sounds of disapproval. *FW's, here we come. . . . Johnny boy, you're touring Europe today. . . . Oh, oh, who thought this one up? . . . What is it, anybody know?*

The Old Man speaks

When the Old Man turns and faces them there is a sudden hush. Through the blackout curtains there drifts, in the moment of silence, a sound that reaches every ear in the room. It is far away and muted. It is the sound of a Fortress engine at its dispersal point. The line crews are on the job. The combat men stiffen for a moment. Then they relax. They look up at the Old Man, who stands facing them gravely.

At Command, Weather is having a round-robin talk with the meteorological officers of the Air Divisions and the Combat Wings. The weather chart is developing as predicted. Front moving eastward across Irish Sea, but planes will beat it back to base. Weather's final judgment: the attack is feasible. Mission 95 has conquered its first great enemy—weather.

The Old Man is talking: *I don't need to tell any of you what we did at Kref on the last mission. The bombing was good—some of the best we've done. I can't say as much for the formation we flew. We hashed all that over at the critique after the mission. I want you pilots and copilots to profit by that discussion today. Our target is the synthetic-rubber plants at Hüls, near Recklinghausen. A smaller force will be attacking the Ford and General Motors plants at Antwerp, approximately half an hour before your Time Over Target. There will be an RAF fighter sweep over this part of the Dutch coast at 1035, an RAF diversion in here, and one of our own Groups will fly a diversion to this point in order to draw off enemy fighters from this area. I want all pilots. . .*

The pilot of *Tarbaby* is seated in the front row. A quiet young man of twenty-five in a leather jacket and O. D. trousers, with a white silk scarf draped about his neck. Two years ago he was an insurance adjuster, eight months (or was it eight years?) ago he said good-bye to his wife and small son in Savannah. The pilot is a conservative flier. He is also a worrier, in a mild way. Now, as he listens to the Old Man, he is fretting about *Tarbaby's* No. 3 engine, which has been giving them

trouble. Huls is the seventeenth mission for *Tarbaby* and its crew.

The Old Man: . . . fighter support by twenty-three squadrons of RAF Spitfires and three of Typhoons will be furnished for your withdrawal. They will meet you here, which will be approximately thirty minutes after you leave the target. That means you will go in and bomb unescorted. Our P-47's are furnishing withdrawal cover for the Antwerp attack. Are there any questions?

Ball Turret is the youngest, the smallest, and, outwardly, the most intrepid member of *Tarbaby's*



A GROUND CREW ATTACHES FUSES TO BIG 500-LB. BOMBS

crew. Having been graduated from high school and worked a year with a well-drilling outfit, Ball Turret is *Tarbaby's* crack shot, with a claimed bag of five Nazi birds. He calls his twin fifties "Spit and Spat." Seated in the rear row, sunk in oversize flying clothes, he is now trying his best to go to sleep.

S-1 takes the stand, pointer in hand. The lights are lowered. A picture of the plant at Huls is flashed on the screen. This is the plant at Huls. It produces approximately twenty-nine per cent of Germany's synthetic rubber and eighteen per cent of its total rubber supply. With Germany at present so short of rubber that she's trying to bring it through in blockade runners from the Far East, I don't need to emphasize the importance of this target. The plant area is a square, approximately 3,500 feet on a side. Your approach will be in curve. Your aiming point is here, on the gas plant. This is the butadiene plant and this . . .

The copilot of *Tarbaby* is twenty-one, big and blond, and was on his way to becoming a mining engineer when he started flying training fourteen months ago. He is boisterous, gregarious, and, privately, a little disappointed that there are no Dawn Patrols and champagne binges in this war he finds himself fighting.

. . . across these railway sidings, which will be on your right as you cross the target, you will see the Auguste Viktoria coal mine, which serves the plant. This group will be bombing from 25,000 feet. After bombing you will continue to this point, where a turn to . . .

Tarbaby's bombardier is called "Deadeve" because he is. Small and fair, he looks deceptively cherubic in repose. His capacity for watery English beer is a legend in Group 500. Sitting in the third row, he is wearing a disreputable coverall which he insists brings him good luck. His two loves are *Tarbaby* and the *Dodgers*, in that order. His eyes are closed now. He is memorizing, with infinite anticipation, the exact pattern of the gas plant at Huls, near Recklinghausen.

Weather has taken the stand. He has been up all night, and looks it. A vertical cross section of the weather enroute to the target—a layer cake of clouds and meteorological symbols from ground level to 35,000 feet—is shown on the screen. Weather talks rapidly, as though he were telling an old, old story: At base you'll have 6/8 to thin cirro-stratus above 25,000. Visibility two miles in haze. Traces of strato-cumulus over the English coast going out.

Thin patches of alto-stratus up here at 12,000 with tops at 14,000 and towering to 19,000 over the North Sea. Freezing level 11,000 . . .

Radio is the one new man on *Tarbaby's* crew. The old Radio stopped a small piece of flak over Bremen and is now convalescing and writing jecring postcards back from an Air Force rest camp. This is the new Radio's first mission. He's twenty-three and has worked in the dispatching office of an airline on the West Coast back home. Right now he's frightened to death—and would admit it if anyone took the trouble to ask him. Weather finishes. Radio is wondering whether he ought to take his tin hat to the ship.

It is 0450 as the gunners pile aboard the jeeps and trucks for the dispersal points. The eastern sky is pale with dawn now, though the field still lies in darkness. In the main briefing room Flying Control has concluded the preparation for Mission 95 with the time-rick, during which the crews set their watches. Twenty seconds before 0447 . . . fifteen seconds . . . ten seconds . . . five seconds . . . four . . . three . . . two. The navigators have adjourned to an office and are laying out the routes on their maps. The bombardiers are in session with the Group Bombardier, studying the target pictures. The radio operators have collected the flimsies giving the call signals of the day—rice-paper sheets to be eaten in case of capture.

From the Control Tower the complete pattern of the runways and the perimeter tracks on Group



FORTRESSES ON RUNWAY PREPARE TO TAKE OFF AT DAWN

500's station can be seen. At 0630 the Operational Staff is gathered along the railed balcony outside the Control Room. The field lies quiet in the sun; an ambulance moves slowly across the turf which lines the runways. Flying Control, eyeing his watch, nods. A two-pronged red flare arches over the center of the field. The stillness is broken. From each scattered dispersal point there wells a spring of sound. Ragged at first, it builds and blends into a concerted roar. Still no movement is seen. The ambulances wait at the far end of a long runway. And then the first plane appears on the perimeter track at a distant corner of the field. It is followed by another. And another. They form into an elephantine line, nose to tail, and trundle slowly along, starting and stopping with awkward precision. The squeal of brakes punctuates the roar of the engines. Two lines converge at the head of the runway, the gaps are closed, and then all movement ceases. In *Tarbaby*, which is to lead the Group, Pilot rests a forearm on the wheel and watches the second hand of his wrist watch. Two minutes and forty seconds to go.

A tense immobility settles over the field. Time has taken over Mission 95. On this field, at Groups 501 and 653 and 187, at 203, 459, 366, and 724—at Groups spread across fifty miles of England—the long lines of idling planes now wait. In each Control Tower the operational staffs wait. On the grass patches along the hangar lines, the ground crews wait. At the mess kitchens the

cooks come to the door and look up expectantly at the empty sky. At Air Division the Operational Staff, eating breakfast, glance at their watches. At Command the Duty Officer sits watching the wall clock—waiting.

At 0700 *Tarbaby* begins to move, leaving behind it a small cloud of blue smoke. Slowly, at first. Then with gathering speed. Tail up, it passes the Control Tower. There is a motion at the waist window as Ike, a waist gunner, gives the V-sign to his ground crew. Almost imperceptibly the plane becomes air-borne. As it clears the field boundaries, the reverberating echoes of its engines rock the field. The second ship is under way. Then the third, and the fourth. Each thundering run is an epic of suspense—ended by the lifting of thirty tons of bombs, plane, and men from the earth. The first plane is sweeping a huge circle around the field. The second and third gradually edge into a position behind it, forming a triangular element of three. The element moves off, followed by another. Now the circle of the horizon is speckled with the patterns of the other Groups. The sky is filled with the sound and the stately, shifting movements of Fortresses as they find their places in formation and move off in ever-diminishing perspective. By 0732 they have gone. The Old Man remains staring at the sky where his planes had been. "I hope," he says finally, "all those boys come back."

At 0847 Mission 95, far out over the North Sea, has reached 24,000 feet in its slow climb and turned in toward the enemy coast. The temperature is 35 below zero and going down. Frost smears the windshield and the plexiglass nose. Cockpit windows have been opened to equalize the temperatures. Below, the metallic sea appears between patches of haze and fog. Through the high layer of drifting cirro-stratus the troposphere is dark and sinister blue. Guns are being tested with short bursts that crack startlingly through the engines' drone. Every man in the armada is at his post, scanning the bowl of space for enemy fighters. In the noses the navigators are watching for the first sign of the surf line on the Frisians, somewhere ahead. The formation has been spotted now by the German detection equipment. The unseen tentacles of the enemy's locator system, groping beyond the curve of the horizon, have touched



GROUND CREWMEN WATCH SKY FOR RETURNING PLANES

them and pinpointed this part of Mission 95 in space. Their course and height and speed are being plotted. From half a dozen fields the German fighters are taking off to meet the threat. Miles away to the southeast, the other section of Mission 95 has now left its target at Antwerp. A drifting pall of smoke covers the Ford and General Motors factories, while the Thunderbolts shepherd their charges home across the Channel.

Mission 95 crosses the islands which line Germany's Baltic coast at 0900. They are at bombing altitude now. The combat wings, each one a rough arrowhead of three Groups, are spaced down from

front to rear like a flight of steps. Though from the ground the muttering thunder of the formation can be heard over miles of the island chain, the planes themselves are barely visible—a procession of tiny specks moving inexorably across the sky. To the left of the formation dark smudges of flak appear. From his gate in *Tarbaby*, Left Waist notes this with satisfaction. Mission 95 is out of range of that particular battery. The navigators are on the beam.

The islands lie behind and the Zuider Zee lies beneath when, at 0903, the first enemy fighters hit Mission 95. They come in high from the south, like a pack of gnats, cross over the procession at 3,000-yard range, and disappear in the glare of the sun. The guns on the Forts silently swing around, following their course. There is a moment of waiting. The fighters pick their objective—a Group near the tail of the procession. They swing around, peel off, and come hurtling down in line astern.

Warnings flood the intercommunication systems of twoscore planes. *Here they come, high at nine o'clock . . . Roger . . . 190's at eleven o'clock. They're after that Group ahead . . . Focke-Wulfs—ten o'clock . . . Roger . . .* Three thousand yards. Two thousand yards. One thousand yards. The guns of the Group attacked open up with a few short bursts. Smoking tracers fill the air around the leading fighter. The Focke-Wulf is firing now—the four 20-mm. cannon flashing orange from the wings, the two machine guns projecting bright tongues of flame from the fuselage. Six hundred yards. More of the Forts' fifties are finding the range. The sky is criss-crossed with tracers. The fighter bores in. The puffs of his explosive 20-mm. ammunition are creeping up on the wing ship. A burst of machine-gun fire rakes the plane amidship, making crackling noises like a stick against a picket fence. Four hundred yards. The Focke-Wulf does a half-roll, exposing his armored underbelly to the defensive fire. He drives in for another two hundred yards, guns blazing. He dives, followed by the fire of the ball turrets, until he is lost to sight against the shimmering water below. The action of the attack, from the first to the last shot fired, has taken place in just four seconds. Another Focke-Wulf is coming in now. A third and fourth and fifth, a dozen, follow it. Meanwhile, the first is climbing, to re-form for a second attack.

At the conclusion of this first contact, Mission 95 is still driving on, outwardly unchanged. But in the Group attacked one plane has an engine out, with its propeller feathered, in another the engineer is working frantically to stop a leak in the oxygen system, and in a third a tail gunner lies



RAF RESCUE LAUNCHES PICK UP AIRMEN FROM WATER

dead at his post. A Focke-Wulf has gone down like a flaming arrow into the waters of the Zuider Zee and another, crippled, is fighting for altitude as it makes for land.

It is 0912 as the second group of attackers appears. The head of the bomber column is skirting

a tongue of land on the Zee's east shore. More flak appears. Puffs of oily black and brown smoke spread across the sky just ahead of the lead ship. The Forts drive through it. One ship wobbles, drops out of position, and then slowly regains its place. *Tarbaby* cuts through a spent flak burst rising past like a dirty veil. The lead wing swings down and to the right—every plane in place—in a sweeping evasive movement. *Tarbaby* leads Group 500 in a climbing turn to the left. The gunners are firing steadily as the fighter attacks develop. Five thousand feet above the twisting, turning units of Mission 95 three twin-engined fighter bombers are jockeying for position as they prepare to bomb the formation. Another Fortress has gone down, its right wing trailing a bright sheet of flame. A burning fighter draws a line of smoke across the sky. The pattern of the German countryside is now beneath the action. The battle of Mission 95 is on.

The plant at Huls is visible through *Tarbaby's* nose. It is 0940. Mission 95 has run the gantlet of half a dozen flak barrages and fought off constant fighter attacks for forty minutes. Deadeye is flying *Tarbaby* with his automatic-flight-control equipment. 0942. He scrubs at the frosted plexiglass with a piece of waste. White cumulus cloud towers over the plant. One corner of the target is blanketed. More flak is coming up. The target is in the bomb sight's field of vision. Deadeye finds the aiming point and pushes a switch. The bomb-bay doors grind open. The indices are moving together. Deadeye checks the rows of red lights above the rack switches on the bomb indicator. He moves a knob. *Tarbaby* swings a little to the right. *Bombardier to Radio: Start camera. . . . Radio to Bombardier . . . Roger . . . Camera started.*

The smoky splashes of the first Group's bombs are visible through the bomb sight. They spatter



THE RAID IS DESCRIBED TO INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS

the area. Deadeye grins and holds open the trigger on the sight. He makes a small adjustment. Then another. The cross-hairs are on the gas plant. The sight is at work, computing speed and drift and bomb fall. The indices are together. The red lights on the indicator panel fade. *Tarbaby*, freed suddenly of the bombs' weight, rises buoyantly. Deadeye says: *Bombs away. Let's get ourselves out of here.*

Behind *Tarbaby* the other bombardiers of the group, seeing the leader's bombs away, snap their switches. The loads fall, the clusters of 500- and 1,000-pounders, arching toward the earth in a slow curve. Navigator makes an entry on his log: "Bombed 0943. 25,000 feet." Throughout *Tarbaby* there runs a current of elation. Pilot smacks the control wheel with his fist. Copilot raps the instrument panel for luck. Top Turret-Engineer says to himself: *Now, No. 3, get us home.* Lower Turret and Rear Gunner are silent as they try to follow the fall of the bombs. The camera motor whirls unheard, taking a picture every six seconds. Radio, a veteran now, announces: *Enemy*

aircraft at four o'clock, high. Look like Messerschmitts. It is 0944. The last of the Groups has cleared the target area. In just under four minutes more than 400 tons of high explosive have been dropped on the synthetic-rubber plant at Huls near Recklinghausen. As the last Combat Wing in line leaves the area a tower of smoke 7,000 feet high mushrooms over target.

By 1012 Mission 95 has left the target far behind and is over Dutch territory on the long trip home. An hour's persistent attack by flak and fighter has dealt severely with the formation. Fifteen bombers have fallen along the route, the holes they left being immediately plugged by the next plane in line. As they approach the rendezvous with the friendly fighters, the defensive fire power of Mis-



AFTER DOWNING GERMAN PLANE, GUNNER CLEANS GUNS

sion 95 has not noticeably weakened. But the strain imposed by altitude and the enemy is beginning to tell. In the lead Group all eyes are turned to the west for the first sign of the Spitfires. The formation is at 18,000 feet and dropping steadily as it heads for the Dutch coast.

In *Tarbaby* the mission, so far, has gone well. Copilot, taking advantage of a lull in the fighter attacks, has just completed a check of the plane. A piece of flak has torn a hole in the vertical stabilizer, a 20-mm. ricochet has holed the plexiglass in the nose and there is a line of machine-gun bullet-holes in the fuselage amidships. No. 3 engine is running rough, but not dangerously so. The only personnel casualties are Rear Gunner, who reports a frostbitten left hand suffered when clearing a gun stoppage, and Ball Turret, who claims he is dying of hunger and where are the sandwiches. As Copilot regains his seat, Pilot points upward through the windshield. A banner of vapor trails is sweeping in from the west. *Pilot to crew: Looks like friendly fighters coming in high at eleven o'clock. Repeat. Possible friendly fighters coming in at eleven. Watch your firing. Spits will be giving us close support. Typhoons in the lower box . . . Top Turret to Pilot: Enemy fighters coming in high at seven o'clock. Focke-Wulfs at seven. Watch it, Left Waist. They're after us.* As Pilot swings *Tarbaby's* nose sharply to the left there is a rending explosion and the ship quivers. The intercom sputters and then goes dead.

At Group 500's base—at Groups 501 and 653 and 187, at 203,459,366, and 714, and at all the other fields which have dispatched planes on Mission 95—the long wait is almost over. The time is 1150. Ground personnel has gathered in bunches along the hangar line. The Operations Staff lines the balcony of the Control Tower. On the roof, Flying Control is ready, with a short-range radio, to "talk" the planes in. At the end of the runway the ambulances wait, their engines turning over quietly. Near the tower the squat cleat trucks, waiting for accidents, chug noisily. Minutes pass. The sky remains empty. All eyes are turned to the east. Suddenly someone calls: "There's one. A single."

The bomber comes in low and fast. It circles and

disappears below the tree line. Then its engines are heard coughing and it appears above the edge of the field, gliding for the runway. A red flare burns a bright arc through the air. The plane touches, bounces, and settles to earth. An ambulance is racing across the grass, for this flare is the sign of wounded aboard. Halfway down the runway the big ship slows abruptly, with a squeal of brakes. Wheeling slowly, it turns off the concrete and trundles across the turf. Before it comes to a stop the ambulance has circled to its position beside the door.

Group 500 comes up the sky slowly. Then it is overhead with a roar. The counting is repeated. Three missing . . . No, one came back early. Well, that makes two . . . You counting this one out here? . . . Sure, that still makes two short . . . Maybe they landed some place else . . .

Twenty minutes later the last plane to return is down. Refueling crews are already at work, maintenance men are clambering over their ships, measuring battle damage for patches, and the Engineering Officer has finished counting noses of the Fords out of action and those that can be readied to fight the following day. Group 500's dispersal areas are tenanted once again. All but two. The count is final. Two lost. At these two dispersal points the line crews of the missing ships wander aimlessly over the splashed concrete and scuffed turf where they have worked for so many weeks. There is little said. *Yeah, he was a good guy . . . Well, she made eighteen, anyway . . . A good ship. But she gave them bastards a run for their money . . . He was showing me a picture of his girl just this morning.* Finally, like men lost in thought, they gather their tool-boxes and pile them into a waiting jeep.

At the Briefing Room the combat crews are gathering. Coffee mugs and sandwiches in hand, they mull around. Little groups form, dissolve, and re-form. There is some talk and laughter, but not much. These are tired men. Their faces are drawn, their hair is matted and tangled, and in their eyes is a deep weariness. They scuff about awkwardly in the heavy flying boots or sit with hunched shoulders, staring at the floor.

At the Hot News desk a pilot is giving his report. *We pin-pointed her at 3 East, 51 30 North. She must have been hit in the last attack, just as the Spits met us. Stayed in formation awhile and then dropped out about the time we left the coast on the way back. My navigator says the two outboard engines were out at the time. Didn't see her ditch. The Spits covered her on the way down, so I guess they got Air-Sea Rescue on the job by this time. Yeah, Tarbaby, that's her.*

The interrogation of the crews is under way—each crew at one of the big tables scattered around the room. Bombing altitude. Position in formation. Number of enemy fighters seen. Where did you hit flak—altitude, position, time? How was the bombing? Encounters: How did he come in? When did you start firing? Do you claim him as destroyed? Any flame? Did the pilot bail out? Did you see the ship crash? Any suggestion or comments on the operations?

By 1230 the interrogation of all the crews is completed. Hot News, with reports of plane crashes and convoys sighted, has been phoned to Air Division for immediate action. Intelligence has completed the Flash Report giving the story of the Group's part in Mission 95 in tabulated form.

The strike photos are delivered to Command by

parachute at 1602. The daily operations conference is about to begin. Weather has just submitted his forecast. The Front is moving over central England. Bases will be closed in. The Groups will have a day of rest. Meanwhile, the planning for the next attack will go on.

The Commanding General places the strike photos on the table before him. On the table, too, is the Flash Report from the Air Divisions.

"Here you are, gentlemen. The accomplishment—Hüls well hit, with bombing concentrated in the target area. We'll have to wait for reconnaissance photographs and a complete damage assessment, but it looks to me as if we had dealt the plant a crippling blow. The cost—20 bombers lost, three men killed, 19 wounded, and 191 missing. Our claims total 46 enemy fighters destroyed, 23 probably destroyed, and 44 damaged. The British Air-Sea Rescue has just reported picking up eight men of a Fortress crew off the coast of Holland. Now, on this next attack . . ."

Mission 95 is completed.

Hüls: Indications are that this plant is at present inoperative. A high proportion of the bombs dropped fell within the target and considerable damage is seen throughout the plant. The full extent of the damage to several buildings cannot be completely assessed from photographs. Many of the most important plants and buildings have been damaged, including the ARC, CONVERTERS Plant, the BUTYLENE GLYCOL Plant, the ALDOL Plant, the ACRYLONITRILE Plant, the BUTADIENE Plant, the ACETALDEHYDE Plant, the POLYMERISATION Building, and the GAS COMPRESSION AND FRACTIONATION Building. . . .

—FROM AN OFFICIAL REPORT—

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THICK, BLACK SMOKE FROM A RUBBER FACTORY AT HÜLS, GERMANY DRIFTS UP THROUGH CLOUDS AFTER THE CHEMISCHE WERKE PLANT THERE HAS BEEN HIT BY U. S. BOMBERS

FROM FIVE MILES UP

Target: Germany is the story of an experiment. That the experiment is concerned with destroying the economic fabric of another nation is to be regretted. That it may be a large factor in saving our own way of life should not be forgotten. For aerial bombing is now beginning to return dividends which surpass the expectations of its staunchest adherents. Bombs alone do not win battles—but bombs behind the fighting fronts may rob armies of their vital supplies and make war so terrible that civilian populations will refuse to support the armed forces in the field.

During the past eight months scientific bombing has changed the face of war. For the physical attrition of warfare is no longer limited to the fighting forces. Heretofore the home front has remained relatively secure; armies fought, civil populations worked and waited. This conflict's early air attacks were the first portents of a changing order. In its slashes at Warsaw, Rotterdam, Plymouth, Coventry, and London, large-scale bombing showed its claws. The Germans had conceived a terrifying weapon. Fortunately, they had neither the imagination nor the physical resources to capitalize on their revolutionary conception.

On the night of March 5-6, 1943, bombing came of age. On that date the RAF began the systematic, patterned devastation of the twelve cities of the German Ruhr. The ruins of the Ruhr, Cologne, and Hamburg, and the American inflicted damage at the Huls rubber plant, at the Heroya aluminum unit in Norway, and the Blohm & Voss shipyard at Kiel, have now clothed a German vision with reality. To borrow from Macbeth, it is the Nazis' own "Bloody instructions which, being taught, return to plague the inventor." The Ruhr, heart of Germany's heavy industry, has been crippled. In the first climactic four day-and-night Hamburg Blitz (the Germans even had a word for it), well over 2,200 British and American aircraft dropped more than 7,000 tons of high explosive and incendiaries on a city the size of Detroit. To quote an official report: "There is nothing in the world to which this concentrated devastation of Hamburg can be compared, for an inferno of this scale in a town of this size has never been experienced, hardly even imagined, before."

Here, then, we have terror and devastation carried to the core of a warring nation. The implications of such destruction of public morale

and economy are not yet clear. It may be that, in forging so terrible a weapon, the United Nations have found the way to break any nation's will to fight. That would mean not only victory in this conflict but also the answer to any threats of war in the foreseeable future.

ACT 1. SCENE 1

At midafternoon on a gray day in February, 1942, a Douglas airliner from Lisbon landed at a west-of-England town. The seven officers who stepped out of the plane that day carried with them a directive signed by Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, and dated January 31, fifty-five days after Pearl Harbor. The directive named Brigadier General Ira C. Eaker Bomber Commander in England and ordered him, among other things, to "make the necessary preparation to insure competent and aggressive command and direction of our bomber units in England."

It was a big job that they faced and their means of accomplishing it, at least at the beginning, were small. But, by the first of August two heavy-bombardment groups had arrived and were in a state of intensive training. By that date, furthermore, certain target priorities had been established. The C. G. quoted from the directive as follows: "First the factories, sheds, docks, and ports in which the enemy builds his *submarines* and from which he launches his submarine efforts. Next, his *aircraft factories* and other key munitions-manufacturing establishments. Third, his lines of *communication*. A subsidiary purpose of our early bombing operations will be to determine our capacity to destroy point targets by daylight accuracy bombing and our ability to beat off fighter opposition and to evade antiaircraft opposition."

The first test came on August 17. It was a critical day for the VIII Bomber Command, not because of the size of the effort—only twelve Fortresses were involved—but because so much was at stake.

At 1526 the first Fortress took off. Eleven others followed, the C. G. of the VIII Bomber Command riding in *Yankee Doodle*, lead ship of the second flight of six. The twelve Fortresses were carrying about twenty-one tons of bombs destined for the railroad marshaling yards at Rouen.

For the next three hours anxious ground crews, fellow airmen bitterly disappointed at being left

behind, and high-ranking Air Force officers waited about as calmly as expectant fathers in the anteroom of a maternity ward. Shortly before 1900 hours watchers on the control tower spotted a cluster of specks to the west of the airdrome. Eagerly they counted—for a tense moment there seemed to be only eleven. There was a sigh of relief as the twelfth appeared. Minutes later the big ships swept in to the runway, their names highlighted by the level rays of the sun: *Baby Doll*, *Peggy D*, *Big Stuff*, *Butcher Shop*, *Yankee Doodle*, *Berlin Sleeper*, *Johnny Reb*, *Birmingham Blitzkrieg*, and the rest. Pilots and mechanics swarmed out to meet the crews. Quickly the word was passed around: All bombs dropped on or near the target, no casualties; good protection from escorting Spitfires; slight flak damage to one B-17; a few brief exchanges of fire with enemy fighters; mission successful.

TWELVE FEET OF CONCRETE

The kindergarten missions continued through August with what now seems a pathetically small token force of aircraft. By September more Forts were coming into action, and on Sept. 6, 30 of them were over Meaulte. However, it was not until Oct. 9, when 108 heavy bombers hit Lille, that an American force was employed on a large scale. On this raid, to the confusion of the skeptics who were unfamiliar with Fortress and Liberator firepower, 25 German planes were knocked down for certain, 38 more "probably destroyed" and 44 damaged.

Twelve days after the air battle at Lille the bombers attacked Keroman, a small fishing port on the French coast not far from Lorient. The Germans had turned it into one of the most important U-boat bases in Europe. With typical Teutonic fondness for massive construction they had built a series of U-boat shelters that were—according to the proud announcements of German propaganda agencies—completely bombproof.

From four miles up, these shelters resembled cardboard shoeboxes. From the ground they looked like enormous square-jawed railroad tunnels. They squatted on dry land with ramps leading down to the water. Entering U-boats were hauled up in cradles and shunted into any one of twelve individual pens. There, protected from direct bomb hits by an eleven-and-a-half-foot overhead layer of reinforced concrete, sheltered from blast by side walls more than eight feet thick, the raider was made ready for its next foray against the shipping lanes.

The first attack on the sub pens at Lorient was followed by another against similar installations at Brest. Bombing results were so uncertain that two days later, when the bombers went to Saint Nazaire, a radical experiment was tried. Instead of going in at the customary 20,000 plus feet, the lead Group went over at 10,000 and the last Group flew at 8,000 feet. One squadron was as low as 7,000. The result was that practically every ship in both Groups was hit by antiaircraft fire.

The problem that overshadowed all others was bombing accuracy. The bombers were hitting the sub-pen installations, there was no doubt of that. Letters of praise from the RAF and from the British Admiralty attested to the destruction at the bases, with the consequent lengthening of the U-boats' turn-around time. Morale of the U-boat crews was undoubtedly shaken. But the Americans weren't satisfied.

For one thing, experience was proving that the destructive power of a single bomb, or even a few bombs, was not so devastating as had been expected. What was needed within the target area was a concentration of bombs whose cumulative effect would be so great that repairing the damage



GERMAN U-BOAT SHELTERS ARE BUILT OF TWELVE FEET OF REINFORCED CONCRETE, PROTECTING SUBS FROM BOMB HITS

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SMOKE CURLS UP FROM SERIES OF AMERICAN BOMBS DROPPED ON CONCRETE SUB PENS AT ST. NAZAIRE. SUCH RAIDS HELPED DESTROY THE U-BOAT THREAT TO ALLIED SHIPPING



MOST OF HAMBURG WAS DESTROYED BY R. A. F. AND U. S. BOMBERS IN SHATTERING JULY ATTACKS. ROOFS ARE OFF, WALLS TOTTER AND SUN SHINES THROUGH WRECKED BUILDINGS

would hardly be worth the Germans' time or effort. During the early months of 1943 this sort of concentration was to be realized, not once but many times. In the last half of 1942 the American bombardiers were still wrestling with the problem.

The first indication that a solution might be reached came on January 3 when sixty-eight Fortresses and Liberators attacked Saint Nazaire for the sixth time. It was a diamond-clear winter day with visibility unlimited over the target. In a further effort to insure precision bombing an unusually long bombing run was ordered. The run was made into the wind, and since the wind above 20,000 feet was a 115-mile-per-hour gale, the bombers' speed was reduced by more than half. For almost ten minutes they flew practically straight and level, sitting up there, as one pilot put it, "like fish in a barrel."

As a result, the flak was particularly deadly. The Germans put up what amounted to a box barrage at the point of bomb release, and the formations had to plow through it. At least two bombers—probably three—were shot down by flak. Enemy fighters, fourteen of which were destroyed, accounted for four more bombers. It was a tough day; the loss of seven bombers was the worst suffered to date.

On that day, for the first time, the formations abandoned individual bombing and adopted the practice of dropping their bombs at the instant the squadron leader released his load. The full implications were not realized at the time, although bombing results were good. But the first long step had been taken toward a new technique

of bombing that within a few weeks was to produce a concentration of bombs on a target the like of which had never been seen—at Rotterdam, or Coventry, or anywhere else.

PARLOUS DAYS

While the planes and combat crews of the VIII Bomber Command were testing their strength and weakness over the submarine pens, the drab English winter was settling down on the bomber sta-



THE SECRET TARGET FILE AT BOMBER HEADQUARTERS

tions from which the big ships flew. By rights there should have been a constant morale problem that winter. There was not. The reasons why there should have been add up to a fairly complete picture of bomber-station life at that stage of the game.

The two worst intangibles that the fliers had

to contend with were lack of replacements for casualties, and the psychological repercussion of missions that were "scrubbed" (canceled) at the last minute.

As the milk-run missions went on and enemy opposition became stiffer, American losses began to mount. They remained low in comparison to what they were to become later, but the total force engaged was so small that any loss was felt. In addition, the Germans adopted new tactics of hammering at a single Group, so that the casualties were likely to be concentrated at one bomber station.

When this happened, morale at that station did sag temporarily. The reason was not so much the casualties as the failure to replace them promptly. The fliers expected losses; it was part of fighting a war. But they did not like empty beds in the barracks to remind them of the men who were missing. As long ago as World War I it had been recognized that a unit could endure severe punishment if the vacant seats in the mess were occupied by the following morning. This "full breakfast table" policy was axiomatic with the RAF. But on the American stations the breakfast tables did not fill up very quickly. That was the grimmest part of those parlous days.

The other great source of nerve strain was the missions that were called off at the last minute, usually because of weather. Combat crews declared, almost unanimously, that the feeling of let-down, the sense of anticlimax that followed these cancellations was far worse than actual participation in a combat flight. And when they



SUBMARINE CONSTRUCTION FACILITIES AT VEGESACK WERE BADLY DAMAGED BY U.S. BOMBERS LAST MARCH 12. THIS RECONNAISSANCE PHOTO SHOWS THE EXTENT OF DAMAGE

happened the ground crews which had loaded the bombs and groomed the bombers felt almost as deflated as the fighting men.

As for living conditions, they were "rugged," to use the favorite airdrome adjective, but the effect on morale was negligible. Nobody liked the mud—wet, sticky, the color of fresh cement. The blackout, no matter how you sliced it—and sometimes you almost could slice it—was a nuisance and a bore. The interminable distances on a bomber station that had to be traversed on foot with passing vehicles plastering you with freezing mud, the coal stoves in the Nissen huts that defied all attempts to keep them going overnight, the lack of hot water, the apparently permanent absence of sunlight—these things were subjects of universal lamentation and complaint, but nobody cared seriously about them. Again, it was part of fighting a war. Men actually came to take a melancholy pride in the duration of their particular cold in the head and boasted hoarsely about it to the boredom of their fellows. Those who lived on the more primitive stations made no effort to conceal their contempt for the "country-club set" who had been fortunate enough to draw RAF quarters with permanent buildings and (in one case) a real live butler.

Lack of supplies

More serious, because it actually affected operations, was the shortage of essential supplies and maintenance. At this time servicing planes for the Twelfth Air Force in Africa was a top priority

with the Eighth Air Force in England, and often planes damaged in battle over the sub pens could not be made ready to fly again simply because there were not enough maintenance men to do both jobs. At one point the lack of equipment for cleaning machine guns became so acute that the gunners, having cleaned parts of their weapons with soap and water, took them tenderly into bed the night before a mission to prevent them from rusting. British generosity kept general supply from being a problem, but the British could not provide spare parts for American planes or specialized equipment, such as oxygen masks.

There was never any attempt to belittle the adversary, to pretend that the Germans were not good. Later on, when some misguided company at home put out an advertisement showing an insane-looking bomber pilot grinning cheerfully and demanding: "Who's afraid of the new Focke-Wulf?" somebody pinned it on the bulletin board with a laconic note underneath. "Sign here," the note said. Every combat officer in the Group signed; the Group Commander's name led all the rest.

This was a great joke, of course, but underneath it lay the seriousness with which the fliers took their jobs. There was little if any of the hysterical gaiety that traditionally clothed the death-and-glory boys who flew the crates of World War I. The attitude seemed to be: "We have a tough job to do here, and we're doing it, but we find no glory in it." Now and then, for a few hours, the atmosphere at a station might become tense and dramatic. There was one cold winter night when the boys came back from a mission that had cost

them some of their best crews, and they took candles and climbed on one another's shoulders, and smoked the record on the ceiling in great wavering capitals, proudly, and in some cases not far from tears. . . .

There was never any doubt in the minds of those airmen as to the ability of the Forts and Libs, given sufficient numbers, to penetrate to the heart of Germany unescorted and in daylight. It was that conviction, plus their sense of humor, that kept them going.

But there was still skepticism in high places. Even those who were now ready to concede the value of daylight missions were also swayed by arguments in favor of night bombing. Thundering across the Channel, the RAF was spreading ruin and terror throughout Germany. Influential voices were raised, suggesting that the best way to use the comparatively small American force would be to incorporate it in the RAF's night efforts.

The climax of the controversy resulting from this proposal came in mid-January when General Eaker, who since November had been acting as Deputy Commander of the Eighth Air Force in the absence of General Spaatz, flew to Casablanca to attend the now-famous conference. Within a few hours of arrival he was handed a set of questions by General Arnold. On the answers to those questions depended the future of the VIII Bomber Command.

The key questions that had to be answered regarding the VIII Bomber Command's showing to date were concerned mainly with the relatively few missions, the fairly high rate of abortives, and



AFTER SCHWEINFURT, RAID FROM WHICH 10 U. S. BOMBERS DID NOT RETURN, FORTRESS COMES IN SAFELY THROUGH SMOKE OF ANOTHER BOMBER WHICH CRASHED AS IT LANDED

the choice of French rather than German targets.

The answers to these questions were plain and the C.G. gave them. He pointed out that both weather and the low replacement rate were factors in holding down operations. The rate of abortives, largely attributable to the maintenance hours spent on Twelfth Air Force aircraft, was going down steadily as operational lessons learned were put into practice and mechanical kinks were ironed out. As for choice of targets, that had been dictated partly by the priority given to attacks on the sub pens, partly by lack of long-range fighter support to cover the small bomber force available. The C.G. added that as a result of the experience gained over the U-boat pens, his combat crews were now sufficiently experienced to undertake the daylight invasion of Germany.

In the end he convinced his listeners. So far as the VIII Bomber Command was concerned, the Casablanca Conference settled two things—for the time being at least. The necessary planes were going to be sent, and they were to be used for day bombing.

TARGET: GERMANY

On January 27 the VIII Bomber Command for the first time joined the RAF in its attacks on the German homeland. The target chosen was Wilhelmshaven; the aiming point was the ways where U-boats were built.

One of the navigators on the mission has recorded a memorable few minutes of that day's trip: *At about 1030 the altimeter indicated 25,000 feet. The cloud cover had ended, far below us, and we could see the surface of the sea—like a sheet of glass. At 1045 the Captain warned the crew to be extra-alert. I looked out to the right and could see the outline of the coast of Germany and the row of islands that lay just off it. It was our first glimpse of Das Vaterland. At 1057 we were just over the islands and at 1100 the tail gunner reported flak at six o'clock, below. It was from the coastal islands and was the first time we were fired upon from German soil. At this time we were beginning to turn and we crossed the island of Baltrum and went into German territory. As we turned, the bombardier elevated the muzzle of his gun and fired a burst so that the tracers arched over into Germany. The first shots from Hell's Angels, but not the last!*

Fifty-three planes attacked the installations at Wilhelmshaven, dropping their bombs through a film of cloud that lay like thin gauze over the target area. Two more attacked Emden. The Germans were ready. A smoke screen drifted lazily across the target, below the cloud layer, at both Emden and Wilhelmshaven. Flak was attentive, if not too accurate. More than fifty enemy fighters—including twin-engined types usually employed

in defense against night bombers—rose to meet the formations. Returning gunners claimed twenty-two enemy aircraft shot down. Curiously, they also reported that the enemy pilots seemed inexperienced in contrast to those met over French targets. The Luftwaffe's first team, obviously, hadn't been at home to meet their first American guests.

The bombing on this first mission over Germany was only fair. Clouds hid much of the story the strike photographs, taken during the bombing, might have told, but they did show that while the pattern of the hits looked better, the placing of the patterns still left much to be desired. The American Plan was developing, but slowly.

The gray core of winter now settled upon the area of operations. Rain, sleet, biting winds, and freezing banks of dun cloud spun out from the North Sea to cover both the bases and the targets. In seventeen days but one operation was carried out. Emden was attacked despite icing conditions and temperatures that went below the recording capacities of the thermometers, 45 degrees below zero. Vapor trails helped guide the enemy fighters in their attack.

March was destined to be a climactic month in the history of high-level precision bombing. On March 4 the VIII Bomber Command carried out its first "D.P. job" (deep penetration attack) on the Hamm marshaling yards in the Ruhr. On March 8 another marshaling yard at Rennes was plastered with 500-pound bombs from half a hundred Fortresses.

Hamm and Rennes were the promises. Vegesack, ten days and three attacks later, was the fulfillment. A total of ninety-seven bombers—seventy-three Forts and twenty-four Liberators—attacked the Bremen Vulcan shipbuilding yards which line the Weser some few miles north of Bremen. This works, fourth-ranking producer of U-boats, was thus the object of the largest force the VIII Bomber Command had at that time managed to put over a single target. Two hundred and sixty-eight tons of high explosives were dropped, inflicting what assessment reports later called "extremely heavy damage." This included the complete destruction of the works powerhouse, two-thirds destruction of the shipbuilding shops, and damage to a number of submarines building on the ways. Two bombers were lost on this most successful of all attacks to date, while American gunners claimed fifty-two of the opposing fighters shot down.

As was the case on most missions, the returning bombers brought their inevitable quota of wounded back from Vegesack. One Fort also brought Jack Mathis home.

Jack Mathis was one of two tall brothers from

Texas who came to England to fly as Fortress bombardiers from the same station. Jack is gone now and Mark is missing from a later raid. Here is the story of Jack's last flight as told by the navigator who flew beside him:

We ran into very little trouble on our raid on Vegesack until we started on the bombing run. A very heavy barrage of flak was thrown up at us just as we reached the target. Flak hit our ship and sounded like hail on the roof. I glanced at Lieutenant Mathis, who was crouched over his bomb sight, lining up the target.

"Bomb-bay doors are open," I heard Jack call up to the pilot, and then instructions to climb a little more to reach bombing altitude.

On the bomb run—that flak hit us. We were just seconds short of the bomb-release point when a whole barrage of flak hit our squadron, which we were leading.

One of the shells burst out to the right and a little below the nose. It couldn't have been over thirty feet away when it burst. If it had been much closer it would have knocked the whole plane over.

A bank of flak came tearing through the side of the nose. It shattered the glass on the right side and broke through with a loud crash.

I saw Jack falling back toward me and threw up my arm to ward off the fall. By that time both of us were way back in the rear of the nose—blown back there, I guess, by the flak blast.

I was sort of half standing, half lying against the back wall and Jack was leaning up against me. I didn't know he was injured at the time.

Without any assistance from me he pulled himself back to his bomb sight.

I heard Jack call out on the intercom, "Bombs—" He usually called it out in a sort of singsong. But he never finished the phrase this time. The words just sort of trickled off, and I thought his throat mika had slipped out of place, so I finished out the phrase, "Bombs away!" for him.

I looked up and saw Jack reaching over to grab the bomb-bay door handle—to close the doors. Just as he pushed the handle he slumped over backwards. I caught him. That was the first indication that anything was wrong. I saw then that his arm was pretty badly shot.

"I guess they got you that time, old boy," I remember saying, but then his head slumped over and I saw that the injuries were more serious than just some flak in the arm. I knew then that he was dead. I closed the bomb bay and returned to my post.

THE OLD ONE-TWO

Achtung, feindliche Flugzeuge! It is probably about 1030 hours on May 14 when the Nazi Jagdführer, or Fighter Controller, of the Holland fighter defense area is given this warning of enemy aircraft approaching.

With half a dozen other Jagdführers, each

allotted a coastal sector of *Festung Europa*, Jagdführer Holland is responsible for the day-fighter defense of Germany and its conquered territory. It is his job, using an intricate communications and radio-locator system, to deploy the fighters grouped at strategic points throughout his defense sector so that air attacks from England can best be met. Jagdführer Holland must have sworn a round Teutonic oath on this particular morning, for the approaching hostiles had crossed the North Sea so low they had eluded his radio locator screen. Ground observers had picked them up as they neared the coast.

The Jagdführer alerts the Low Countries. Neighboring defense sectors are notified that hostiles are abroad. For a while the defense network's flashes are sporadic. At 1035 the hostiles are reported over the Dutch coast near Scheveningen. Twelve twin-engine aircraft, very low, traveling east. They are spotted at Leyden, then over the outskirts of Amsterdam, at roof-top level. The quarry is flying too low and too fast to permit a planned interception by the fighters in the air. The Jagdführer, following the traced course of the intruders on his map, probably realizes what their target is by this time; it is his business to know what points in his domain may attract the attention of enemy bombers. He knows, too, by now, that the intruders are American, that they are medium bombers, what bomb load they will be carrying, and how fast they are traveling.

At 1100 hours Jagdführer Holland learns that the generating station at IJmuiden, a town on the coast, has been attacked with delayed-action bombs. By 1103 the hit-and-run raiders are reported across the coast once more. A minute later they have passed out to sea and are away. Then the bombs, having delayed fuses, start to explode.

It is an inauspicious start for May 14. The efficient Nazi warning network is taken by surprise. This can happen in the best regulated defense systems, as the Jagdführer well knows; his own fighter-bombers sometimes slip in unannounced at wave-top level to bomb the English Channel coast towns. But on this occasion the IJmuiden raid may be portentous. The day is fine and there are other targets in that area. Jagdführer Holland wonders whether it would not be a good idea to pull in a few of his fighter squadrons from the Belgian sector.

It is 1130 hours when Jagdführer Northwest Germany receives a message from his radio-locator headquarters. The screen has picked up *large hostiles, flying east* over the North Sea. A minute later the locator stations have pin-pointed the approaching planes on the map. Jagdführer Northwest Germany, on the balcony of his plotting room, watches the enemy-bomber symbol being placed deep in the angle of the North Sea formed by the Danish peninsula and the Frisian Islands. Another flash—the symbol is moved. The general course is southeast. The enemy, moving fast, is still miles at sea. Jagdführer Northwest Germany ponders his plan of battle.

Over his defense sector, comprising Denmark and the northwest corner of the Fatherland, are scattered scores of fighter bases. At each base Focke-Wulfs or Messerschmitts are stationed—in groups of five, ten, or twenty. These are the Jagdführer's pawns in the grim game to be played.

By 1135 the airfields in the sector are alerted and the first fighters are air-borne. At 1145 the enemy formation has turned southward and is nearing the coast at the base of the Danish peninsula. What is their target? The Jagdführer studies the likely objectives—Flensburg, Kiel, Hamburg, Hanover. Perhaps a swing to the west, which would threaten Wilhelmshaven and Emden—or a turn to the east toward Lübeck and Wismar. This is the decision that must not be wrong.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



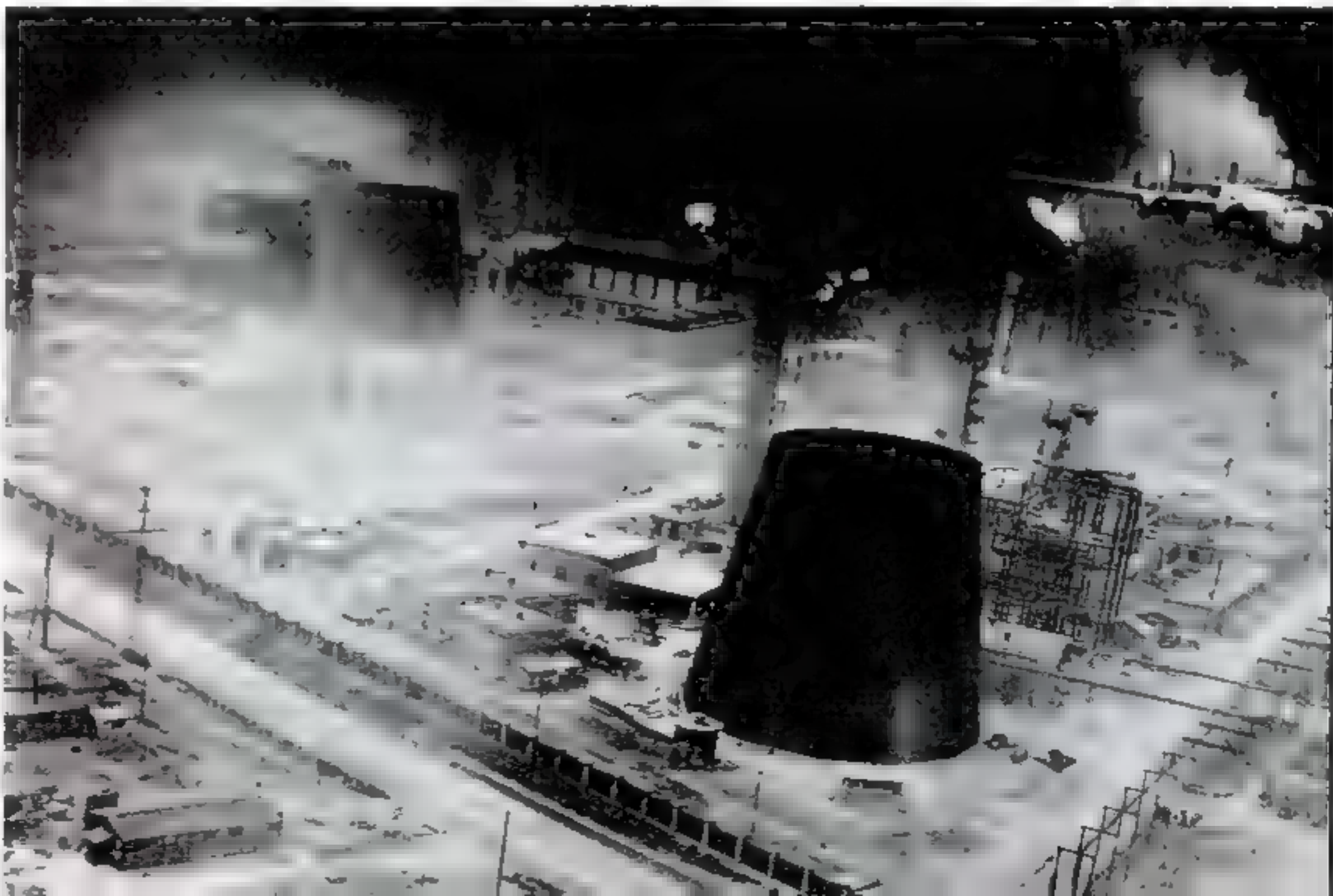
U. S. Liberators head away from the oil refineries at Ploesti, Romania, Aug. 1, after destroying a major fuel supply for the

German army and U-boat fleet. Some of the bombers used in this raid were transferred to Africa from the Eighth Air Force.



Oily smoke billows over Ploesti as the bombers come in low over the burning refineries. Below, the smoke is so dark that

the sky looks like night. The raid knocked out 50% of Ploesti's facilities for a year. The operational cost was 53 U. S. bombers



The moments tick away. The plotters move about silently as they chart the course of the invading force. At 1150 the first of the air-borne fighter groups makes contact with the enemy. *Achtung, Dickheads, Amerikanische. Warning, American heavy bombers.* The Jagdführer reaches a decision. The target will be Kiel. The important Germania and Deutsche Werke shipyards, not yet attacked by the Fortresses, are ideal objectives for the Americans and their precision bombing. Orders start pouring out over the telephone. Fighters roar into the air from stations 50 and 100 and 200 miles away. Kiel is their common goal. Five miles above that port they will intercept the bombers—if the Jagdführer has guessed right.

At 1200 the hostiles in "great force," are reported ten miles southwest of Kiel. Jagdführer Northwest Germany has a bad few moments. Are



TWO NAZI FIGHTERS DIVE TO ATTACK; U. S. BOMBERS

they going to bypass the target he has chosen and leave the bulk of his fighters waiting over Kiel? That will mean a chase and waste of precious flying time. At 1201 the hostiles have made a turn and are reported on a northeasterly course, almost over Kiel. The Jagdführer has guessed right. The main body of the fighters is in contact with their quarry now. The battle of Kiel is on.

At 1206 comes word that the Germania yards and the Deutsche Werke have been bombed, with "great destruction." The bombers have swung northwest. Now they have turned back across the peninsula, heading for the safety of the open sea. The fighters are hanging on, attacking the flanks of the retreating formation. Some of them, from the more distant stations, are beginning to run low on gas. Requests to land fill the air.

Jagdführer Holland is having his own troubles. At 1205, while Kiel is being bombed, his radio-lator stations report hostiles high off the English coast, flying southeast. This is a spear pointed at the heart of his defense sector. Jagdführer Holland orders several squadrons into the air. Jagdführer France, covering the sector to the west, does likewise. They wait. At 1214 Jagdführer Northwest Germany inquires about possible assistance while his squadrons are refueling. The answer he receives is short and to the point. At 1218 the hostiles are reported over the coast east of Dunkirk, heading southeast. Multiengine bombers, escorted by fighters, flying very high. Jagdführers Holland and France both vector their airborne squadrons to intercept the interlopers and then try to figure which way the Forts are headed. At 1230 the hostiles are over Ypres. Here they turn east. At 1230 several of Jagdführer's squadrons finally make contact with the intruders. Two minutes later Jagdführer Holland learns that approximately fifty Fortresses have bombed one of his most important stations—his fighter field at Courtrai. Hangers, shops, dispersal areas, and runways

have been hit. The raiders have turned north and headed for the coast.

At 1242 Jagdführer Northwest Germany reports the large body of hostiles which attacked Kiel have now passed out to sea on a westbound course.

At 1300 Jagdführer Holland's network reports large hostiles approaching the coast near Ostend. He calls on Jagdführer France for help. At 1308 the hostiles cross the coast. It is another force of four-engine bombers with fighter support. The hostiles fly southeastward toward Brussels. Jagdführer Holland vectors his squadrons toward Ghent. Some make contact and follow the hostiles as they turn abruptly northeastward at Brussels. The Jagdführer knows now what is coming. He throws his entire available force into combat around the target at Antwerp. The Fortresses bomb the Ford and General Motors plants at 1320.

The foregoing is a generalized picture of what probably happened among the directors of the Nazi day-fighter defense system on May 14. On that day the VIII Bomber Command dispatched well over 200 planes in four hours, attacking four targets, losing eleven bombers, and claiming sixty-seven Nazi fighters as destroyed. It was the first American multiple attack. It is not an ideal example—early experiments seldom are—but as the first, it deserves commemoration.

Between March 18, the date of the Vegesack raid, and May 14, the VIII Bomber Command had carried out attacks on a steadily increasing scale. It had blasted targets in Wilhelmshaven, Rotterdam, Bremen, and in one spectacular attack had destroyed the Renault plant in Paris. But the operations of May 14 were the first American multiple attack. Later multiple operations perfected the technique of delivering a rapid succession of attacks, confusing the enemy and dispersing his fighter strength.

The months of May and June settled down to a grim exchange of blow for blow. Flensburg, Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, Emden, Bremen, the synthetic-rubber plant at Huls, the submarine bases in Occupied France—these were hit and hit hard. The Nazi defense command sought desperately for ways to stop the Fortress formations from reaching their targets. Air-to-air bombing increased; fighters armed with rocket guns were reported by returning crews. The Forts were not stopped.

FULL STRIDE

The last week of July, 1943, was not a good one for European dictators. To one it brought political annihilation, abrupt and ignominious. To the other it brought the greatest sustained aerial offensive yet mounted by the VIII Bomber Command.

Out in force five times, the Fortresses hit sixteen major industrial targets. They made their longest flight—1900 miles—when they attacked the German U-boat base at the Norwegian port of Trondheim, not far from the Arctic Circle. They achieved their deepest penetration into Germany when they struck an aircraft factory at Oschersleben, only eighty miles from Berlin. In those seven climactic days they claimed 296 enemy fighters destroyed. Eighty-eight Fortresses were lost.

The best picture of the terror and destruction attendant on a massed air battle such as the one that took place over Regensburg was given by an officer who served as copilot of a Fortress in the last Group of the formation, a Group that consequently was hit harder than any other:

At 1017 hours, near Woensdracht, I saw the first flak blossom out in our vicinity, light and inaccurate. A few minutes later, two FW 190's appeared at one o'clock level and whizzed through the formation ahead of us in a frontal attack, nicking two B-17's in the wings and

breaking away beneath us in half rolls. Smoke immediately trailed from both B-17's, but they held their stations. As the fighters passed us at a high rate of closure, the guns of our group went into action. The pungent smell of burnt powder filled our cockpit, and the B-17 trembled to the recoil of nose and ball-turret guns. I saw pieces fly off the wing of one of the fighters before they passed from view.

Here was early action. The members of the crew sensed trouble. There was something desperate about the way those two fighters came in fast right out of their climb without any preliminaries. For a few seconds the interphone was busy with admonitions: "Lead 'em more" . . . "short bursts" . . . "don't throw rounds away" . . . "there'll be more along in a minute."

Three minutes later, the gunners reported fighters climbing up from all around the clock, singly and in pairs, both FW 190's and ME-109's. Every gun from every B-17 in our Group was firing, crisscrossing our patch of sky with tracers. Both sides got hurt in this clash, with two Fortresses from our low squadron and one from the Group ahead falling out of formation on fire with crews bailing out, and several fighters heading for the deck in flames or with their pilots lingering behind under dirty yellow parachutes. I noticed an ME-110 sitting out of range on our right. He was to stay with us all the way to the target, apparently reporting our position to fresh squadrons waiting for us down the road. At the sight of all these fighters, I had the distinct feeling of being trapped. The life expectancy of our Group suddenly seemed very short, since it appeared that the fighters were passing up the preceding Groups in order to take a cut at us.

Swinging their yellow noses around in a wide U-turn, the twelve-ship squadron of ME-109's came in from twelve to two o'clock in pairs and in fours, and the main event was on.

A shining silver object sailed over our right wing. I recognized it as a main exit door. Seconds later, a dark object came hurtling through the formation, barely missing several props. It was a man, clasp ing his knees to his head, revolving like a diver in a triple somersault. I didn't see his chute open.

A B-17 turned gradually out of the formation to the right, maintaining altitude. In a split second, the



BOMBERS IN THE STRATOSPHERE LEAVE VAPOR TRAILS

B-17 completely disappeared in a brilliant explosion, from which the only remains were four small balls of fire, the fuel tanks, which were quickly consumed as they fell earthward.

Our airplane was endangered by falling debris. Emergency hatches, exit doors, prematurely opened parachutes, bodies, and assorted fragments of B-17's and Hun fighters breezed past us in the slip stream.

I watched two fighters explode not far beneath, disappearing in sheets of orange flame, B-17's dropping out in every state of distress, from engines on fire to control surfaces shot away, friendly and enemy parachutes floating down, and, on the green carpet far behind us, numerous funeral pyres of smoke from fallen fighters, marking our trail. The sight was fantastic; it surpassed fiction.

I watched a B-17 turn slowly out to the right with its cockpit a mass of flames. The copilot crawled out of his window, held on with one hand, reached back for his chute, buckled it on, let go, and was whisked back into the horizontal stabilizer. I believe the impact killed him. His chute didn't open.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes, thirty minutes, and still no letup in the attacks. The fighters queued up like a bread line and let us have it. Each second of time had a cannon shell in it.

Our B-17 shook steadily with the fire of its .50's, and the air inside was heavy with smoke. It was cold in the cockpit, but when I looked across at the pilot I saw that sweat was pouring off his forehead and over his oxygen mask. He turned the controls over to me for a while. It was a blessed relief to concentrate on holding station in formation instead of watching those everlasting fighters boring in. It was possible to forget the fighters. Then the top turret gunner's twin muzzles would pound away a foot above my head, giving a realistic imitation of cannon shells exploding in the cockpit, while I gave an even better imitation of a man jumping six inches out of his seat.

A B-17 of the Group ahead, with its right Tokyo tanks on fire, dropped back to about 200 feet above our right wing and stayed there while seven of the crew successively bailed out. Four went out the bomb bay and executed delayed jumps, one bailed from the nose, opened his chute prematurely, and nearly fouled the tail. Another went out the left-waist-gun opening, delaying his chute opening for a safe interval. The tail gunner dropped out of his hatch, apparently pulling the rip

cord before he was clear of the ship. His chute opened instantaneously, barely missing the tail, and jerked him so hard that both his shoes came off. He hung limp in the harness, whereas the others had shown immediate signs of life after their chutes opened, shifting around in the harness. The B-17 then dropped back in a medium spiral and I did not see the pilots leave. I saw it just before it passed from view, several thousand feet below us, with its right wing a solid sheet of yellow flame.

After we had been under constant attack for a solid hour, it appeared certain that our Group was faced with annihilation. Seven of us had been shot down, the sky was still mottled with rising fighters, and it was only 1120 hours, with target-time still thirty-five minutes away. I doubt if a man in the Group visualized the possibility of our getting much further without one hundred per cent loss. I know that I had long since mentally accepted the fact of death, and that it was simply a question of the next second or the next minute. I learned firsthand that a man can resign himself to the certainty of death without becoming panicky. Our Group fire power was reduced thirty-three percent, ammunition was running low. Our tail guns had to be replenished from another gun station. Gunners were becoming exhausted and nerve-tortured from the prolonged strain.

One B-17 dropped out of formation and put its wheels down while the crew bailed out. Three Me-109's circled it closely, but held their fire, apparently ensuring that no one stayed in the ship to try for home.

Near the I. P., at 1150 hours, one hour and a half after the first of at least 200 individual fighter attacks, the pressure eased off, although hostiles were still in the

vicinity. We turned at the I. P. at 1154 hours with fourteen B-17's left in the Group, two of which were badly crippled. They dropped out soon after bombing the target and headed for Switzerland.

Weather over the target, as on the entire trip, was ideal. Flak was negligible. The Group got its bombs away promptly on the leader. As we turned and headed for the Alps, I got a grim satisfaction out of seeing a rectangular column of smoke rising straight up from the Me-109 shops.

The rest of the trip was a marked anti-climax. A few more fighters pecked at us on the way to the Alps. A town in the Brenner Pass tossed up a lone burst of futile flak. We circled over Lake Garda long enough to give the cripples a chance to join the family, and we were on our way toward the Mediterranean in a gradual descent. The prospect of ditching as we approached North Africa, short of fuel, and the sight of other B-17's falling into the drink, seemed trivial matters after the vicious nightmare of the long trip across southern Germany. We felt the reaction of men who had not expected to see another sunset.

At 1815 hours, with red lights showing on all the fuel tanks in my ship, the seven B-17's of the Group which were still in formation circled over a North African airfield and landed in the dust. Our crew was unscratched. Sole damage to the airplane: a bit of ventilation around the tail from flak and 20-mm. shells. We slept on the hard ground under the wings of our B-17, but the good earth felt softer than a silk pillow.

THE END



A FORTRESS LEAVES BLAZING FOCKE-WULF PLANT AT MARIENBURG, GERMANY. BEFORE BEING KNOCKED OUT BY PRECISION BOMBING, FACTORY PRODUCED 120 PLANES A MONTH



THE SEASONS

This is the unhelpful time of the year when the first thin crust has frozen on the ground and the sun, riding the sky in a low arc, never does more than melt the crust into a slippery mud. Sometimes the days grow uselessly warm but the cold always comes back, bleakly and quickly. The clouds are gray and chilly, and the earth under them grows gray and chill. The wind whips at the last dry leaves that stay stubbornly on the branches of young trees. It picks up the

fallen leaves and blows brown gusts of them through the air, rattling across the dried grass and the brittle weed stalks.

There is little balm in the season now, little hope and comfort. But in the glowing color photographs on the following pages, John Kabel, who follows the seasons across the land, shows the year's better times. Snow has already fallen and winter, coming in sharply, will bring a bitter brightness to the turning year.



WINTER

The ground and branches stay bare until the snow and the ice come to cover them. Here in the hills near Lake Placid, N. Y., a freezing rain has come and gone, whipping across the bleak branches and sheath-

ing them with delicate ice. The sun, shining out of the bright cold sky, glisters on the trees as they curve and creak heavily under their crystal covering which is beautiful but, when it breaks the branches, is also cruel.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



SPRING

When the ground is no longer frozen the little early flowers come quickly before the thickening foliage shades the sun away from them. Here it is late April in Ohio. The white spring beauties and the golden rag-

wort have taken over most of the space in this bit of roadside. The sun already begins to look warm as it slants over the drying earth and peeks out the first fuzzy green that shows in the shrubs and on the slim trees.



SUMMER

The dark evergreens always cover the slopes of the high western mountains. In summer the pines are speckled with yellow flowers that bloom briefly before the cones grow in. Here at St. Mary Lake in Glacier

National Park the July sun shines fiercely. But it never melts the snow nor warms the deep waters whose blue is disturbed only by the reflections of the snow and the gray images of the cold stone peaks.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



AUTUMN

Nothing more grows now. Only the stubble and the dry leaves are left to wither and cover the ground. Here is an October morning on the edge of an Ohio woodlot. The corn is all cut and the stalks are

stacked the neat way that farmers like to stack them. In back, the leaves of the maple trees are turning red, the birch leaves yellow and the ash leaves blue. The ground is still warm and the air still has comfort in it.



He learned about Life Insurance the hard way

I WAS curious about this man. He seemed more anxious to buy life insurance than I was to sell it. One day I remarked to him: "You are a great believer in life insurance." He looked out the window for a while without answering. Then he said: "It's because of some experiences I don't like to talk about, but perhaps I ought to tell you about them. The story might help others."

He told me that he had lost his father when he was ten. There was no life insurance; no other income. He went to live with his grandparents on a farm doing what chores he could to help out. His two sisters lived with other relatives. His mother worked—at work that was not too pleasant. He said he didn't even like to think about that. He was eighteen before he and his mother and sisters managed to set up a little home so that they could be together. He worked his way through college. That was tough but he didn't mind it. What he really minded, he told me, was not being with his mother during the years which would have meant so much to her.

"That," he said, "is learning about life insurance the hard way."



John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

THIS man expects to go on living for many years. But he finds a peace of mind in buying life insurance that he can find in no other way.

Any life insurance agent will tell you that peace of mind is one of the great benefits of life insurance and that peace of mind is made doubly sure if life insurance is reviewed from time to time to make certain

that it is suited to changing needs. Such a review is important now. No one knows what the end of the war will bring, but it is certain that education and training will be just as important to children as they always have been and that in the event of personal disaster it will be helpful to your family not to have to dispose of war bonds and other investments immediately.

If a review of your life insurance is made with a John Hancock agent, his advice will be practical because it is based on the experience gathered by this company in more than eighty years of fitting life insurance to the needs and incomes of many families. We suggest that you talk with a John Hancock agent soon.



THIS SAUCY, NONPRIORITY "JUNIOR MISS" DOLL
IS ALMOST AS BIG AS 4-YEAR-OLD VALERIE

FLOPPY RAG DOLLS

They are floppy and appealing, and some of them are very big

This Christmas little girls will be luckier than little boys. Chances are most boys will wish in vain for electric trains, mechanical sets, tricycles, scooters and other toys made of unobtainable critical materials. But little girls who love dolls will probably have their Christmas wishes granted.

Faced with wartime shortages, the doll industry more than a year ago began experimenting with new types of dolls. Prewar dolls had elastic joints, movable eyes and baby voices which required metal. They used ka-

pok stuffing, human hair and frequently were finished with lacquer. The new dolls which the manufacturers developed are mostly floppy, rag-type dolls which use no metal or elastic. They are stuffed with cotton, have painted eyes and hair made of yarn. Those shown here cost \$9 or more, but other soft dolls can be bought for less.

Among the novelties this year are pairs of dolls and overgrown dolls like "Junior Miss" on page opposite. To see a dollhouse big enough for Junior Miss, turn page.



LITTLE-GIRL DOLL WITH YELLOW YARN PIGTAILS HOLDS A BABY DOLL. PAIR COSTS \$7



JACK & JILL, COTTON-STUFFED, HAVE PAINTED FACES AND YARN HAIR, COST \$1.95 EACH



BROTHER AND SISTER ARE DRESSED ALIKE. THEY COST \$7



"MIMI" IS A TOUSLY-HAIRED IMAGE OF A BIGGER DOLL



BRIDES ARE BIG FAVORITES. THIS ONE COSTS ABOUT \$10



"PEARLIE" IS A POPULAR NAY DOLL AND COSTS ABOUT \$9



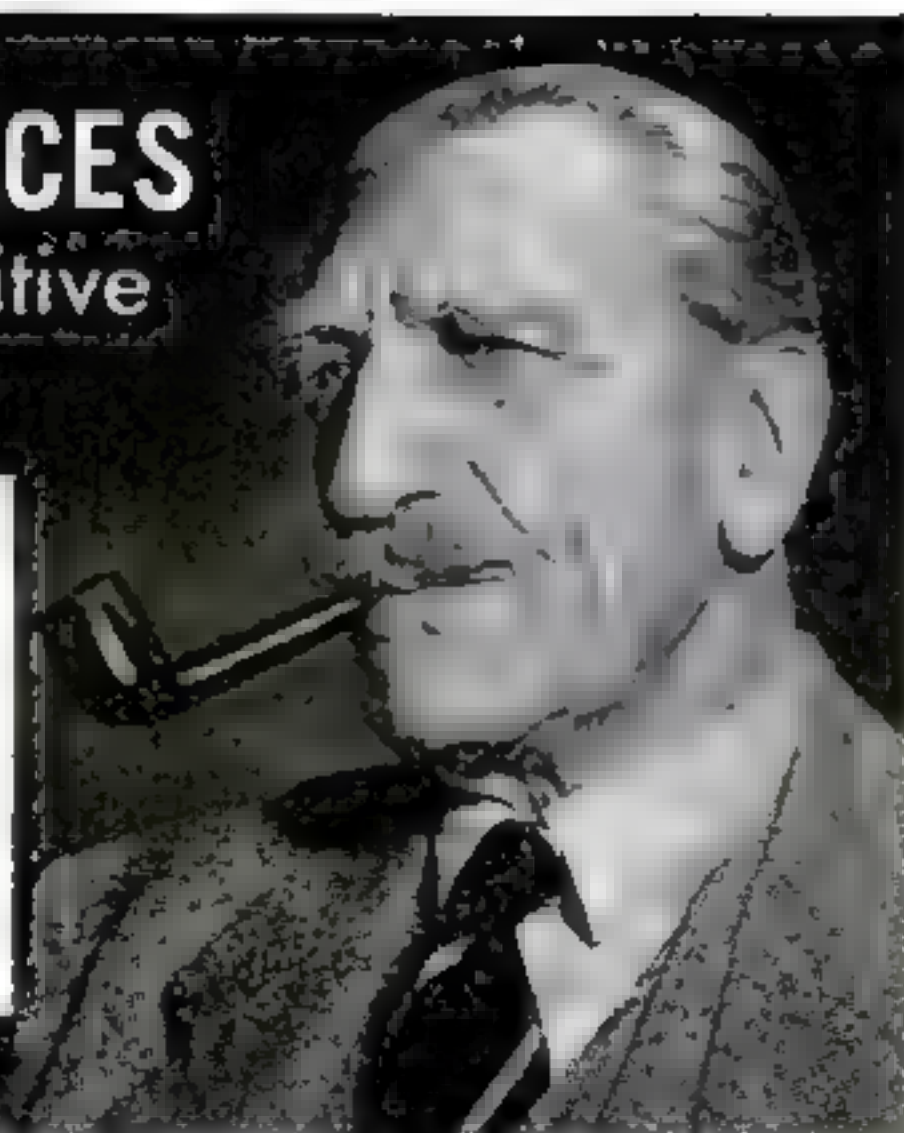
THIS SOFT DOLL HAS DARK EYES THAT MOVE, COSTS \$3.50



GOLDILOCKS AND HER LITTLE BEAR DOLL COST ABOUT \$8

ACTORS' FACES

are extra sensitive



PRIMA VINE MAKE-UP keeps my skin very tender and sensitive," says C. Aubrey Smith.

"So it was certainly a great pleasure to discover Williams containing Lanolin. The Lanolin is most soothing. It leaves my skin feeling soft and pleasant - lets me shave closely with comfort."

—that's why C. AUBREY SMITH shaves with Williams, made with soothing LANOLIN

To help every man with a sensitive skin, soothing Lanolin has been added to Williams Shaving Cream.

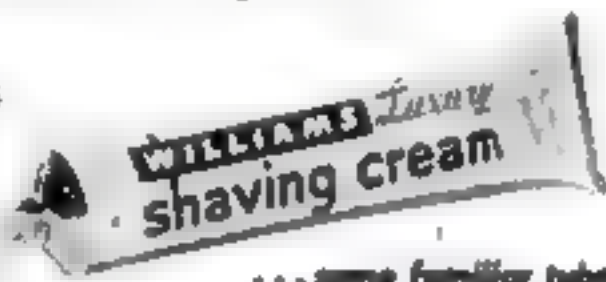
Lanolin has long been prescribed by doctors in treating dry or irritated skin. A natural substance, Lanolin very closely resembles the natural oil of the human skin.

Williams Shaving Cream with Lanolin helps relieve the taut, sore feeling that so often follows a close

shave. It leaves your skin feeling softer and supple, soothed and refreshed.

Try this improved Williams Shaving Cream right away! Feel the difference for yourself.

CONTAINS
LANOLIN



OUR TRADE MARK

WINDBREAKER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DRY WAR BONDS



ALSO BOYS & JUVENILES

America's Most Famous Name in Jackets
A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
WHITMAN SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
FULL LINED WITH BRYKO RAYON
OTHER STYLES, COLORS AND LININGS

JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

The Gift
for SERVICE
and STYLE
by **Rumpp**

BILFOLDS—Slimmed for non-bulging, multi-pocketed for bills, cards and stamps, with or without change compartment, in assorted styles and many leathers.



OVERNIGHTER—Complete with good-grooming essentials—brush, comb, manicuring and shaving equipment—yet it packs in almost no space at all.



Rumpp
GIFTS OF LEATHER
C. F. RUMPP & SONS, PHILA., PA.

Dolls (continued)



Playhouse is nearly six feet square which provides plenty of room for ladies of 3 to 6 years to move around in. The furniture includes a mirrored vanity, cupboard, bed, kitchen table and stove with oven doors that open, burners that flip up and down.

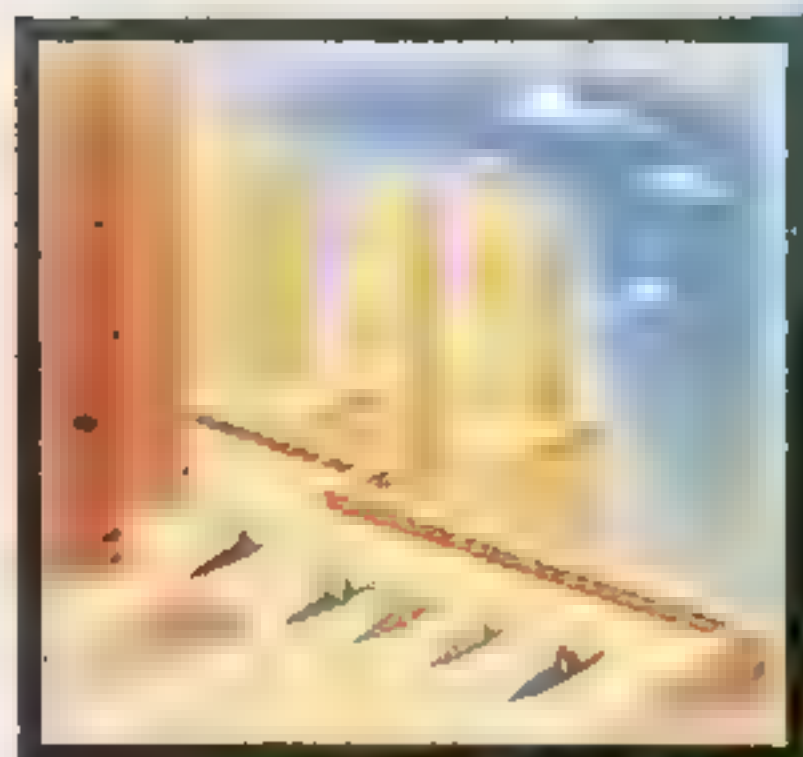


Dutch door and wooden shutters, painted blue against background of pale pink, make this a dream house which youngsters readily populate with storybook characters. Grim reality is the price: cost of house without furniture, \$150; with furniture, \$325.



Doll's canopy bed is sturdy enough to hold real infant. The ruffles at bottom conceal two drawers for doll's clothes. The bed costs \$60. House and furniture may be bought at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. No provisions are made for taking out a mortgage.

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Prefer the World's Lightest Highball!



TOMORROW'S HELICOPTER COMMUTER!

Step from your office building terrace into your Helicopter and commute to your hunting lodge on a mountain lake 200 miles away! That's more than a commuter's dream, for the Helicopters already designed will make it possible for you *Tomorrow*! You can take off and land vertically . . . and fly so fast that your hide-out in the woods will be only minutes away!

★ ★ ★

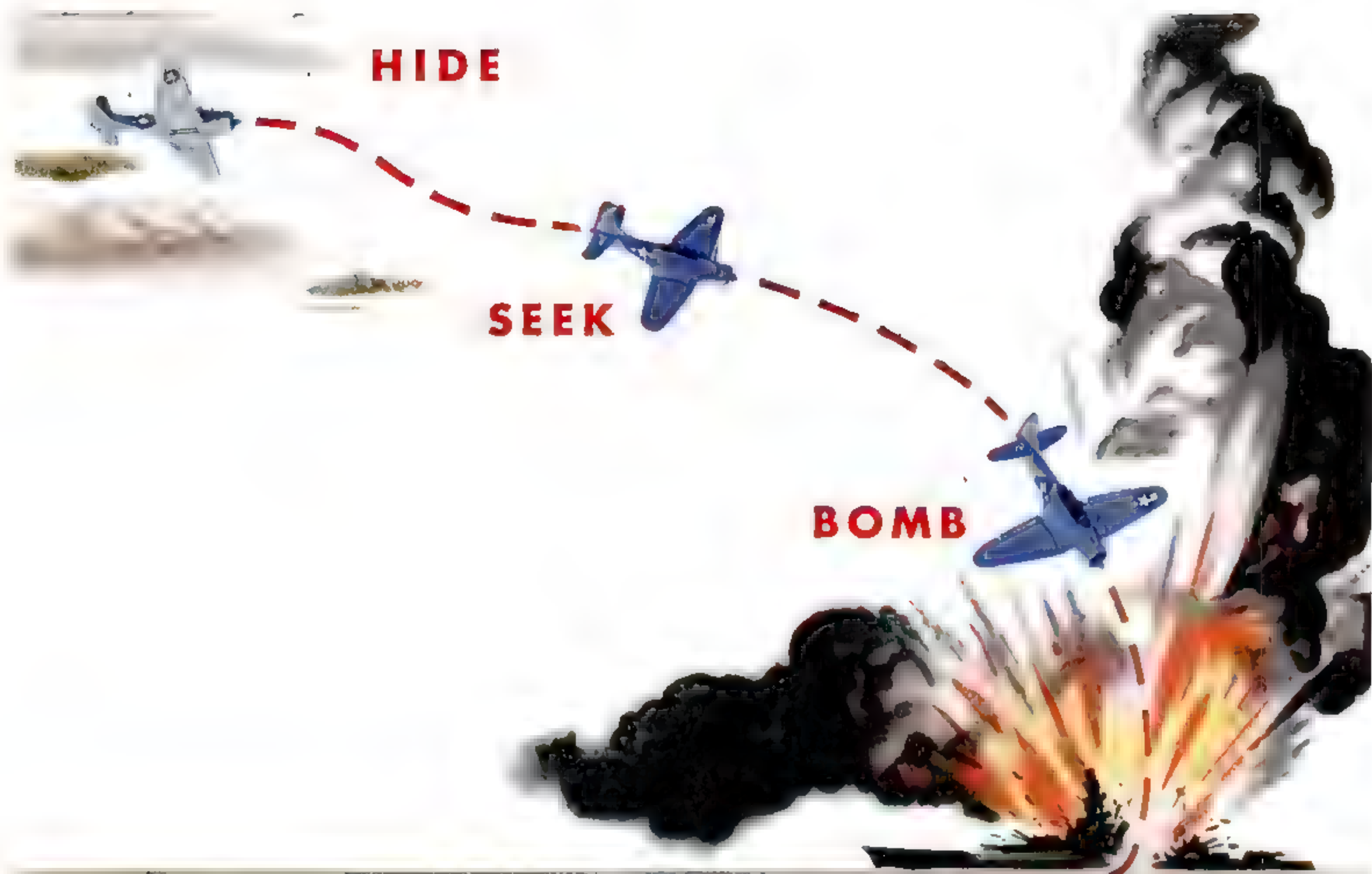
SEAGRAM was planning for *Tomorrow* six long years ago, when Germany pledged the neutrality of Belgium . . . "The Life of Louis Pasteur" won the Motion Picture Academy award as America's outstanding movie . . . when the United States won the Davis Cup tennis matches from Britain. And when the rare, fine whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were carefully blended and stored away, to age and mellow through the seasons . . . so the V.O. of today would always give you graciously the WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old — 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



DIVE-BOMBING—First in a series of advertisements, dedicated to the skill and courage of American aviators, showing Army and Navy aerial combat tactics.

TODAY, many a Jap is with his ancestors because, more than twenty years ago, Lt. L. H. Sanderson, Marine Corps Aviator, invented a new and deadly form of destruction—dive-bombing.

HOW "DIVE-BOMBING" IS DONE

When "on the prowl," a squadron of "Dauntless" Dive Bombers takes full advantage of the protective cover of high clouds. Sighting the target, they descend to approximately 9,000 feet. Here, one by

one, they "peel off" and approach at an angle of about 65 to 70 degrees. When about 1500 feet above the target, bombs are released. Crossing the target, the planes then fly low over the water and

jink—a zig-zag flying pattern that makes an almost impossible target for anti-aircraft fire.

* * *

Shell was first to supply American Military Aviation with a super fuel—100 octane gasoline—giving our planes new speed and range. Later Shell discoveries increased both the power and output of aviation gasoline. Now, every day, Shell produces more than enough to fuel a bombing mission of 2,400 planes from England over Germany.



FINER FUELS FOR THE AGE OF FLIGHT



The Brontës

THREE STRANGE SISTERS ARE
EARNING A NEW POPULARITY

Some of the finest writing of the 19th Century was produced about a hundred years ago by two minister's daughters in the parsonage of a small town on the Yorkshire moors. The authors, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, wrote under the handicaps of poverty, ill-health and personal misfortune. They were surprised when a few discerning people praised their books. Today they would be even more amazed, for their growing fame is reaching a new popular climax. By the end of December, the Book-of-the-Month Club will have distributed more than 350,000 copies of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* and Emily's *Wuthering Heights*, from which the engravings on pages 101-104 are reproduced. Early in 1944, 20th Century-Fox plans to release a magnificent film production of *Jane Eyre*.

The fame that has come slowly to the Brontës is richly deserved. The sisters translated the cold world around them and their unhappy lives into books filled with subdued tensions and strange, excited melancholy. Much of that quality is mirrored in this portrait from life of (l. to r.) Charlotte, Emily and their sister Anne, painted by their brother Branwell, carelessly folded and cracked years ago.



THE PARSONAGE at Haworth looks out over a crowded graveyard. House was smaller and much more bare when the Brontës lived here. Vines have covered the walls since then and the two central trees, planted by Charlotte and her husband, have grown tall.



HALLWAY OF THE PARSONAGE is unchanged since the Brontës' day. Door at right opens into the Rev. Patrick Brontë's study, where he used to eat alone. Across from it is the dining room (*below*) where the sisters wrote. In recess by stairs Emily beat her dog Keeper to punish him for lying on beds.



DINING ROOM was center of Brontës' social life. Here, after they had eaten, they sat in the evening around the mahogany table, talking or working on their books and poetry. The

piano belonged to Charlotte who often played on it for her sisters. On the worn horsehair couch Emily, who had never been well, died of consumption, a disease that killed most of

the family. Memorabilia on table belonged to all three sisters. The lamp was placed in the window to guide Branwell home after his drunken debauches in a local Haworth tavern.



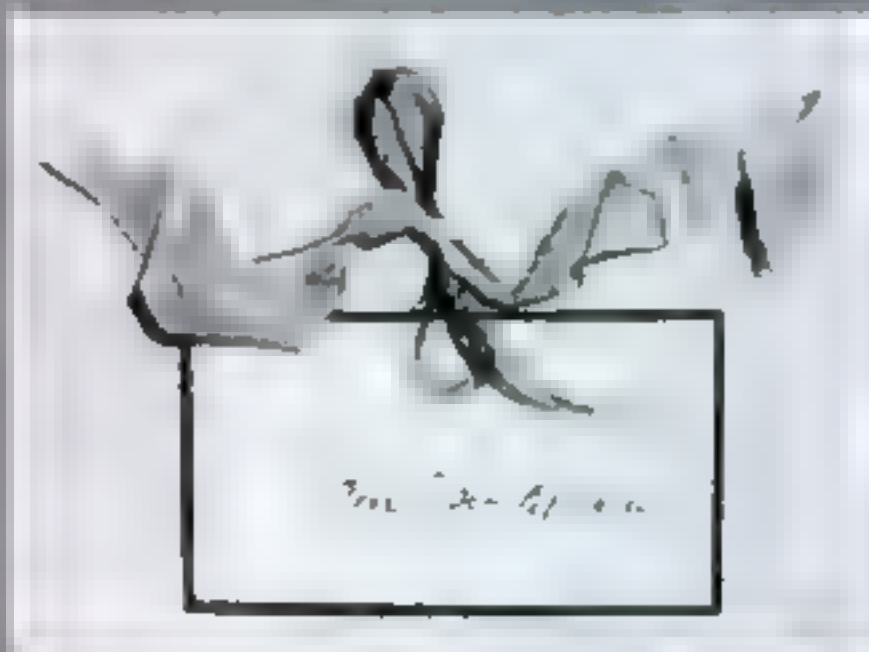
THE "BLACK BULL" was frequented by Branwell Brontë. A weak man who was spoiled by his sisters' love, he was discharged from his job as a railroad clerk for negligence and finally died wasted by ravages of consumption, alcohol and opium. He used to stumble through gate at right on his way home.



STREET IN HAWORTH is typical of the dark, cobbled alleys that climb the steep hills of the town up to the stone church and the Brontës' home. All day long smoke from the houses below rolls up streets, a sight that inspired one of Emily Brontë's first poems.



THE BRONTË POSSESSIONS are still carefully preserved in the Haworth parsonage. At left is the trunk shared by Charlotte and Emily when they attended Brussels school where Charlotte



later returned to teach and to fall tragically in love with the headmaster. The lock of dark, silken hair (center above) was cut from the dead Charlotte's head by an unknown friend. The



cup and comb were Emily's. She held the comb as she was dying. It slipped from her hands into fire and was snatched out partially scorched. Grave at right is in their father's church.



"THORNFIELD HALL," the home of Mr. Rochester in *Jane Eyre*, is really a house called The Rydings, near Bradford in Yorkshire. Here, near the town where she was born, Charlotte used to visit her best school friend, Ellen Nussey, whose family owned The Rydings. It is described as a "gentleman's manor-house."



"FERDEAN MANOR," to which Rochester retired after blinding himself in trying to rescue his wife from blazing Thornfield Hall, is really Wyeller Hall. At its ruined fireplace, *Jane Eyre* found the blind Rochester whom she married. She saw him "leaning over it with his head against the mantelpiece."



The Brontës (continued)

They wrote of familiar lives and landscapes

Colored in their narrow world, knowing only the valleys of heath and the bare hills of their native shire, the Brontës drew on their small experiences when writing their books. Their novels are no mere records of the hopes, the sorrows and the sorrows that were closest to the sisters. Grim Lawood school, to which Jane Eyre was sent, is the picture of a real school, Cowan Bridge, where the Brontë sisters spent their younger years. This cruel institution killed two of the five Brontë girls, Maria and Elizabeth, and seriously undermined Charlotte's orate constitution. Thornfield Hall and Ferndean Manor, where the latter part of *Jane Eyre* is laid, were modeled after actual houses well known to Charlotte. They still stand, *left*, in the gloomy Yorkshire countryside.

The characters of the Brontë novels are delineations of people the sisters met at school or in Haworth, or on their infrequent trips. The chapters of *Jane Eyre* are full of people, conversations and situations that Charlotte re-created from her work as a governess. The desolate moors of *Wuthering Heights* on which Cathy and Heathcliff met are those near Haworth beloved by Emily, where "out of a sudden hollow in a live, hillock her mind could make an Eden." There she found the farmhouse (opposite page) that she describes in her book. Its owner, the wicked, brooding Heathcliff, is a word portrait of Branwell Brontë, the wasted wild raker of his sisters' hearts.



CABINET AT HAWORTH was described as standing in the room of Rochester's mad wife at Thornfield Hall. *Jane Eyre* saw it "a great cabinet opposite whose front, divided into twelve panels, bore, in grim design, the heads of the twelve apostles."

"Wuthering Heights"
is a farmhouse on the
dreary Yorkshire moors



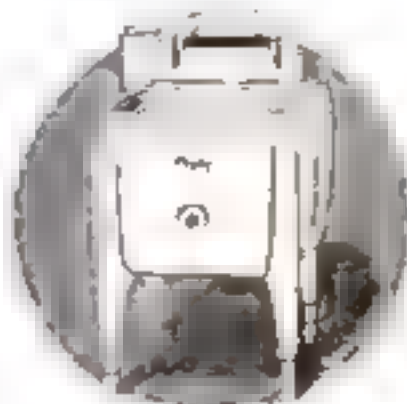
.. "I wish Santa could
bring me a Maytag!"



"Wish I could!" UNFORTUNATELY Santa can't bring *anybody* a Maytag this Christmas. For we here at Maytag are putting all our energy and facilities into helping win the war. Today, instead of washers, Maytag is producing hydraulic and electrical actuating mechanisms for bombers, aluminum aircraft castings, and other items for special fighting equipment. But we can promise you that *after the war*, Maytag will be making washers again! Meanwhile, your Maytag should have the best care and service available. Maytag dealers have adequate service facilities and genuine Maytag parts when needed. If you don't know your local Maytag dealer, write us at Newton, Iowa.

Maytag

WASHERS IRONERS



The Brontës (continued)

The story of "Jane Eyre"



JANE EYRE, Charlotte Brontë's heroine, is a penniless orphan who rebels against the harsh treatment of her aunt, Mrs. Reed, and is sent to Lowood school. She spends a miserable girlhood there, for pupils are regimented and suffer a regime of almost fiendish cruelty. When she grows up, Jane is sent to Thornfield Hall as a governess.



AT THORNFIELD HALL Jane Eyre begins to live for the first time. She and the unhappy master of Thornfield, Edward Rochester, fall in love and plan to marry. After discovering that Rochester has an insane wife who wanders through Thornfield Hall in the night (below), Jane leaves in despair to flee across the moors.





THE REV. ST. JOHN RIVERS finds the exhausted Jane and takes her into his home to live with his two sisters. He wants Jane to go to India with him and tries to persuade her to marry him. Under the influence of his strong personality, Jane almost consents, but a telepathic appeal from Rochester sends her back to Thornfield Hall.



THE RUINS of Thornfield Hall greet Jane when she returns. She learns that the fire that destroyed it also killed Rochester's wife and burned him when he was attempting to rescue her. Jane follows the blind Rochester (below) to his new home, Ferndean Manor, where they are happily reunited and eventually marry.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FLANK ATTACK



If you want to see a military objective surrounded, just open up some big bubbling bottles of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale! All the services—and civilians—find delight in this dancing, golden drink.

It's grand for parties—full of fun and sparkle—free from all regrets. The finest of ingredients,

flavor-aged for extra goodness. Thirsty throats have welcomed it for more than fifty years.

Best of all, it's as tempting to the purse as the palate. Only 3c a glassful—or less—in the big thrifty quart bottle. Or you can get smaller sizes. Fill up your refrigerator with delicious Clicquot Club.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale

OVER FIFTY YEARS A FAVORITE

Have you tried Clicquot Club Sparkling Water? Bonded carbonation, the secret of sparkling quality, does the trick... imparting to Clicquot Club Sparkling Water that lasting tang of life that makes it the finest of mixers.

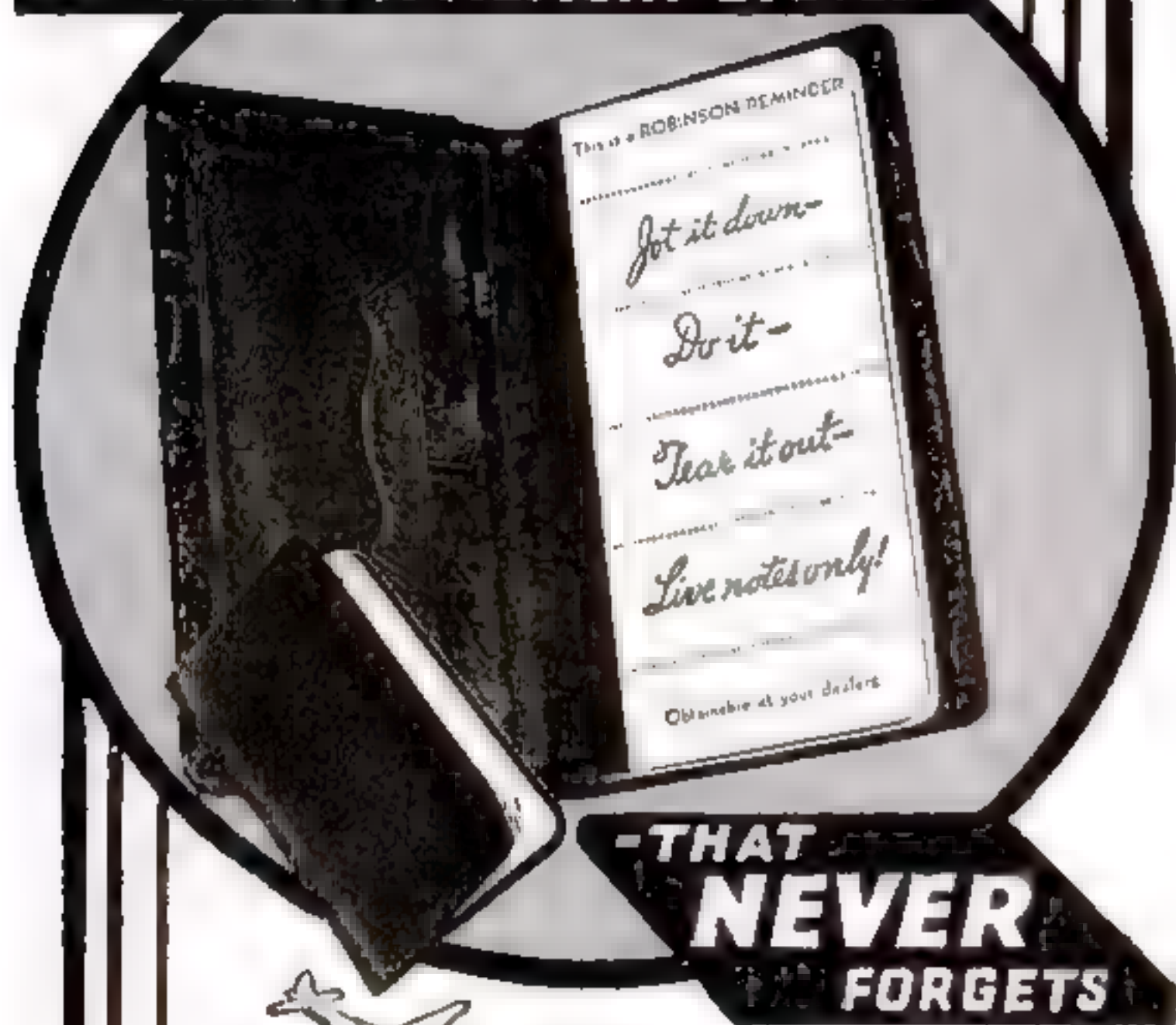


M. W. ATES & SON

"I forgot—"

-WON'T WIN THE WAR!

BUT HERE'S A MEMORY SYSTEM



-THAT NEVER FORGETS

It's not easy to keep a sure fire MEMORY in these days of EXTRA speed and EXTRA effort. That's why ROBINSON REMINDERS are standard at Douglas Aircraft where men and women can't be forgetful.

ROBINSON REMINDER is the original perforated coupon book you jot each note on a separate coupon when attended to, you tear it out—keep live notes only. Plenty of pockets. Fine eaters. At stationery, department and leather goods stores. From \$1.00 to \$10.00.

Filers are standard and available everywhere.

WRITE for FREE catalog and dealers' names.

ROBINSON REMINDERS

WESTFIELD, MASS.



ROBINSON PEN-in-INK
The pen that never fails—
ALWAYS READY TO
WRITE INSTANTLY.

ZIPKIT FOR LADIES
It carries everything—REMIN-
DERS and purse for shopping.



ROBINSON BILLMINDER
Thin Filenavy with double
quick pass case and slide
out file.

Also by the makers of ROBINSON REMINDERS

The Brontës (continued)

Story of "Wuthering Heights"

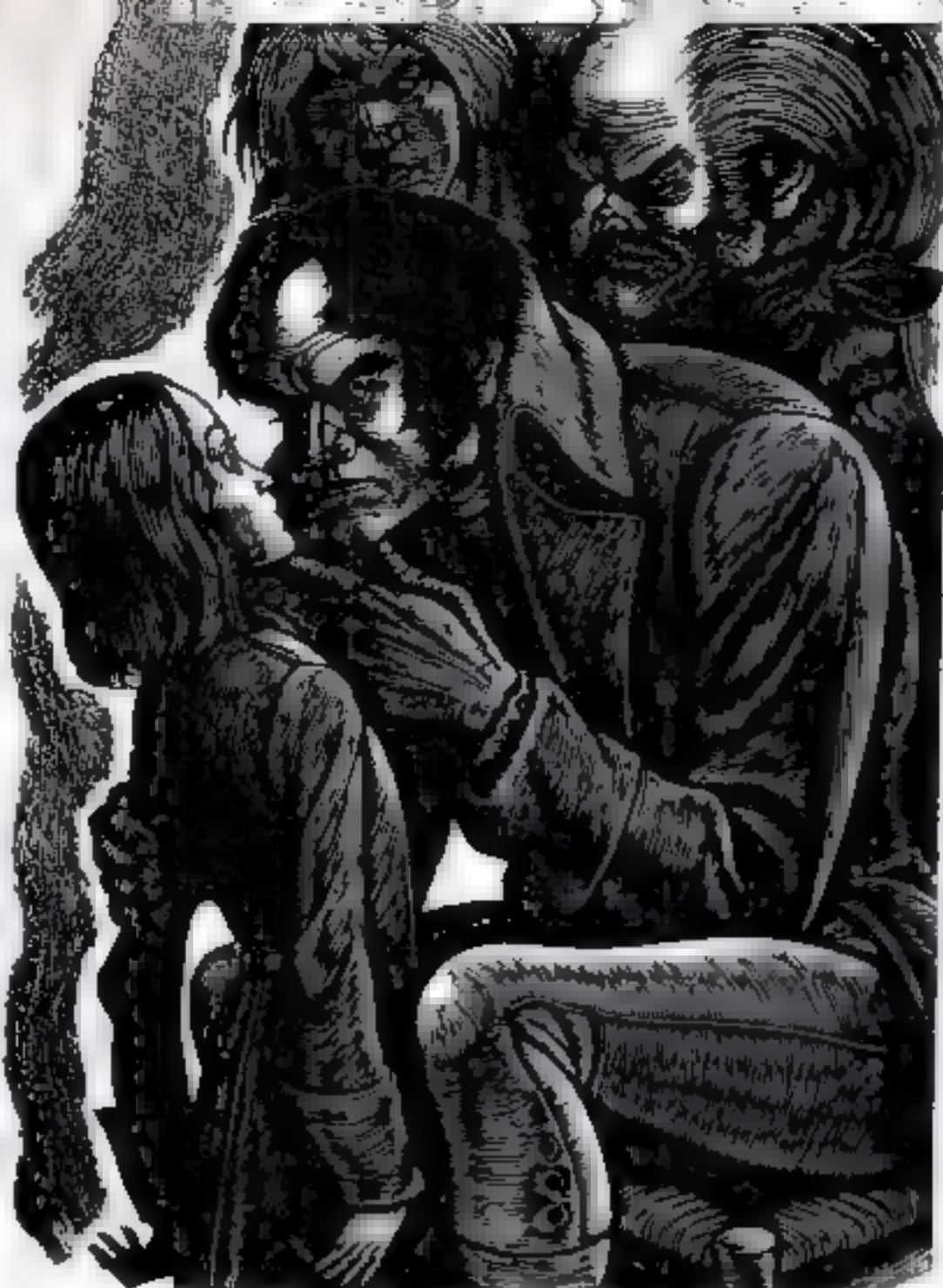


A VISIT TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS is paid by Mr. Lockwood, one of narrators of Emily Brontë's story. He has come to see Heathcliff from whom he has just rented Thrushcross Grange, a house in the valley a few miles away. Heathcliff, a rude and violent man, leaves Lockwood alone in a room to be menaced by a pack of snarling dogs.



ISABELLA, HEATHCLIFF'S WIFE, is maltreated by her domineering husband who is in love with the memory of Cathy. Heathcliff was a 13-year-old boy taken into the home of Mr. Earnshaw, Cathy's father. He was humiliated by Cathy's brother and ran away to become rich. On his return he found Cathy married, though still loving him (below).





HEATHCLIFF got *Wuthering Heights* through advancing money for the gambling debts of Cathy's brother. After Cathy's death Heathcliff, riddled by desire for revenge, coarsens young Hareton, son of the ruined gambler. Through his wife, Cathy's sister-in-law, he acquires Thrushcross Grange, the home of Cathy and her husband.

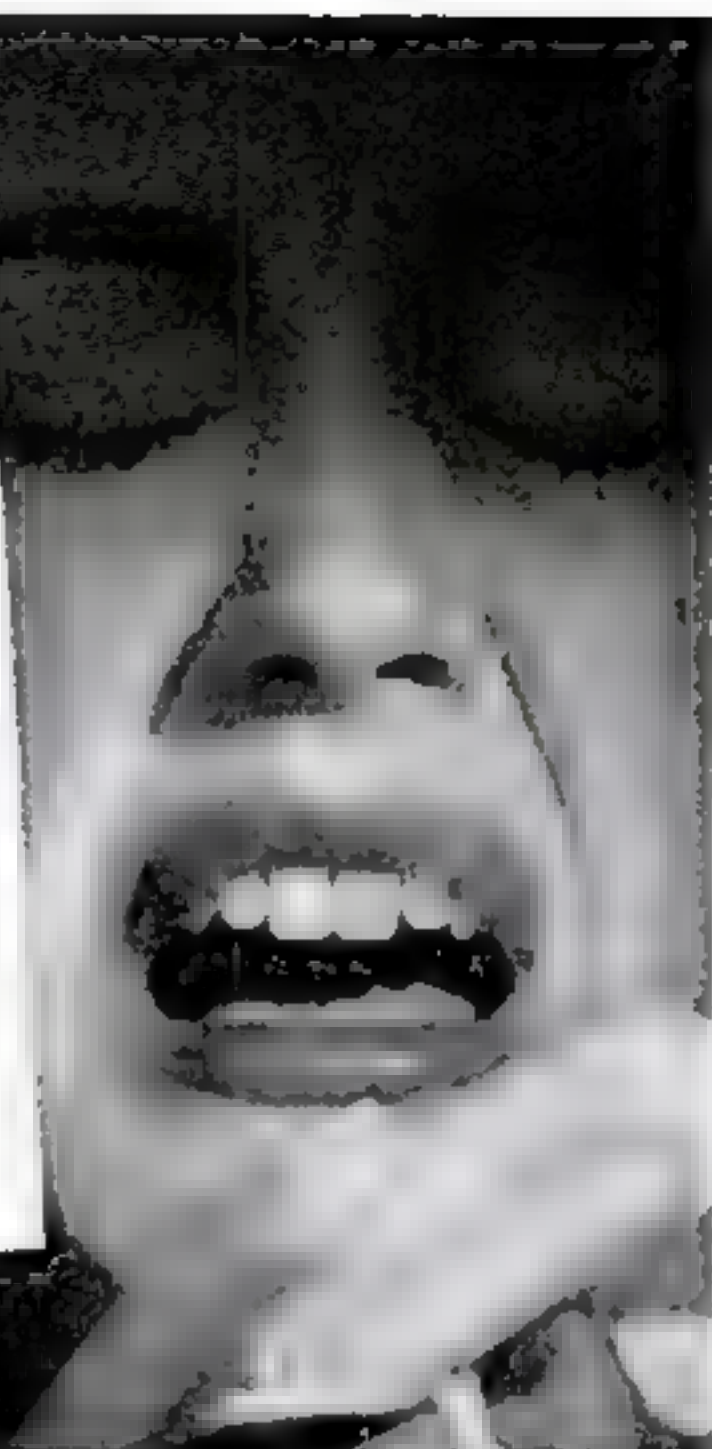


CRAZED BY LOVE and vindictiveness, Heathcliff, who once tried to dig Cathy's body from her grave, goes at night to search for her. He refuses to eat for four days. He dies and his spirit is reunited with Cathy's on the moors they loved as children. In the woodcut below, by Fritz Eichenberg, their ghosts are seen together (right).



TAKING COLD?

Don't wait! Relief measures are good, but here are the 5 BASIC STEPS physicians advise to help your system *throw off the infection*. Start them at once. And see how lemons help!



5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians

LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5

1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.

Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue*. It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.

2. Keep elimination regular.

Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.

3. Alkalinize your system.

Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.

4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.

Lemon drinks are favorites.

5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.

Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration... take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and Soda forms natural sodium citrate, plus vitamins. Gives all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalinize; they aid elimination—3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, first thing on arising.



To make Lemon & Soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quits.

Copyright, 1943, California Fruit Growers Exchange

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS



BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

California
**Sunkist
Lemons**



The pueblo of Santo Domingo lies stretched out in the hot New Mexican sun on both sides of the Rio Grande. Its thatched houses and igloo-shaped ovens (left) are built of adobe

plastered over with mud. Pots on chimneys are an old Pueblo custom. The Indians put them there centuries ago to frighten away Spanish soldiers, who thought the pots were warriors.



Roman Catholic church at Santo Domingo was built and decorated by devout Indians. Church and village at left would be flooded if the dam is built. Years ago Catholic authorities

DAM THREATENS PUEBLOS

New Mexico Indians, fighting to save their ancient villages, allowed LIFE to take these rare pictures

The Pueblo Indians who live along the Rio Grande valley in New Mexico are a proud, ancient, self-sustaining and, in many respects, a lucky people. They have owned the land they live on for more than 300 years and the self-government which they practice was more than a century old when the Declaration of Independence was written. They are polite to visitors, but they have suffered so much from curiosity-seekers that many of their pueblos, or towns, do not allow any photographs to be taken. Consequently most Americans have little or no idea of what these remarkable Indians are really like.

It took a serious crisis to convince the Pueblos that it would be a good thing for



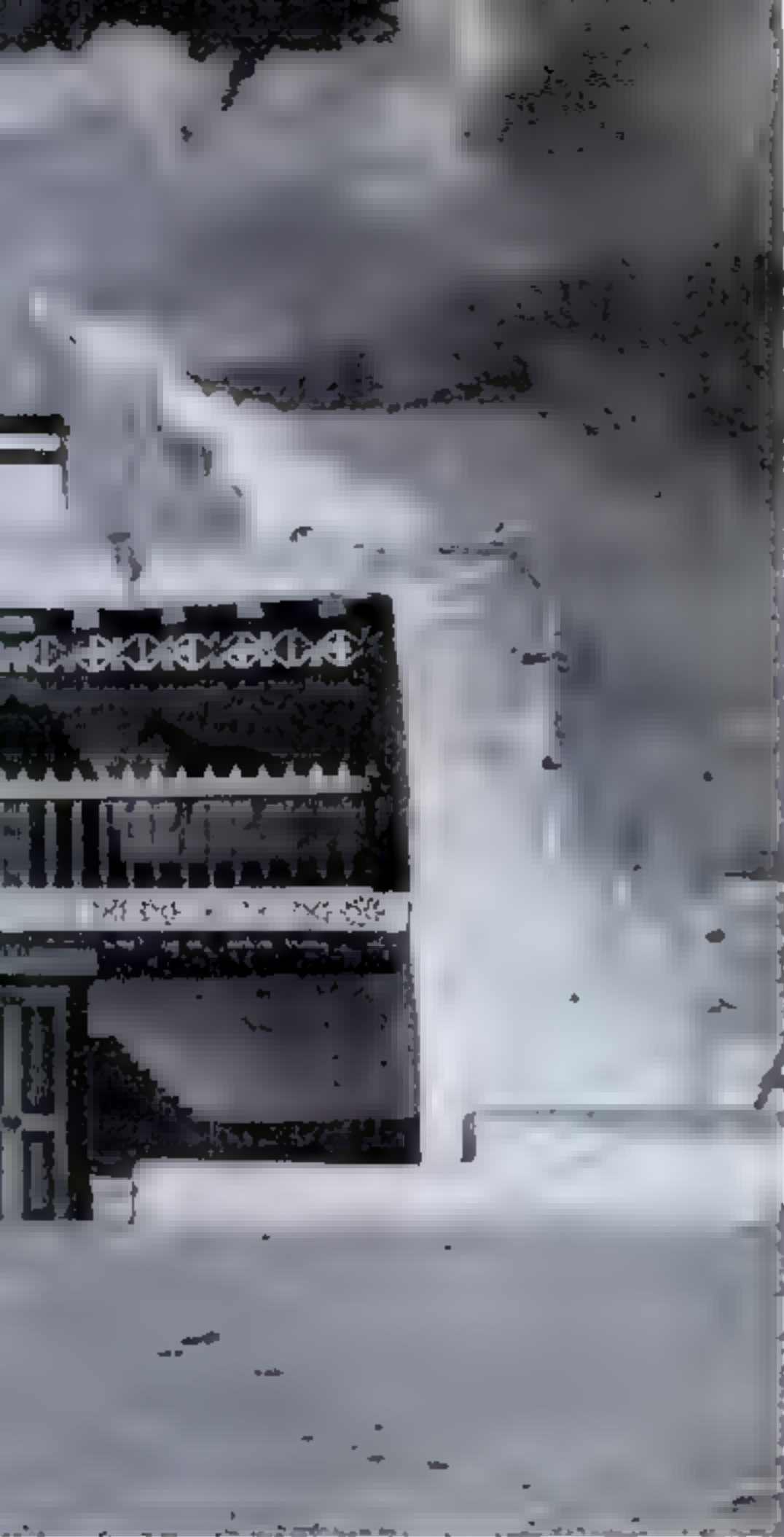
Leader John Bird, a graduate of Haskell Institute, gave up job in a California shipyard and came home to Santo Domingo to help organize the fight against the dam.



Spokesman Lorenzo Sanchez attended tripueblo meeting (right) as representative of governor of San Felipe Pueblo. A fluent speaker (in Spanish), he was doubtful about admitting photographer.



Tripueblo council meeting was held in Santo Domingo to act on LIFE's request to photograph the three threatened villages. The older men at the meeting were dubious, but John



tried to force Indians to give up ceremonial dancing on Sundays, temporarily abandoned the church. An Indian said mass until priests came back. The Pueblos still dance on Sunday.



Pueblo of Cochiti, upstream from Santo Domingo, would lose its best farmlands if dam project goes through. The other threatened pueblo is San Felipe, a few miles down the river.

There are 18 Indian pueblos in New Mexico, each with a governor, lieutenant governor, council made up of leading men of village. Santo Domingo, the largest, is capital of them all.

LIFE Photographer Peter Stackpole to take the rare photographs on these pages. For years the white people of New Mexico, and particularly of nearby Albuquerque, have talked about building a dam across the Rio Grande. Last May Representative Anderson from Albuquerque introduced a bill in Congress authorizing "the exploration of proposed dam sites" on the land owned by the Indians. The Pueblos are fighting this bill. From long experience with white men, they are convinced that an "exploration" will almost surely lead to building a dam. They think, too, that power interests are really behind the project. Proponents of the dam point out that the Rio Grande valley has serious flood and erosion problems which a dam would help

greatly to solve. But if it is built it will wipe out three of their finest pueblos and go a long way toward destroying the Pueblo way of life.

Of course they would be paid for their land, but they don't want the money. To them the land is irreplaceable. The reason for this was best explained in a letter which one of their young men, now fighting overseas, wrote home when he heard about the bill. "An Indian village is not a mere camping ground," he wrote. "It is a sacred area regulated by a series of rituals, customs and traditions for generations [and] laid out with proper ceremonies by old men who know.... This would be a stab in the back if it goes through for us boys who are away from those villages. . . ."



Bird (standing, left) favored the idea because it would help outsiders to understand the Indians' case. "When an Indian loses his land he's a goner for sure," Bird told LIFE reporter.



Governor Pitacio Arquero of Cochiti brought his official cane to meeting. Each pueblo in New Mexico has a ceremonial cane presented by U.S. in 1863 with "A. Lincoln" engraved on silver head.



Governor Eliseo Calabaza of Santo Domingo is typical of older leaders. He makes few speeches but is highly respected for deep knowledge of religion and traditions.

For a hymn of joy from him and him!



Can you picture that family of yours around the tree on Christmas morning? You pass out the gifts . . . in a jiffy the wrappings are off . . . and then what? Can you detect that swift upsurge of pleasure that means more than a thousand thanks? . . . that boundless satisfaction that is a true hymn of joy from him and him? You can accomplish just that . . . and easily, too. For example, here are two practical presents that will please any man or boy. The Kerry is a smart, snug ulster of gabardine with collar and lining of Alpaca pile . . . The Glacier, a gabardine parka, lined with warm, wool pile. Both are made by Monarch, creators of "Better Outdoor Garments" for nearly half a century. To be certain, when you buy, look for the Monarch label.

THE MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO.
833 E. Chicago St., Milwaukee 2, Wis.



• Leather and Fabric Jackets for Men and Boys. Leisure Coats and Fingertips.



Traditionally finer

The making of fine rums is a Puerto Rican tradition . . . one which reaches its height in the production of Don Q. The rare flavour that makes Don Q a favorite can come only from the best use of the distiller's art.

DON Q RUM

86 PROOF

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, Inc., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Pueblo Indians (continued)



This pueblo dwelling in Santo Domingo is long, clean, white adobe structure whose gallery is festooned with thick strings of scarlet chilis, drying in the sun. Upper apartments are used in summer, more enclosed below in winter. The ladders are the only stairs—years ago they were pulled up when an enemy approached. Most Pueblos live



Dehydrating fruits and vegetables is centuries-old science of Pueblo Indians. Here a Santo Domingo farmer places peeled chunks of muskmelon on branches of a dead cottonwood tree, set up in his yard for this purpose. When dry the pieces are stored in a cool place, later cooked in pines and sauces, like apricots or any other dried fruit.

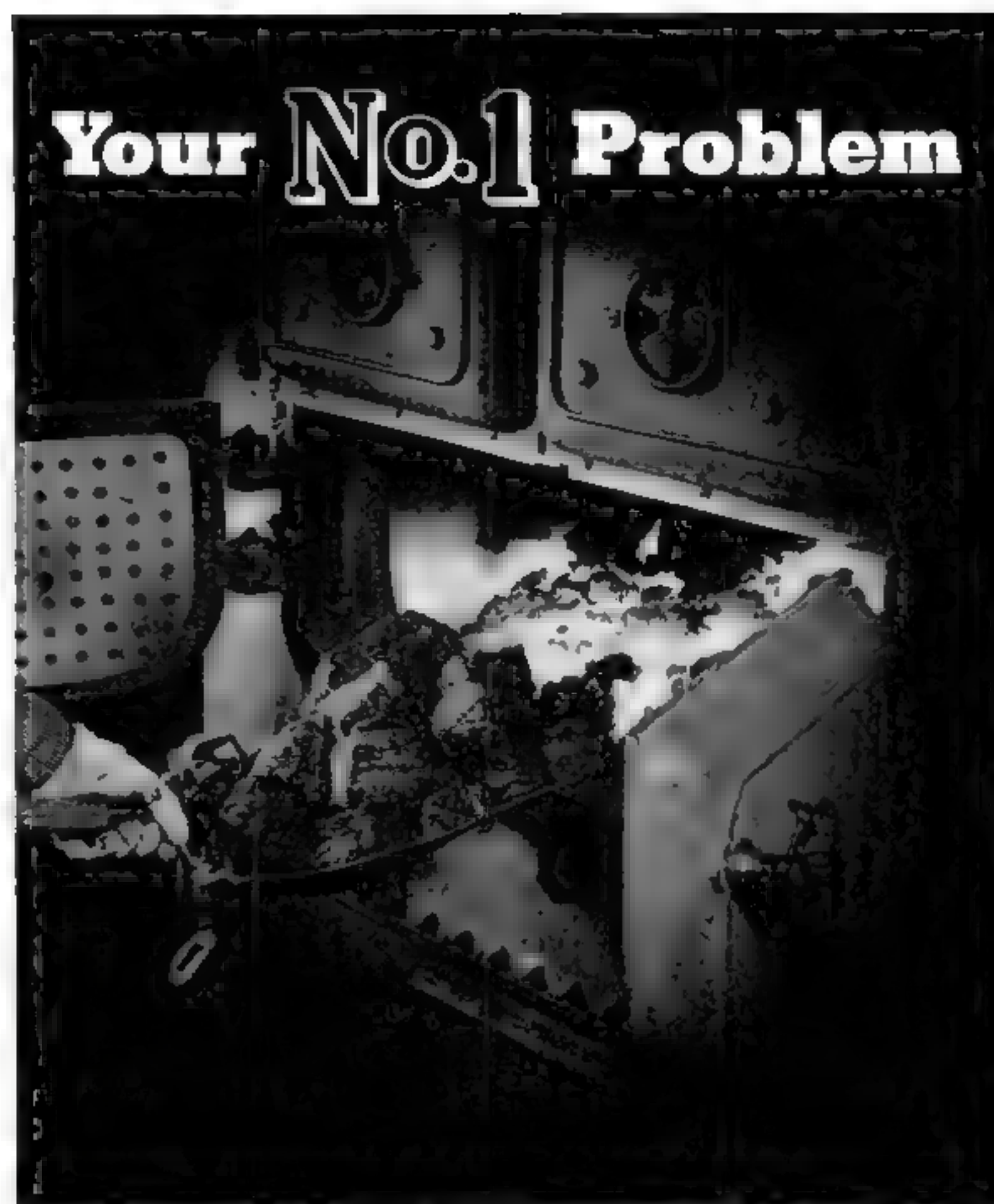


by farming and bartering or selling what they raise and make. All land is owned in common, and the pueblo council allots each man as many acres as he can really use. His son may inherit this allotment, but its ownership remains with the pueblo. Little money changes hands and no Pueblo Indian ever gets rich at the expense of another.



Impressive specimens of Indian squash are displayed by Pelegina Aguilar, a Santo Domingo housewife. Squash is considered fine dish by Pueblo Indians. They dry it on their roofs, along with many colored ears of corn, and bake it with salt and butter in outdoor stoves. Squash blossoms are a favorite pattern in Pueblo silver jewelry.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Your No. 1 Problem

and your No. 1 answer— A Fairbanks-Morse Stoker!

- Uses coal more efficiently.
- Uses lower cost coal.
- Releases manpower for war jobs.

Commercial users—see your Fairbanks-Morse Stoker Dealer for details of quick, inexpensive installation now, or write Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Stoker Division, Fairbanks-Morse Bldg., Chicago 5, Illinois.

Fairbanks-Morse Stoker for Heavy-duty Industrial Service

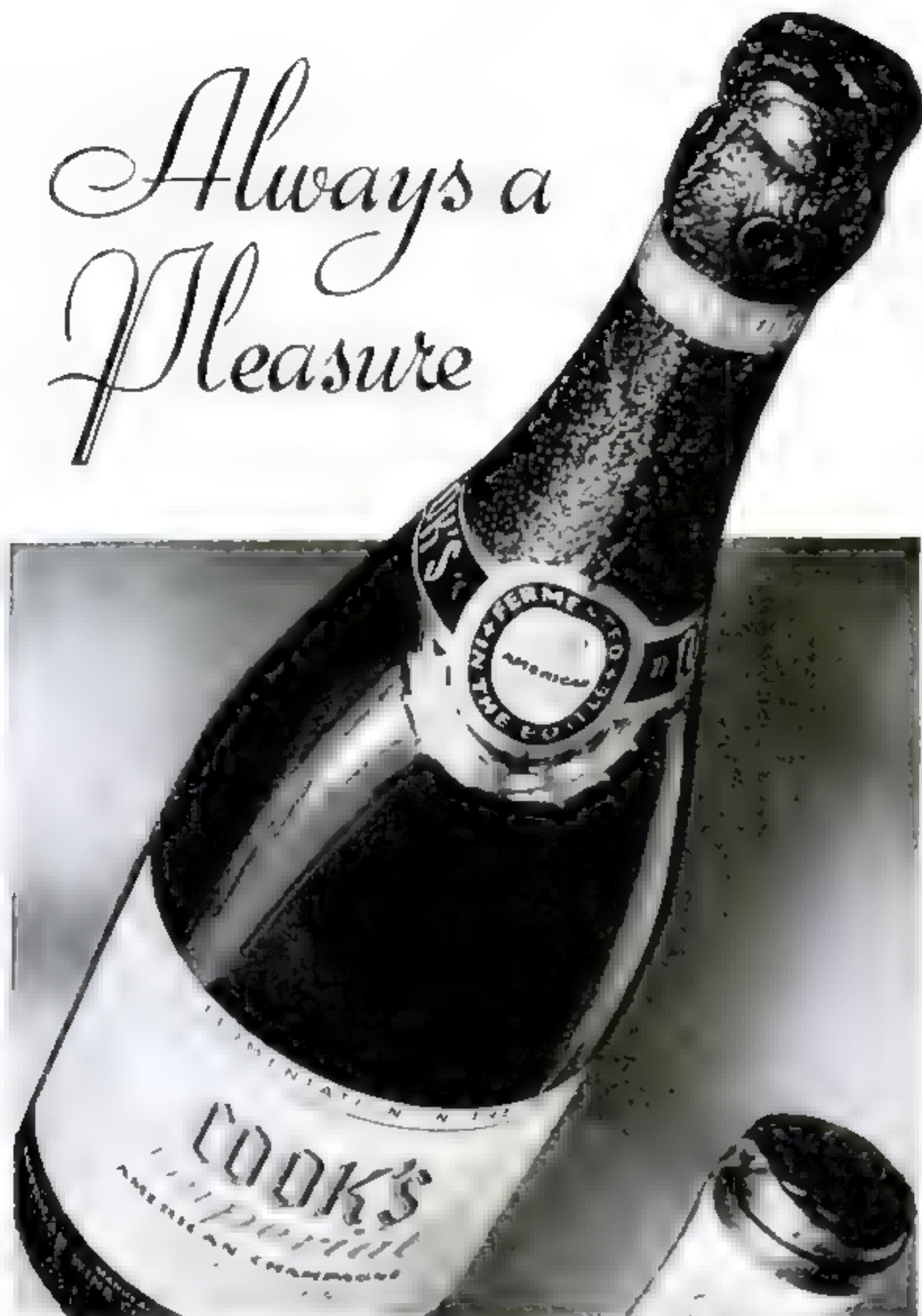
Made in capacities from 65 to 500 pounds of coal per hour. Takes only a few hours to install. Requires no special, expensive construction. Permits operation of boiler at full-rated capacity without forcing. Gets more heat out of low-cost coal.



FAIRBANKS MORSE

Automatic Coal Burners

*Always a
Pleasure*



AMERICAN WINE CO ★ ST. LOUIS. MO.

Pueblo Indians (continued)



Working in silver is an old Indian art, and these skilled Pueblo silversmiths make beautiful rings, necklaces and bracelets. Their favorite stone is turquoise, which they prize above diamonds, gold or cash. Pueblo Indians also make excellent mechanics.



Silversmith Francisco Lovato, one of the best Pueblo craftsmen, decks his wife Ramona with silver and turquoise jewelry for the butterfly dance. She also wears white buckskin leggings, moccasins and many starched petticoats under black wool dress.



Storekeeper Miguel ("Mike") Leyva owns trading post at Santo Domingo where Indians barter grain, jewelry, other produce for things to eat and wear. Leyva estimates that Santo Domingo families have a total annual income of around \$250,000.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110



Just what the doctor ordered—for himself!

Slave to a telephone bell that won't take "no" for an answer . . . accidents, illness, births, emergencies . . . round-the-clock! No wonder Doctor Woods sometimes wishes he were twins.

He's just got to get some recreation . . . some in-between moments when he can relax . . . have fun.

And what a tremendous kick he gets out of an occasional game of Hearts! Claims it's as good as a week's vacation to watch Sam Carter's face when he sticks him with the Queen of Spades.

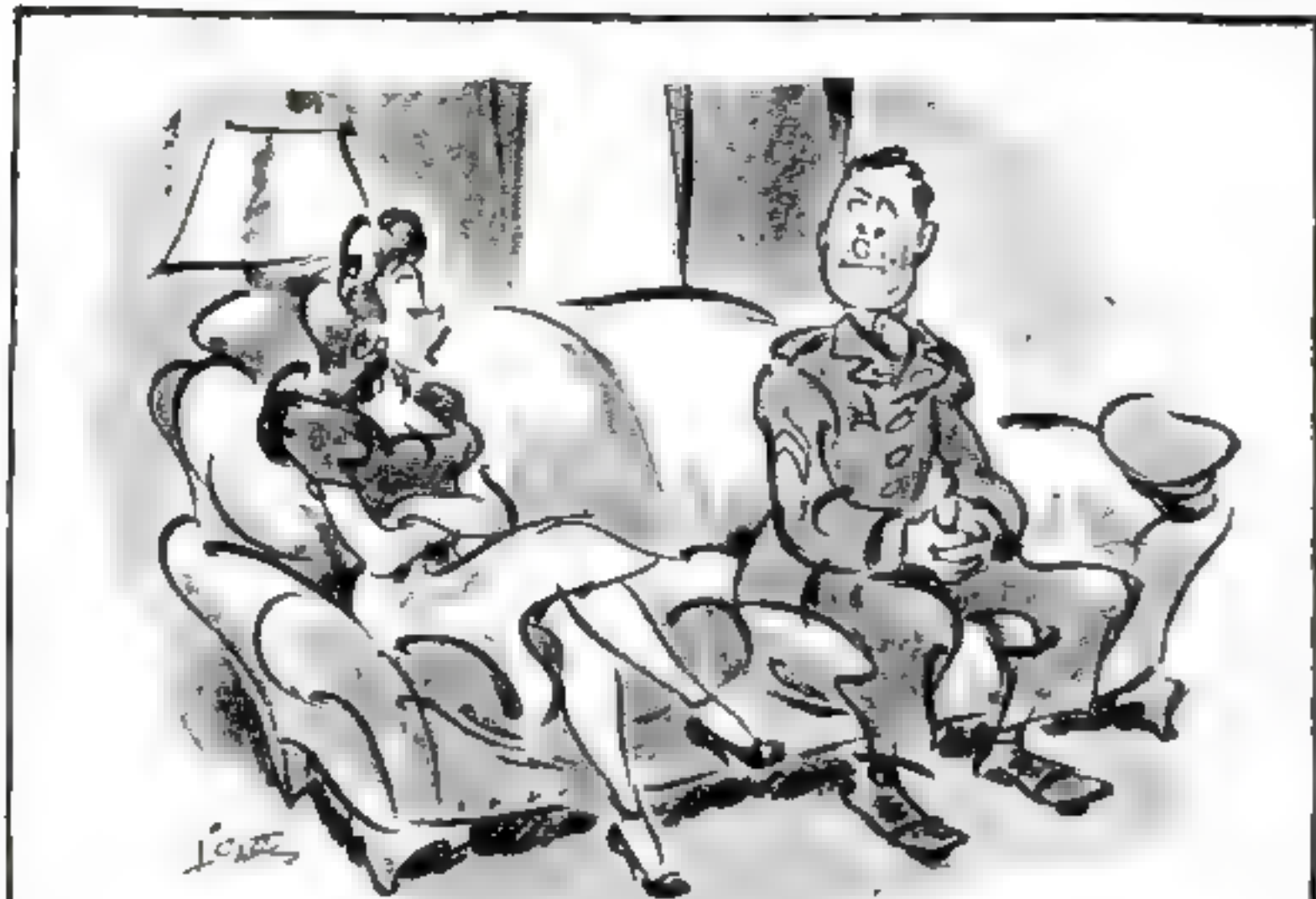
Millions of his fellow Americans have learned the

value of such inexpensive recreation . . . found pleasure in friendly evenings when families and neighbors staying home after a war day, conserve gas and rubber, save money for bonds, have fun.

Are you among the *four-out-of-every-five* Americans who have discovered the pleasures of card playing? Please don't buy more packs than you need! Make sure no one—in service or on the home front—is deprived of this source of relaxation.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY
Cincinnati 12, Ohio

★ ★ ★ MAKERS OF BICYCLE AND CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS ★ ★ ★



**AT EASE, SHE SAID
MANEUVERS BEGIN
WHEN YOU GET
THOSE WHISKERS
OFF YOUR CHIN**

★ Start your maneuvers tonight with a clean, cool Burma-Shave. It gives your razor such smooth, easy going that you get more shaves per blade. Proof of popularity—over 200,000,000 Burma-Shaves last year and the number's still growing. BURMA-SHAVE, Minneapolis, Minn.



**AT YOUR DRUG COUNTER,
POST EXCHANGE, OR
SHIP'S SERVICE STORE**

Back the Attack!... Buy More War Bonds!

Pueblo Indians (continued)



Making bricks out of adobe mud and straw is an essential Pueblo industry. Mixing is done in water-filled hole (above) and bricks are pressed in wooden molds, dried in the sun and stacked. Each maker scratches his own brand mark on his wet bricks. Bricks like these sell for about \$15 a thousand. A thousand will make a small room.



Dinner in a Pueblo home is eaten squatting on the floor or on low stool. The family above is enjoying its meal and at same time keeping an eye on the baby (foreground), whose oak splint and rawhide cradle is hung from the rigas (house rafters). Jerked meat also hangs from rafters. Floor is made of mud darkened by ox blood and soot.



Pueblo children have an up-to-date elementary school in Santo Domingo, with an Indian principal. Pupils are taught in English but may speak to each other in Queres (the local Indian language), are encouraged to write stories about Indian ways. One young pupil drew a warrior with spear, wrote: "Let the Japs come, We're ready."

Worn by winners



ACE SPORT CAP

100% Virgin Wool

Wear the cap the champions wear. The Ace Sport Cap is the first choice of top-fighters in the sports world... Worn by the Olympic Toboggan Team... choice of champion skaters and skiers everywhere.

Ace is knitted of 100% VIRGIN WOOL for greatest warmth. Its snug, streamline aviator style protects forehead, neck, and ears... Can be worn up or down.

Turn up
or down



Buy Now for Christmas

One size fits all heads. Colors: Black with Orange, Brown with Buff, Red with Black, Royal with White. Also made in solid Navy, Brown, Maroon, Royal, and Green. At good stores everywhere.

THE LION KNITTING MILLS CO.
3256 W. 25th St. • Cleveland, Ohio

**THEY'LL
BE BACK!**



It's a *Flexible Flyer!* has long been the rallying cry for boys and girls to whom sledding is still the grandest of winter sports... and sledding at its thrilling best means the Super-Steering Flexible Flyer. And to skiers—expert or novice—Flexible Flyer Splitkeins mean the finest in skis: laminated for matched weight, grain, flexibility, and built-in camber. Lighter but *much stronger* than solid hickory!

Remember! for the finest in sleds and skis it's Flexible Flyer always!

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.
489 Glenwood Avenue, Phila. 40, Pa.

Flexible Flyer
SLEDs and SKIS



I feel sorry for some folks

Sometimes they call me "just a mutt." That doesn't bother me. I feel sorry for a man who thinks that way about a dog — any kind of dog — that belongs to a boy.

It shows he's missed a lot of living and doesn't know it. Maybe he roamed the woods and fields when he was young, but if he didn't have a dog to show him and share with him all the exciting, hidden things, how much did he learn? Maybe he got into scrapes. Without the love and loyalty of a dog to see him through, what good did the experience do him?

Yes, I'm a "mutt." But that doesn't matter — when there's frosty sunshine and the scent of fox and coon hangs in the air! "Punkin pie and turkey time," the Boss calls it. He's a boy, and to him that's what fall means. To me it's a tingly feeling from my nose to the tip of my tail. It's the fun of being alive and going places with *him*.

All summer and fall we've been busy. We've driven the cows to pasture and helped get in crops. We've gone fishing together and swam in the creek. And it's been my job to chase rabbits out of the garden and rats away from the corn-crib.

These days, boys and dogs have plenty to do. We've got to keep things going here at home until the menfolks come back from the job they're doing, somewhere a long way off. So I'm glad I've got the sort of patchwork pedigree that makes me an *all-round* dog. Bird dog and hound and collie and terrier are all in me. That means I can hunt and work and fight. And when there's trouble, I can take care of myself and the Boss, too.

He doesn't call me a "mutt." You ought to see him when a stranger laughs and asks him what kind of a dog I am. His eyes flash and he stands up straight and proud. "This dog?" says he. "Listen, Mister, he's my kind of dog!"



POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP., RICHMOND, VA., MAKERS OF SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES

our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use only



... may I suggest the best gift
of all, U. S. War Bonds.

I. W. Harper



it's always a pleasure

I.W. HARPER

the gold medal whiskey



Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond
under the supervision of the U. S. Government.



THIS IS A BEAVER WORKING LIKE A BEAVER. IT IS GNAWING AT A POPLAR TREE. GNAWING IS A BEAVER'S FAVORITE OCCUPATION. POPLAR BARK IS ITS FAVORITE FOOD

BUSY BEAVERS

The industrious little animals
are helping to save the U. S. soil

The little beavers, busy gnawing trees and building dams, are today repeating in a small way the important role they once played in U. S. history. Beaver fur was the great lure which pulled trappers up into the new northwestern lands, making fortunes for dealers and opening rich land for farmers and miners. But as too many trappers came the beaver became scarce until laws finally stopped overtrapping. Although other furs far outvalue beaver, beaver pelts today are worth around half a million dollars a year.

The importance of the beaver to the Northwest, however, lies not in the fur it bears but the work it does. Dams that beavers build have proved of such great help in checking erosion that beavers are being transplanted to eroding northwestern lands. There they are proving invaluable soil builders, helping to save land they once helped open. Beavers live in most of U. S. Those shown here are in Bear Mountain State Park, N. Y., where some were recently trapped and sent to places where their services are badly needed.



AS *free* AS ALL OUTDOORS

BUT the outdoors isn't free—it's a heritage that men must fight for—the same as any other freedom. On the battlefields of the world are men fighting for this freedom—for the pleasure of the outdoors—and joined in this fight are the good names of manufacturers who helped to make their pleasure more enjoyable.

Pendleton is one of these manufacturers whose materials are in the front lines. Restrictions do not allow us to describe our war production, but we can say—it's maintained Pendleton quality—the finest for our horses, the finest for you. When Pendletons are available, your regular Pendleton merchant will have them. Then again you'll be able to enjoy the famous Western virgin wool shirts, outdoor clothing and blankets that have been America's favorites for generations. PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Portland, Oregon.

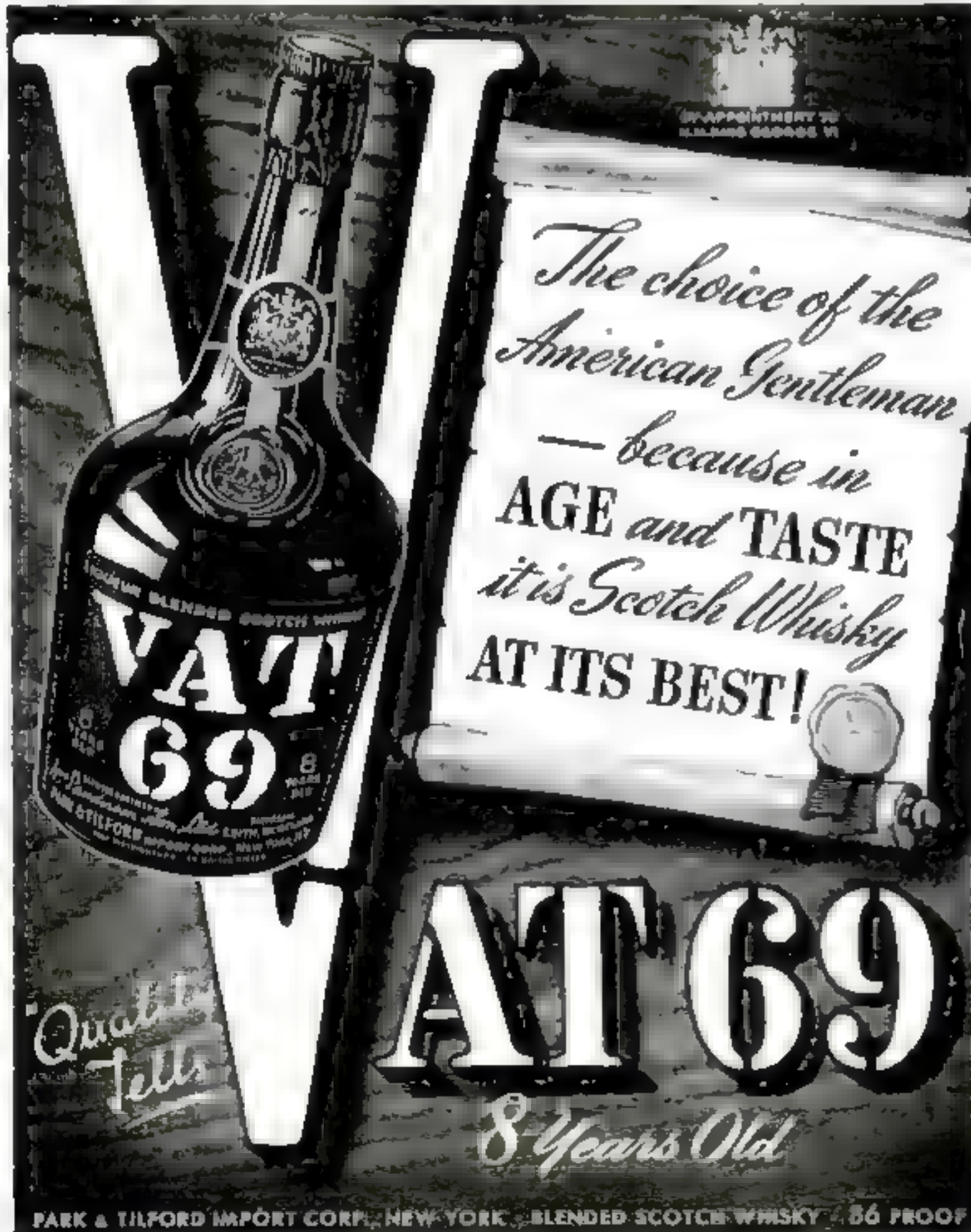
PENDLETON VIRGIN WOOL SHIRTS



A beaver swims through a Bear Mountain pond carrying stick between its big teeth. Beaver uses webbed hind feet for swimming. Wood is food and construction material.



Beaver's work is very intelligently done. The tree is gnawed so that it will fall in desired direction. Cutting is done with front teeth which chisel big chips from wood.



VAT 69

The choice of the American Gentleman — because in AGE and TASTE it is Scotch Whisky AT ITS BEST!

VAT 69

8 Years Old

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 56 PROOF



Beaver's tail is not used as trowel to put mud on dam or lodge. Front paws do plastering. Tail, acts as scull in swimming, is used to smack water as a signal of danger.



Beaver's tail is not used as trowel to put mud on dam or lodge. Front paws do plastering. Tail, acts as scull in swimming, is used to smack water as a signal of danger.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

In The Service

"Keeping the messages flowing" is the job of the Army Signal Corps. Through acres of hell, Signal Corps men string miles of wire to coordinate the work of our fighting forces and bring the day of victory nearer.

Keeping essential transportation flowing without wasting an ounce of precious rubber is the job of your Fisk Tire Dealer. Wherever you see the sign of the Fisk Boy, America's best-loved trade mark, you will find a friendly, experienced Fisk Tire Dealer whose business it is to serve you.

TIME TO RE-TIRE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FISK

Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts • Division of United States Rubber Company
Makers Of The Safety Stripe Tread

TRADE MARK

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

DON'T GOSSIP—it spreads rumors!
DON'T COUGH—it spreads germs!

If you have a cough due to a cold, get Smith Bros. Cough Drops. They give pleasant, soothing relief. Sill only 5¢—yes, a nickel checks that tickle!

SOOTHINGLY YOURS
SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

Black or Menthol—5¢

Your child
MUST have
IRON for
good red blood



Children's iron needs grow along with their bodies—so make sure they get plenty of iron!

**BRER RABBIT
MOLASSES IS
RICH IN IRON**



There's extra iron in every cookie made with Brer Rabbit Molasses. So keep plenty on hand—for lunch boxes and after-school snacks.

CHILDREN love the flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses. Tests have shown it is second only to liver as a rich food source of iron the body can use.

3 tablespoons of Brer Rabbit Molasses supply about 1/2 of minimum daily iron requirements based on government standards.

Add one tablespoon of Brer Rabbit to a glass of cold or warm milk. It's a delicious drink your child can enjoy daily. And use Brer Rabbit often in gingerbread, cookies and other molasses foods. No iron is lost in cooking.

Two Flavors:

GOLD LABEL
—light, sweet, mild flavored; delicious on bread, pancakes, waffles and for a delicately flavored milk shake.

DARK LABEL
—dark, full-flavored; recommended for cooking and a richly flavored milk shake.



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PENICK & FORD, LTD., INC.
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Send me — free — Brer Rabbit's
"Modern Recipes for Modern Living," containing
116 fine molasses recipes. Also pamphlet
on children's iron needs.

Name _____ (Print Name and Address)

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Beaver pond at Bear Mountain provides place for dome-shaped lodge of sticks and mud. Beavers live inside, going and coming through underwater plunge holes. Interior of lodge houses one family of dozen beavers. Floor is built a foot or two above water.



The good work a beaver does is shown here. A dam had backed up the water through a growth of scrub trees. Many trees were felled, others have died off. But new growth has begun to spring up as the pond bottom filled up with rich silt, forming new soil.



A fertile meadow was made on the site of a beaver pond which gradually filled up. A decade ago the beavers left the pond but the dam stayed and silt kept filling to build this field of rich earth. Many of the world's fertile valley floors are beavers' work.



CONTRACT NIGH ... PEN RUNS DRY!

Major tragedy! . . . Tough prospect's name on dotted line . . . almost. Pen dry! Don't curse . . . but learn how to fill your pen properly, because it means "folding money" in your pocket . . . saves wear and tear on your temper . . . preserves the life of your pen, and keeps it working willingly, whenever you wish! Learn how to fill it correctly because . . .

ONLY ONE PERSON IN 5,000 KNOWS HOW TO FILL ANY FOUNTAIN PEN PROPERLY!

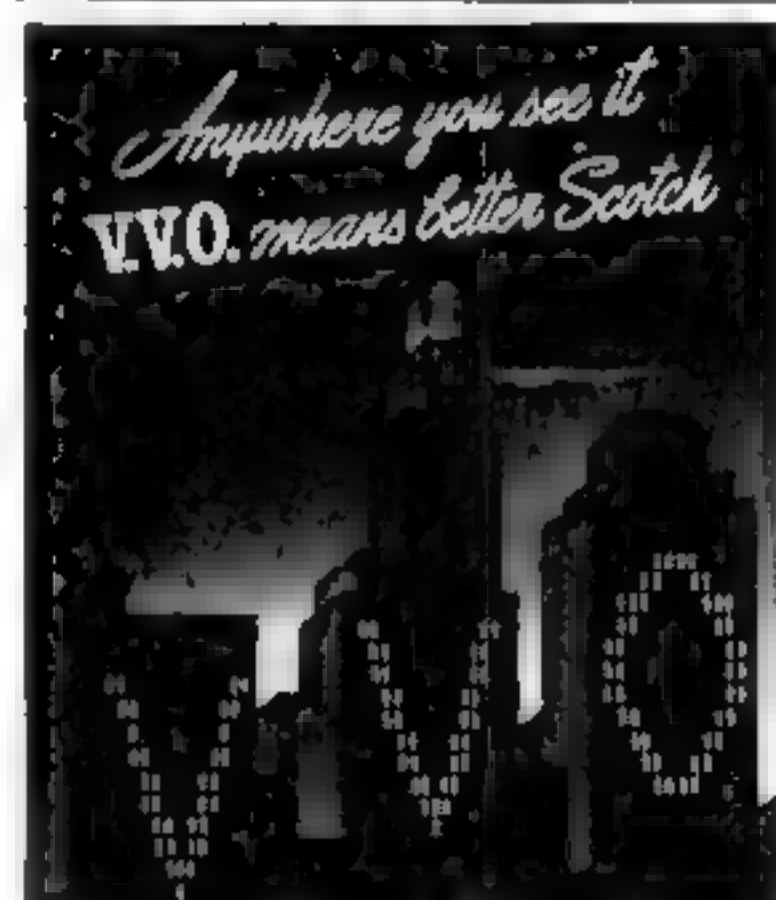
An Ink-O-Graph Pen will give perfect satisfaction for many years—equal to that you expect from the highest-priced fountain pen—provided you fill it properly. If you haven't received one of our instruction sheets from your dealer, send us a 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope and we will mail you a copy.

Beware of imitations—Only by getting the genuine can you enjoy all the advantages offered by Ink-O-Graph. Look for the name Ink-O-Graph on every pen.

Please do not order by mail. Go to your dealer.

DeLuxe Model INK-O-GRAPH \$2
C. Infograph Co., 300 Hudson St., N. Y. C., 13

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THE SECRET OF BETTER SCOTCH...

Martin's V.V.O. is selected liqueur Scotch—every drop is the pick of choice Scotch whiskies. Enjoy the advantage of V.V.O. It costs you no more than most other brands.

**MARTIN'S
V.V.O. BRAND**

Blended Scotch Whisky
80 proof

IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

Better rest makes better husbands!



WISE THE WIFE WHO CHOOSES

Thank your mattress for your charming husband? *Quite likely*, says science! "Morning nerves" or bounding energy can be the difference between a *faulty* mattress and one properly constructed!

Even *wartime* Englanders, made without metal, are scientifically constructed to relax, rest and sleep your body *as nature intended* . . . to bring you refreshing, *restorative* sleep so vitally needed today.

Magically springy, luxuriously comfortable, and built to last, these new Englanders are a brilliant engineering feat . . . *utterly unlike any other mattress* . . . well worthy of the famed Englander name. THE ENGLANDER COMPANY, INC. Main office, Chicago, Illinois.

See the ENGLANDER 4-Star BODYGUARD . . . new Non-Stretch construction . . . only \$39.75. Other models, double or twin sizes \$24.75 to \$59.75. Box springs to match.



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Englanders

AMERICA'S MOST LUXURIOUS

MATTRESS



GOOD NIGHTS THAT BRING GOOD MORNINGS — SINCE 1895

Our Hard Slugging Navy

HAS ITS BRASS TAILOR MADE

FROM keel plate to crow's nest, our Navy's modern monsters of the sea are miracles of engineering perfection.

And in almost every one of the many intricate mechanical and electrical devices necessary for fire control, propulsion, steering, navigation and other important functions—the use of brass is essential.

But it must be more than just brass. It must be brass *taylor-made* to rigid Navy specifications.

Taylor-made brass isn't new to Western. From the days of World War I, when our first brass mill was built to serve America and her Allies, Western brass has always been made to meet

the specialized needs and specific requirements of each individual order.

That's why, today, our vastly expanded mills at East Alton, Ill., and New Haven, Conn., are able to supply thousands of tons of tailor-made brass for war use—in addition to the all-important task of supplying brass for more than 5 billion military cartridges already made in Western-operated plants.

Western also prepared for a possible shortage of brass by developing a process for making cartridge cases and other products from *non-directional* steel. And a Western affiliate is turning out tons of urgently needed aluminum.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY,
East Alton, Illinois



*From Binnacle to Bilge Pump to Bullets
... Western Brass is Serving the Navy
in Countless Ways*

Western
BRASS
PRODUCTS

Western
BRASS MILL DIVISION



FOR ROLE OF DANCER IN "KISMET" MARLENE DIETRICH WEARS COSTUME THAT IS BOTH ORNAMENTAL AND REVEALING. THIS HAIRDRESS TAKES HOUR AND HALF TO ARRANGE

GILDED DIETRICH

She covers legs with four coats of golden paint for role in "Kismet"

In the 13 years that have elapsed since Mary Magdalene Von Losch, who is known professionally as Marlene Dietrich, first appeared on a U. S. movie screen, her elegant legs have come to occupy a unique and exciting place on the American scene. Strangely enough, however, Hollywood has never seen the wisdom of exploiting those legs by casting Miss Dietrich as a dancer in any of her pictures. But in *Kismet*, her new technicolor film, that situation is being remedied.

In *Kismet* Miss Dietrich will play the part of the "Queen of Bagdad Dancers." As such, she emerges as a gilded product of Hollywood's make-up magic. The famous legs will be covered with four coats of golden paint, while top of her hair will be sprinkled with powdered gold. M-G-M's make-up artists labored diligently to convert Marlene into a reasonable facsimile of the sort of harem dancer U. S. troops in exotic corners of the world unfortunately never see

1743... was the year George Wickes of England produced this Sterling candlestick. Beautiful modeling and harmony of proportion made it a celebrated example of the silversmith's art in the period of George II. (Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)



Masterpiece from a King's table

1943... Inspired by the famous Wickes masterpiece, Watson's master silversmiths have re-created for you the regal luxury of a king's table in the Watson Sterling pattern—George II. Only superb craftsmen, then and now, could produce the deep-cut loveliness of pattern and graceful proportion that marks the museum-type of silverware. True, the supply of Watson Sterling is limited. However, your jeweler may have your pattern in stock. Your purchase of War Bonds will help speed the day when you can get complete sets of Watson Sterling in the pattern of your choice. The Watson Company, 14113 Watson Park, Attleboro, Mass.



MODERN SILVER WITH THE BEAUTY OF OLD MASTERPIECES



Gilded Dietrich (continued)



"Queen of Bagdad Dancers" is the title of Marlene Dietrich's role in *Kismet*. The censors forbade her being called a harem queen. They also stipulated that the laurel



Roles like this one in *Kismet* invariably provide Marlene Dietrich with considerable publicity. In recent years, as a matter of fact, she has had more successes in public-



In this movie must be referred to as the "women's quarters." Miss Dietrich's hair-dress is a combination of her own hair and a switch around a six-inch horseshair cone.



By then in film performances. In *Arise and Dance* plays a seductive nightclub dancer who falls in love with a beggar (Ronald Colman) under impression that he is a prince.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

VICTORIOUSLY LOVELY . . .
in Gloves by Sendra

Only Sendra's unique genius could create "bravura". Such a rhythmic fit for any costume—such proud curves—such verve and symmetry! You'll pass many victoriously lovely hours in this swank leather back-cotton palm combination, with super-inkered regien thumb. In black and brown, at the better shops. \$1.95.

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**RELIEVED
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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

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**DR. HAND'S
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 Just rub it on the gums

Gilded Dietrich (continued)



The consors worried when chiffon drape flew too much to one side as she danced. She is one of most popular dancing partners with servicemen at Hollywood Canteen.



This is her first dance on screen. In 1939 she won fourth place in Hollywood beautiful-legs contest. Virginia Gilmore, Ann Sheridan, Linda Darnell were one, two, three.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 222

Eagleknit

HEADWEAR



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Wines with a past

...for your pleasure today



HUNDREDS of thousands of people have visited the unique "chapel in the vineyards" at Asti, California. And as unusual as the chapel itself are the vineyards that surround it... for these are the vineyards of the famed Italian Swiss Colony.

Here the original members of the Colony planted their prized European vine cuttings over 60 years ago. Here they made the wines that brought them world fame... that won coveted gold medals and other high awards at International Expositions. And here in the quaint wine-making village of Asti the sons and grandsons of these early settlers

have carried on the great traditions of Italian Swiss Colony. Would you like to know the rest of this romantic story? Then simply try one of the superb table wines of Italian Swiss Colony: Tipo Red or White, perhaps... or Gold Medal Label California burgundy or Sauterne. Enjoy it with dinner. Notice first its exquisite bouquet. Then... *taste its marvelous flavor!* You'll say these wines are as remarkable as the Colony that makes them.

And just as fine are the famous sweet dessert wines of Italian Swiss Colony... such as Gold Medal Label California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. Try *them*, too.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

Gilded Dietrich (continued)



Golden paint takes full hour to apply to Dietrich's legs, another hour to remove by scrubbing with wood alcohol. After it comes off, Marlene's legs have greenish cast.



Four coats are applied each morning. Fearing skin poisoning, the studio first banned paint, made Marlene wear full-length, gold-chain trousers but chains kept breaking.

MAKE COFFEE AS YOU LIKE IT

have another cup



PLENTY OF COFFEE from a full coffee-pot, delicious and heartening . . . that's what you can enjoy today! Coffee that keeps you bright and energetic at your wartime jobs—coffee that adds pleasure and appetite to wartime meals! So make coffee when you like it, as you like it—full-strength, brewed to the full capacity of the pot, fresh every time—and have another cup!



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BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS



PETTY OFFICER FRANK KALUSZSKI OF DETROIT IS TIMID ABOUT CLAIMING HIS KISS



PHARMACEUTIST GAYE ERWIN EILLENWATER STOPS RIGHT UP AND PLANTS A KISS ON



MARILYN ACTS UP, GLUTCHES SAILOR'S TIE AS FRANK BRUNWALD COLLECTS HIS KISS



PETTY OFFICER BRUNWALD DRAWS LOOK OF ADMIRATION AS MARILYN PULLS AWAY



CHIEF SPECIALIST HAROLD HARMON PLANTS A LONG, LINGERING KISS ON HER MOUTH



AFTER TEENIE JACK BUEY TAKES KISS, MARILYN, ALL WORN OUT, GASPS FOR RELIEF



"MOST BEAUTIFUL SAILOR" CONTEST FINDS SERVICEMEN SUBMITTING WEEKLY TO LIPSTICK AND MASCARA AS "FARMERS' DAUGHTERS" COMPETE TO PRODUCE PRIZE WINNER

Life Goes to a County Fair Party in Waukegan

Pretty girls, a kissing booth and midway attractions add up to the best servicemen's party of the season

A USO party billed as a "County Fair" produced a lot of pleasant surprises for 2,000 sailors and cadets in Waukegan, Ill. Expecting a simple, rustic party, they found instead a wheel of chance which won them kisses, baby and beauty contests in which they were contestants, horse races in which they became famous horses. There was a midway, square dancing,

fortune-telling. There were also pretty girls. They wore checked gingham dresses and Mary Jane slippers, and made up for being outnumbered 10 to 1 by their good looks, stamina and cheerful spirits.

Guests from Great Lakes Naval Training Station and Glenview Naval Reserve Aviation Base were delivered to the party in hayracks. Given stage money

upon arrival, men made a mad dash for the kissing booth (*opposite page*), where Marilyn Myrland of Girls' Service Organization kissed 22 boys before a colleague relieved her. An orchestra from Glenview Naval Base played for dancing, and men went home loaded down with cakes, cigarets and shampoo sets awarded for skill in masquerading and horse racing.



Eager sailors dream up pictures of kisses they hope to win as they wait to play their stage money on wheel of chance.



Baby-contest winner is Aviation Cadet Warren Eckhoff, costumed for the part by Dorothy Burns of Winnetka (*left*).



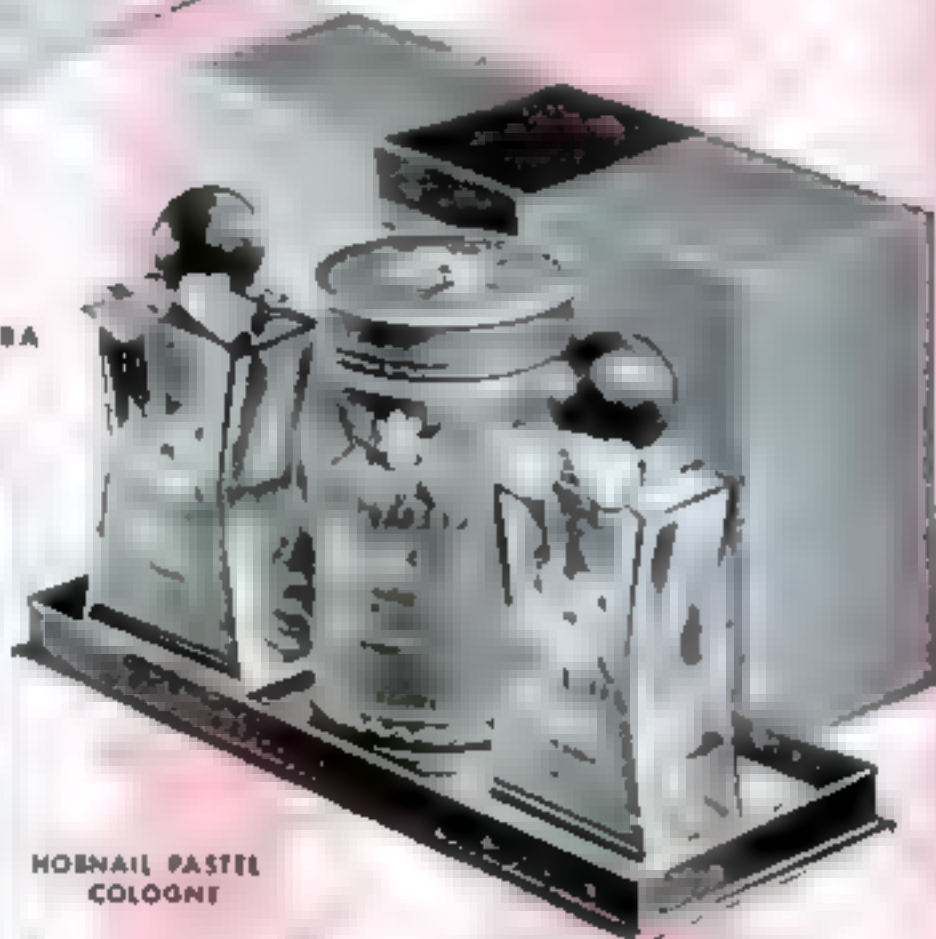
Prize for prettiness goes to Sailor John Cooney, winner of "beautiful sailor" contest. Marian Dieterich made him up.

Wrisley's FOR CHRISTMAS

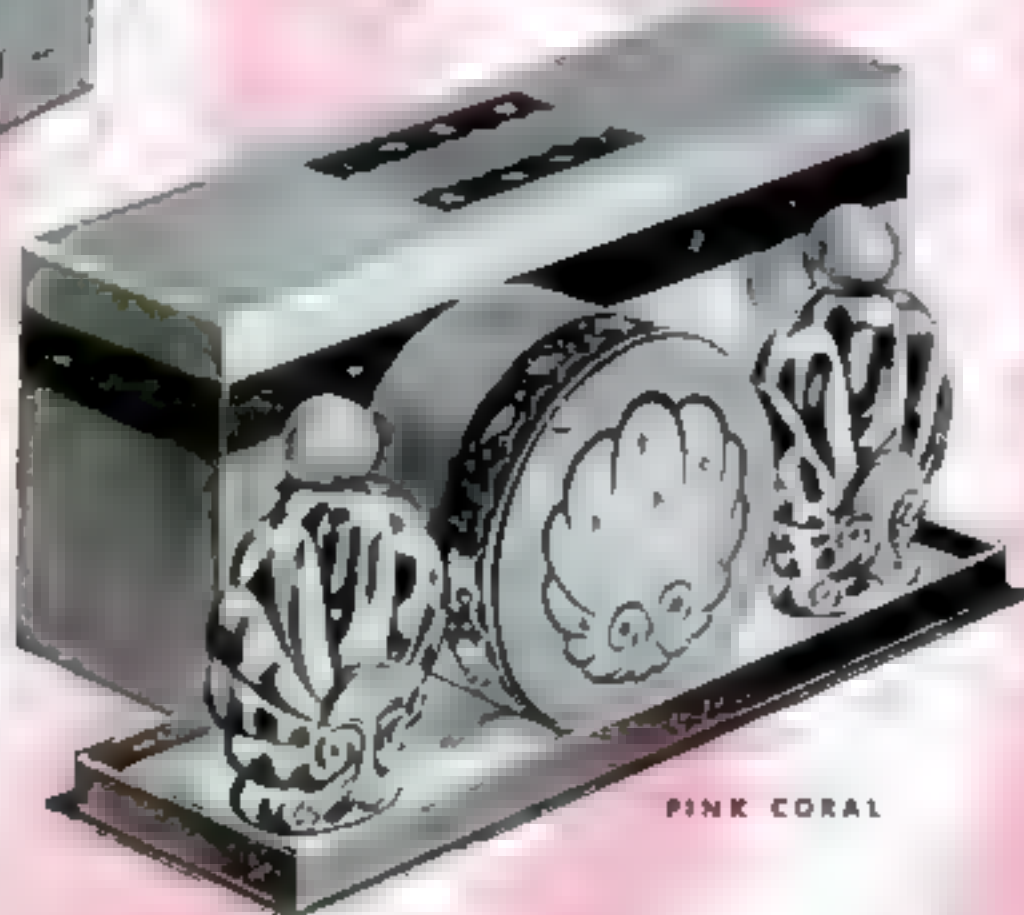


GOLD TASSELS

SAMBA



MOBNAIL PASTEL COLOGNE

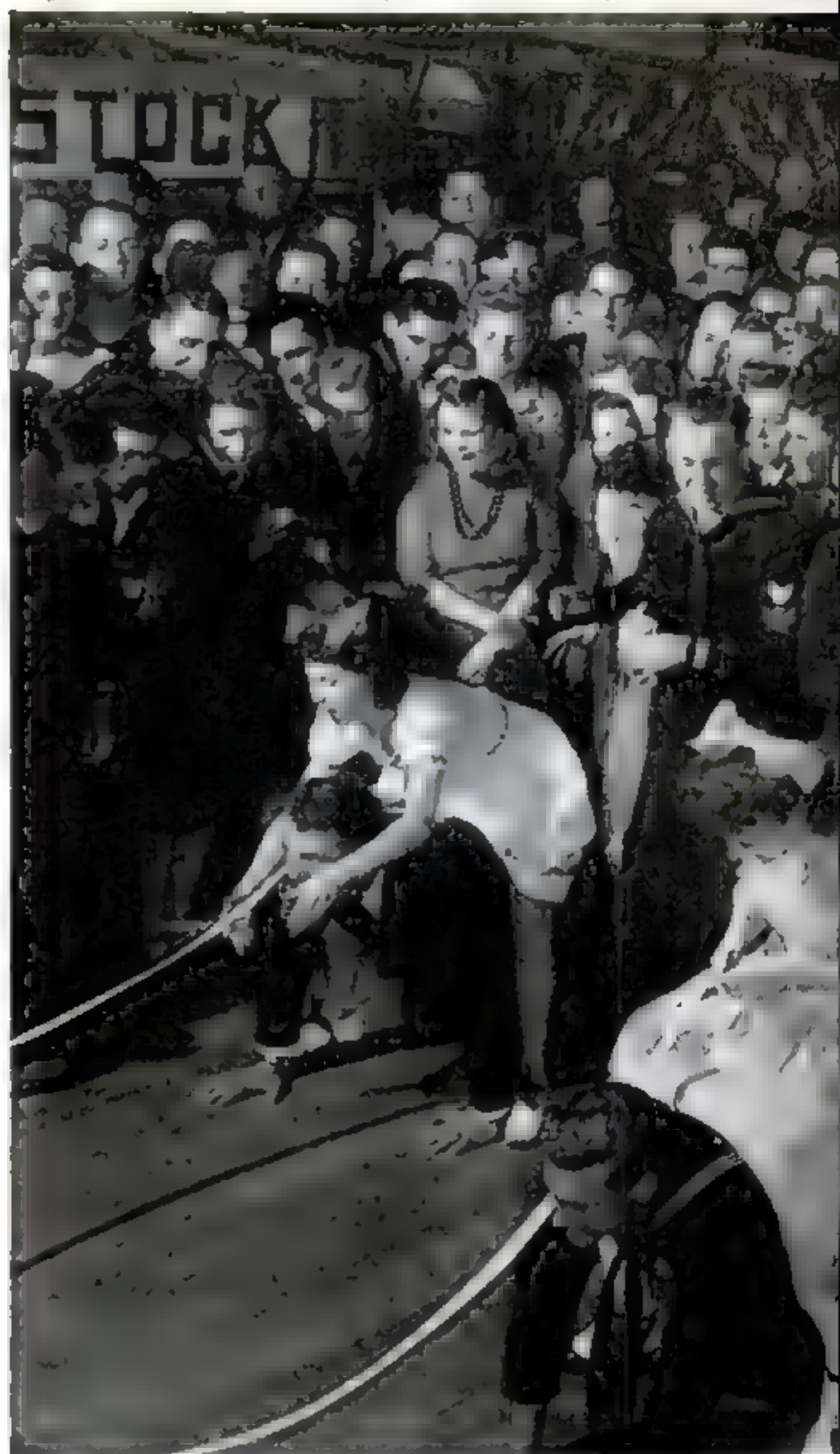


PINK CORAL

SPRUCE



Life Goes to a County Fair Party (continued)



Horse racing, No. 1 attraction at real county fairs, was presented in a different version at the party in Waukegan. The line-up (above), with sailors as steeds and girls as



Pie-eating contest is about to start with Robert James of Huntington, W. Va. and Eugene Gilleran of Centredale, R. I. assuring judges that their appetites are good.



jockeys, included, left to right: Whirlaway, Man o' War and Seabiscuit. Man o' War (Chief Sprocket Don Campbell of Denver), with Betty Farris up, was the winner.



The victor, Seaman Clarence Heckel of Kenosha, Wis., won hands down over other contestants, but he looked a little tired of pie. Pie he ate (homemade) was only prize.

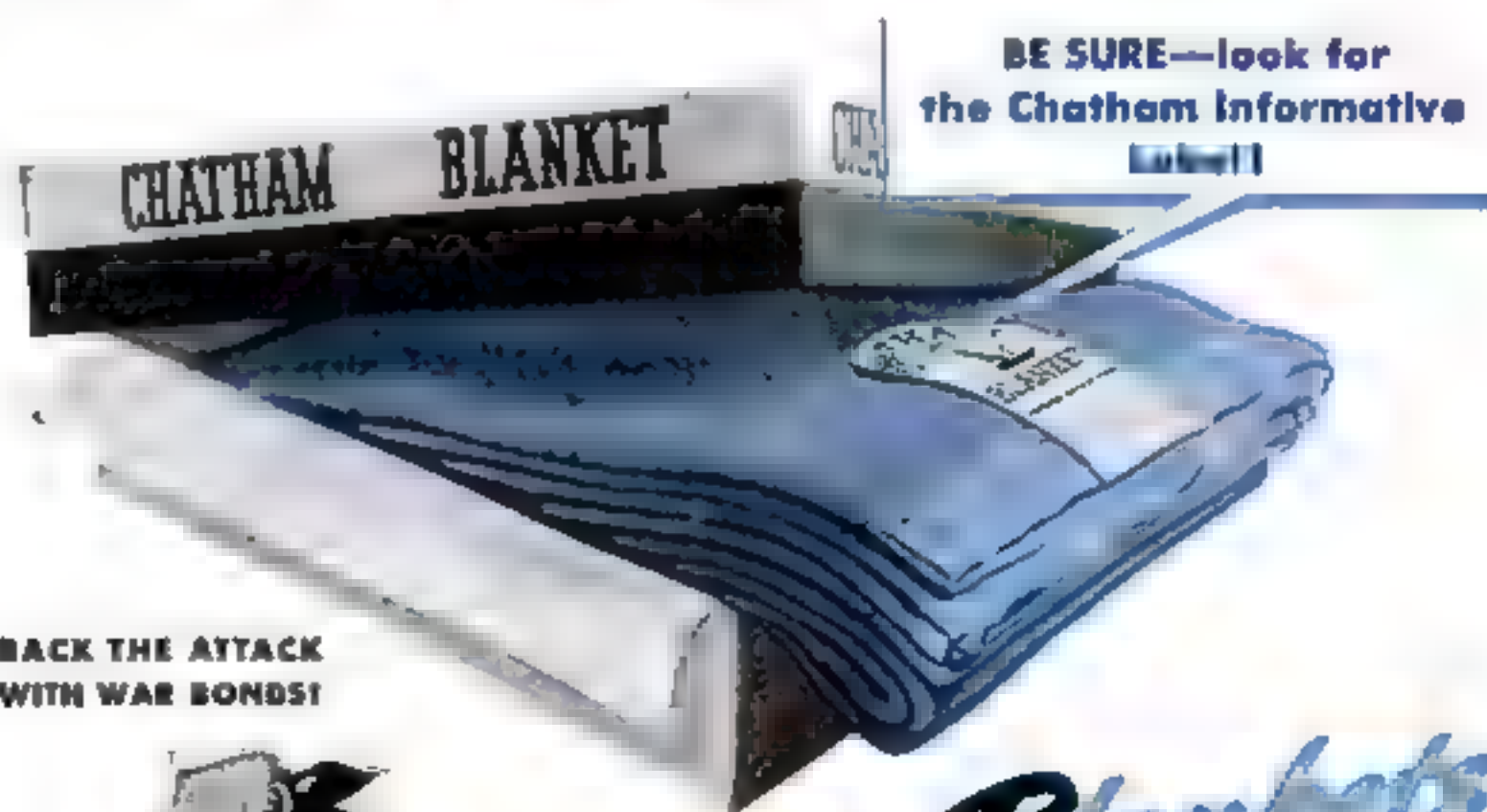
ARE WARTIME BLANKETS ANY DIFFERENT?



A few luxury features—some extra colors, wide bindings, over-sizes—have been discontinued. But you can still buy fine quality. Chatham's Airloom, for instance, is exactly the same quality—at the same price—as it was two years ago!

Can I get new blankets now? Yes. You can get fine new Chathams in four lovely shades: Rose, Blue, Green, Cedar. And all Chathams are the maximum size allowed by W.P.B.—72" x 84". But because making blankets for the armed forces must always come first, civilian supplies will continue to be limited.

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ANTI-FREEZE



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

SOLDIER SAMSON

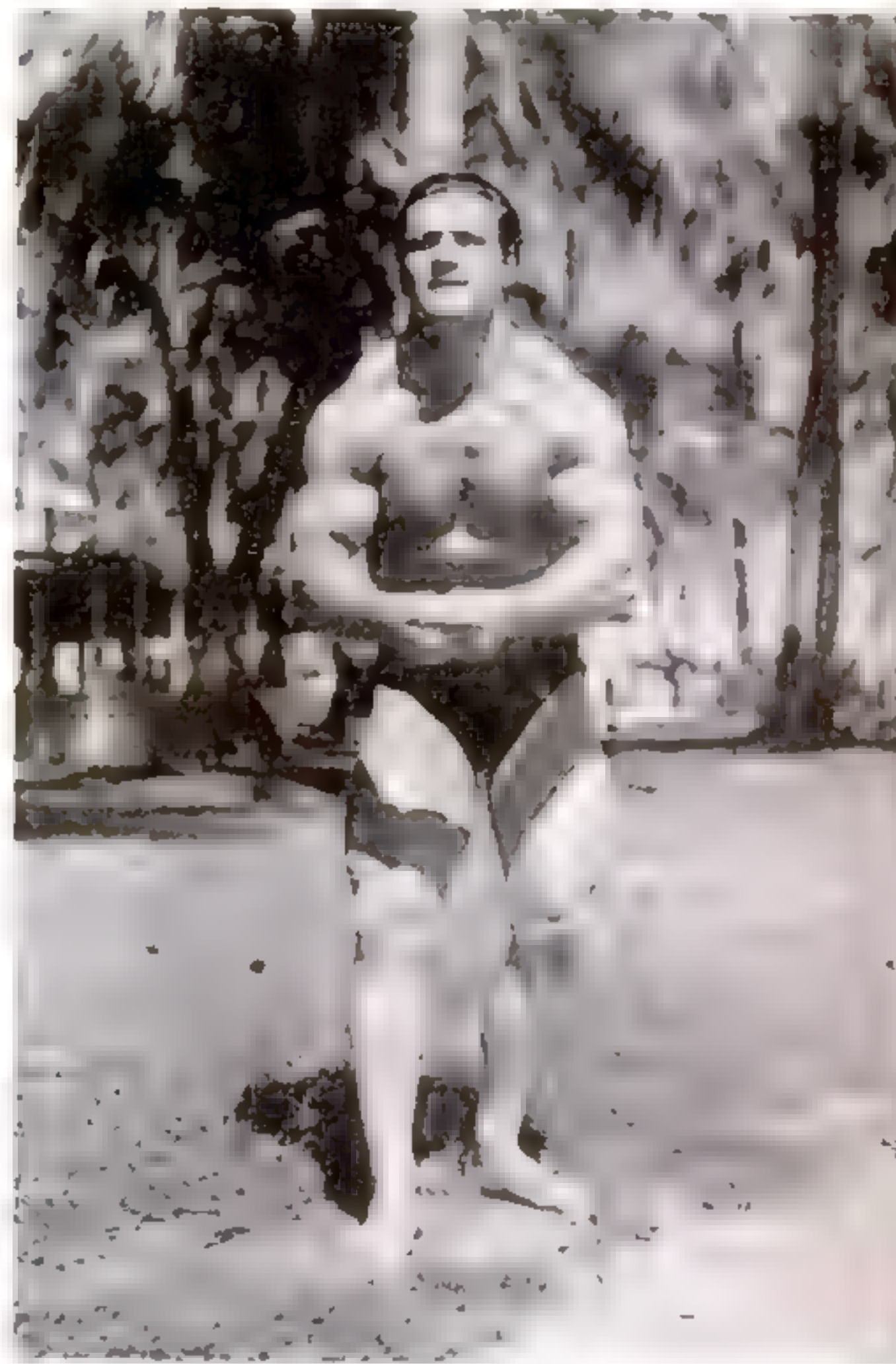
Sirs:

When we saw this inspiring picture of a great big bunch of muscles walking barefoot in the grass at Miami, Fla., our hearts gave a leap. We looked at his bulging shoulders, brawny biceps and powerful chest and were speechless. This is our idea of a real he-man! We wish there

were more like him around. His strength is being put to good use, too—he is Corp. Peter Skavronек of our armed forces

KONNIE DUFFY
MARY SULLIVAN

New York, N. Y.



"PIN-UP" GIRL

Sirs:

This "lady" (below) is the father of four husky boys and one of the busiest men I know. He runs his motherless home, helps run his father's business, works as a composer and is also an air-raid warden, amateur actor and prize winner at local

Halloween contests. I present him simply as a glamorous creature who dressed and posed this way just for the heck of it.

MILDRED TUBIS JOYCE
Philadelphia, Pa.

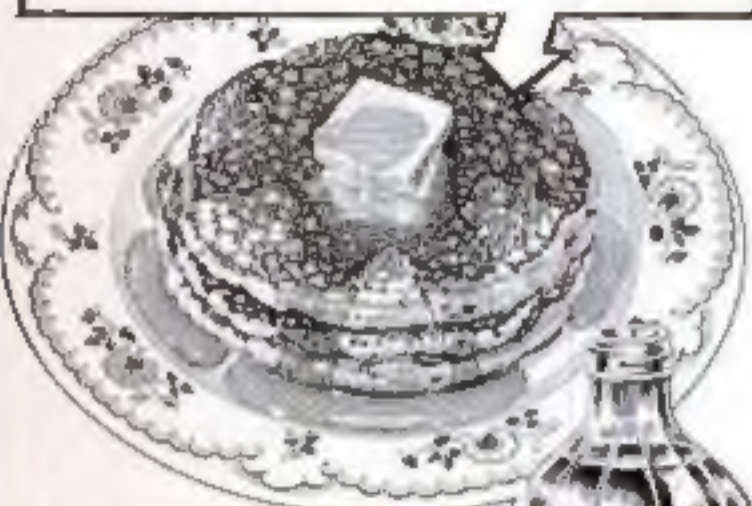


**THEY JUST
NATURALLY
GO TOGETHER!**

**DOUGHNUTS
and COFFEE**



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**Vermont Maid
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**HE'S GOT A
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WITH FRENCH'S!**



**HOT DAN'S
Own Sandwich**

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped hard-boiled eggs with 1 tbsp. diced stuffed olives and 2 tbsp. French's Mustard. Spread between slices of whole wheat or cracked wheat bread. French's gives the zesty different flavor men like!

SMOOTHER... CREAMIER

LARGEST SELLING PREPARED MUSTARD IN U. S. A.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

STAR STAMPS

Sirs:

Here are some rare and curious stamps. Alex Paal, editor of the Fort Dix Gazette, decided to put faces of movie stars in postage stamps of their native lands. Below is the portrait of Greta Garbo in the Swedish stamp; Errol Flynn, Irish; Hedy Lamarr, Austrian; Ronald Colman, English; Charles Boyer, French. Collectors please note!

ARNOLD PERL

Fort Dix, N. J.



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Delicious

THE signature of the man who signed it, the government stamp which seals it and the delicious flavor in it are all unchanged. But the supply of Old Taylor is now limited to stocks laid by before war began. We are trying to distribute these stocks to provide a continuous if limited supply for the war period. If you find your licensed dealer temporarily sold out, ask for Old Taylor again when he's had a chance to receive more.



This whiskey is
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Dirty oil gums up the engine—wears and gnaws away its vital parts. Whenever the dip stick shows dirt in the oil, that's a sign that a new Purolator oil filter element is needed. Purolators filter out abrasive grit and dust. They keep the engine in the pink of condition by getting rid of harmful impurities.

Every worn-out engine part, every laid-up car, is time out and material diverted from America's first-line job. To avoid unnecessary repairs, have your service man check the Purolator the next time you change your oil. New filter elements for as low as \$1.

Purolator filter protection is also available for trucks and tractors—Purolator protection that keeps oil clean, keeps engines running better and longer.

Purolator Products, Inc., Newark 5, N. J.—founder and leader of the oil filter industry.

KEEP IT CLEAN with PUROLATOR

STOP AT THIS SIGN FOR OIL FILTER SERVICE

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS NOW!



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

SANDRA & FRIEND

Sirs:

When 9-month-old Sandra Ray Williams of Springfield, Ga. saw herself in a mirror for the first time at her grandparents' house, her reactions were caught with a camera. The sequence below shows that at first she looked with a start at her new little friend and then, finding her quite interesting, turned full around and

gave her a pleased once-over. Then she sweetly proffered her comb which was one of her favorite playthings. Sandra was completely taken by her own image in the mirror.

ELLIOTT HAGAN

Sylvania, Ga.



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He's
the navigator
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He doubles in lead, too! Come enemy fighters, the navigator mans one of the machine guns in the Fortress's nose.



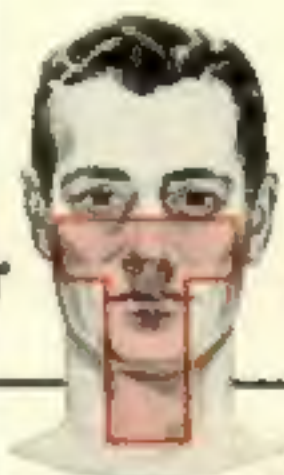
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMELS
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ME ALL WAYS—
THEY'VE GOT
THE FLAVOR
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MILDNESS
THAT ADD UP
TO STEADY
PLEASURE!



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Camels
with your



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The "T-Zone"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you.

On the basis of the experience of millions of steady Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels today and see if they don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

Camels



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With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

CAMELS
ALWAYS HAVE
A FRESH APPEAL
TO ME...AND
THEY'RE SO EASY
ON MY
THROAT



SHE CALIBRATES AIR NAVIGATION INSTRUMENTS—and Jane Hammond, Autoflight Corporation technician (above), also shares the airman's preference for Camels. "For taste and for my throat, Camels suit me to a 'T,'" she says.